

195

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

SCB

Section

4348

This Book

185

n

n

n

f

f

f

f

W



LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
SEP 10 1936
BOSTON

A New Version of
THE
P S A L M S
OF
DAVID ;

Fitted to the *Tunes* used in the CHURCHES :

With several H Y M N S,

OUT OF THE

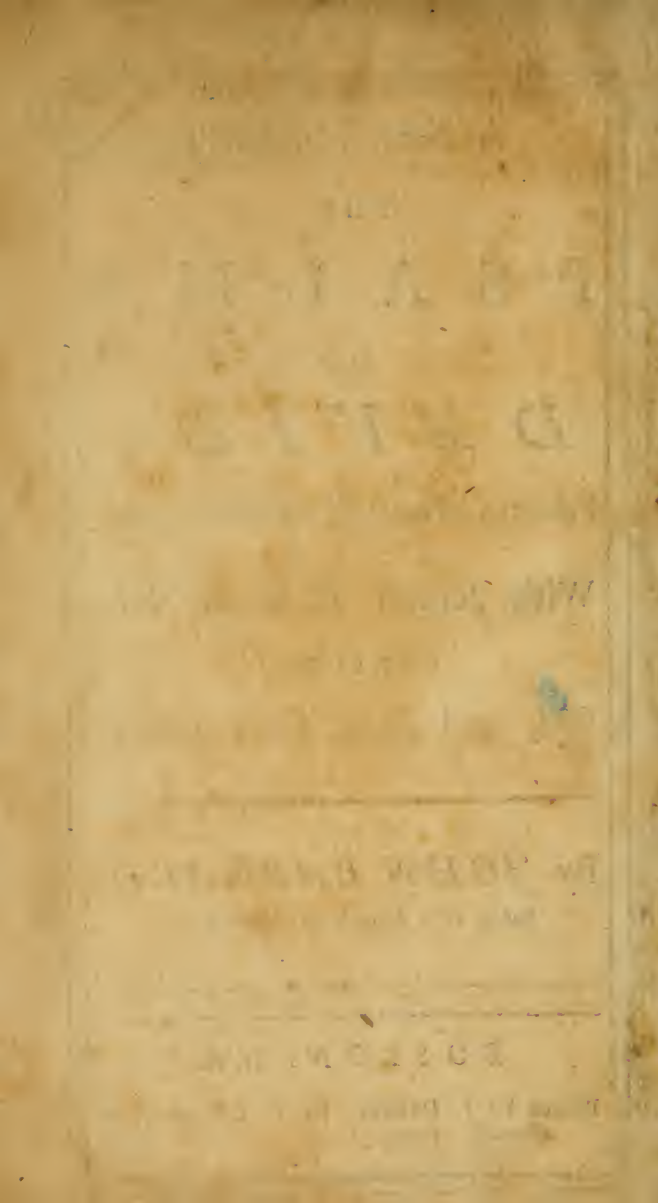
Old, and *New*, TESTAMENT.

By *JOHN BARNARD*,

Pastor of a Church in *Marblehead*.

B O S T O N : N . E .

Printed by J. DRAPER, for T. LEVERETT, in
Cornhill. 1752.



O Lord, our Lord, in all the Earth,
How excellent's thy Name!

Who hast the Heav'ns far above,
Established thy Fame.

2. From Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, thou
Ordained hast thy Praise ;

Which puts to silence impious Tongues,
The Self Avenger stays.

3. When I survey the vast Expanse,
Form'd by thy Finger's Might.

Or view the Moon, and glitt'ring Stars,
Ordain'd to rule the Night :

4. Lord ! What is feeble Man ! that thou
Do'st bear him still in Mind ?

And what the Son of Man, whom thou
To visit art so kind ?

5. Thou, him but little lower mad'st,
Than Angels round thy Throne ;

With Glory thou did'st him adorn,
And with high Honours crown.

6. Thou gav'st him, o'er thy handy Works,
Dominion's regal Seat ;

And all Things in Subjection put,
Beneath his royal Feet :

7. All Flocks, and Herds, and Beasts of Prey ;
And Birds that beat the Air ;

The Fish that cleave the briny Sea,
And all that passeth there.

9. O Lord, our Lord, who may compare
With thine unrival'd Fame ?

Thro' all the Earth, from Pole to Pole,
How excellent's thy Name.

With all my Heart, eternal God,
 I'll celebrate thy Praise ;
 I'll shew forth all thy wondrous Works,
 Of Judgment, and of Grace.

2. With Gladness I will tune my Song ;
 In Thee I will rejoice ;

O thou Most-high ! Praise to thy Name,
 I'll sing with chearful Voice.

3. When thou shalt rout my haughty Foes,
 And put their Troops to flight ;

With Terror, at thy Presence struck
 They fall, and perish quite.

4. For thou my Right hast still maintain'd,
 And made my Cause thine own ;

In Righteousness thou judged hast,
 From thine imperial Throne.

5. The Hearthen thou hast fore rebuk'd,
 And laid the Wicked waste ;

Thou hast cast out their Name as vile,
 Them evermore disgrac'd.

6. O thou proud Foe, thy wasting Pow'r
 To utter End is brought !

Their Cities thou hast overthrown,
 Their Name is quite forgot.

7. But God, the Lord, for evermore,
 Remains the living One ;

Who, from of Old, for Judgment hath
 Prepar'd his royal Throne.

8. And he, the Nations of the Earth,
 Shall judge in Righteousness ;

Unbias'd Judgment he shall give
 To greater, and the less.

9. The Lord will prove a sure Defence

To them that are oppress'd ;

And when distressing Times prevail,

His Refuge yields them Rest.

10. Therefore, all they that know thy Name,

Their Trust in Thee will place :

For thou, Lord, ne'er forsake'st those,

Who humbly seek thy Face.

Second PART.

11. Sing Praises to the Lord, who dwells

In *Zion*, his chief Care ;

The many Wonders he hath done,

To all the World declare.

12. When he, for Blood, Enquiry makes,

His Vengeance speedy flies ;

The Meek oppress'd he'll not forget,

But hear their humble Cryes,

13. Have Mercy on me, Lord, and weigh

The Troubles which I bear,

From envious Foes ; O thou who do'st

From Gates of Death me rear.

14. That I, amidst assembled Crowds,

May shew forth all thy Praise,

In *Zion's* Gates ; and Shouts of Joy,

In thy Salvation raise.

15. Down in the Pit the Heathen sink,

Which they themselves have made ;

Their own Foot's taken in the Net,

Which guilefully they laid.

16. Thus, by the Judgments he deals forth,

Jehovah is made known !

While impious Men are justly snar'd,

In Works that are their own.

17. The

17. The Wicked shall, at length, be turn'd
Down to a painful Hell ;
There all the Nations of the Earth,
That God forget, shall dwell.
18. The humble shall not be forgot,
And fruitlessly complain ;
Nor shall the poor oppress'd Man's Hope
Forever be in vain.

10. Rise, Lord, and let not wicked Men
Prevail against my Right ;
O, let the Heathen World be judg'd,
In thine all-piercing Sight.
20. O Lord, with Terrors strike their Minds,
Fill them with Dread of Thee ;
That they're but feeble, mortal, Men,
The Nations all may see.

P S A L M X.

- O** Wherefore, Lord, as unconcern'd,
Do'st thou so far remove ?
Why lays conceal'd thy Pow'r, and Grace,
When Times distressing prove ?
2. The Wicked persecutes the Poor,
In his abounding Pride.
Caught in the Snares, which they devis'd,
May their own Foot abide.
3. The Wicked boasts his Heart's Desire
Is crown'd with fair Success ;
He impiously the Lord abhors,
But does the Worldling bless.
4. The Wicked, thro' his daring Pride,
To seek the Lord disdains ;
No serious Thought of God, within
His haughty Heart, remains.



P R E F A C E.

TH O' the New-England Version of the Psalms of David, in Meetre, is generally very good, and few of the same Age may be compar'd with it ; yet the Flux of Languages has rendered several Phrases in it obsolete, and the Mode of Expression in various Places less acceptable : for which Reasons an Amendment, or New Version, has been long, and greatly, desired, by the most judicious among us.

After long waiting for the Performance of some more masterly Pen, and upon repeated Desires, I have ventured to employ all the spare Time of near upon the last Three Years of my advanced Age, (this Day, thro' the Forbearance of God, compleating my seventieth Year,) in composing a New Version, suited to the Tunes used in our Churches, which, by Divine Assistance is now finished.

P R E F A C E.

My great Care has been to keep as close to the Original as I could, without a literal Translation ; to preserve the Sentiments of the sweet Singer of Israel ; and to make, what seemed difficult, plain and easy : And all in a Stile becoming the Majesty of the sacred Writings, and adapted to the Capacity of our Christian Assemblies ; neither in such Flights of Peetry as soar above them, nor yet so low, I trust, as to be contemptible.

I have made free to borrow some Expressions, and sometimes a Line or two, from any Authors I have met with, who have gone before me in this Work : and thankfully acknowledge the great Obligations I am under to the Reverend Mr. Mather, and Mr. Byles, for the just Corrections, and ready Approbation, they have bestowed upon this Version.

If I have so far succeeded in my Attempt, as to render the Psalmody any thing more delightful to a devout Singer, and edifying to the Church of God, the great End of all my Care and Industry is answered ; and let God have all the Praise.

Marblehead,
Novemb. 6. 1751.

John Barnard.



T H E

P S A L M S of *DAVID*.

P S A L M I. FIRST BOOK.

THriceblest the Man, who ne'er thinks fit
To walk as wicked Men advise ;
To stand in Sinners Way, nor sit
With those who God, and Man, despise.

2. Whose pious Soul directs his Way
By sacred Writ, his sweet Delight,
Thro' all the Labours of the Day ;
And meditates thereon by Night.

3. As planted Trees, by Rivers Sides,
Yield timely Fruit, a vast Encrease ;
So in fresh Verdure he abides,
And God his handy work will bless.

4. But those that spurn at sacred Laws,
Shall no such Favour with him find ;
For God will blast them, and their Cause,
And whirl, as Chaff, before the Wind.

5. However, in the Judgment Day
The Wicked shall not stand the Light ;
Mix with the Righteous shall not they,
Nor any formal Hypocrite.

6. The Lord, who now with Pleasure views,
Will then applaud, the just Man's Way ;
But who his Name and Word abuse,
Shall feel his Wrath, and melt away.

WHY do the Heathen furious rage,
And in such Tumults join ?

Why do the People madly storm,
And such vain Schemes design ?

2. The *Gentile* Kings unite their Strength,
And *Israel's* Priests contrive ;
Against the Lord they bend their Force,
Against his CHRIST they strive.

3. " Come say they, let us break their Bands ;
" Shall we them Homage pay ;
" We'll ne'er submit to their hard Yoke,
" We'll cast their Cords away.

4 But he that sits in Heav'n, beholds,
With a disdainful Smile ;
The Lord, their feeble Strength derides,
Their Malice, and their Guile.

5. Then, in his Wrath, he'll speak aloud,
And thunder in their Ears ;
While hov'ring Vengeance fills their Souls,
With dreadful vexing Fears.

6. " Know, mine anointed King, I've fix'd
" On *Zion's* sacred Plot :

7. " 'Tis my Decree ; thou art my Son,
" This Day I Thee begot.

8. " Ask me, I'll give the Heathen Tribes
" For thine Inheritance ;
" Thro' utmost Bounds of Earth, thy Sway
" Shall gloriously advance.

9. " Thou shalt them crush, who dare rebel,
" As with an Iron Rod ;
" Them, as a Potter's Vessel, dash,
" In Pieces spread abroad.

10. Be wise, now, O ye Kings, and hear,
Earth's Judges, his mild Voice :
11. Serve ye the Lord with Fear, before
Him tremble, and rejoice.
12. Kifs ye the Son, lest flaming Wrath
You in your Way surprize ;
His Wrath's but kindling yet : they're blest
Whose Trust on him relies.

P S A L M II. 2d Meetre.

WHY do the Heathen madly rage,
And in assembled Tumults join ?

Why do rash People thus engage,
And such vain fruitless Schemes design ?

2. Kings of the Earth their Force unite,
And Rulers their deep Plots contrive ;
Against the Lord they vent their Spite,
Against his CHRIST they boldly strive.

3. Come, say they, let us break their Bands,
“ Shall we our Homage to them pay ?

“ We'll ne'er be Slaves to their Commands,
“ We'll cast their servile Cords away.

4. But he who sits enthron'd on high,
Beholds with a disdainful Smile ;
The Lord who rules above the Sky,
Derides their Strength, their Rage, and Guile.

5. Then to them, in his Wrath, he speaks,
While Vengeance in his Thunder rowls ;
His hot Displeasure on them breaks,
And sore Vexation fills their Souls.

6. “ Know ye, that I have fix'd the Throne,
“ Of mine anointed King most sure,
“ On Zion's sacred Hill alone ;
“ There it forever stands secure.

A 6.

7. “ This

- 7 " This is the firm Decree I've made,
 " 'Tis past in Heav'n, and changeth not ;
 " Thou art my Son, (*Jehovah* said)
 " This very Day I Thee begot.
 8. " Ask, now, my Son, I'll freely give ;
 " Inherit thou the Heathen Lands ;
 " Thro' utmost Bounds of Earth receive
 " Subjection to thy just Commands.
 9. " Thou shalt them crush, who dare oppose,
 " As with a massy Iron Rod ;
 " Thou shalt in Pieces dash thy Foes,
 " As Potters Vessels spread abroad.
 10. Be wise, now, O ye Kings, and hear,
 Ye Judges of the Earth, his Voice :
 11. Serve ye the Lord with inward Fear,
 Before him tremble, and rejoice.
 12. Kiss ye the Son, lest in the Way
 Ye perish, when his Anger glows ;
 Lest kindling Wrath your Crimes repay,
 Bless'd all in him their Trust repose.

P S A L M. III.

- Lord, my Troublers great are grown,
 And many up against me rise,
 2. They say, his Soul is left alone,
 And God all Help to him denies.
 3. But thou, Lord, art a Shield to me,
 And thy Defence is round me spread ;
 Thou art my Glory ; I shall see
 Thee high, in Honour, raise my Head.
 4. When, heretofore, my humble Pray'r
 To God I made, in like Distress,
 He, from his holy Hill, did hear
 My Voice, and all my Fears suppress.

5. I then could lay me down, and take
My quiet Sleep, secure by Night ;
And in the Morning safe awake,
O Lord, supported by thy Might.

6. Why should I then, be now afraid ;
Or of thy timely Help despair ?
Tho', round encamp'd about me, laid,
Ten Thousands of the People are.

7. Now rise, O Lord, my God, me save ;
For all my Foes have felt thy Stroak
Full in the Face ; and by Thee have
The Teeth of wicked Men been broke.

8. Salvation to the Lord alone,
As his peculiar Right, pertains ;
On those thou chusest for thine own,
Thy Blessing ever sure remains.

P S A L M IV.

O God, my Righteousness who art,
Whene'er I call, give Ear ;
Thou hast enlarg'd me when distress'd,
Have Mercy, now, and hear.

2. Ye Sons of Men, how long will ye
My Glory turn to Shame ?
How long will ye love Vanity
And me with Lyes defame ?

3. But know, the Lord hath set apart
The Godly for his own ;
The Lord will hear, when unto him,
I make my humble Moan.

4. Then stand in Awe, and do not sin,
But commune with thy Heart,
While resting on thy Bed, and learn
Contentment's noble Art.

5. Offer to God pure Sacrifice,
Free from all conscious Blame ;
Then confidently put your Trust
Upon *Jehovah's* Name.
6. While many Worldlings eager cry,
Who'l cause us Good to see ?
The chearing Light, Lord, of thy Face,
Let on us list'd be.
7. Then wilt thou fill my Heart with Joy,
More lasting, and divine,
Than they can boast, whose fruitful Years
Encrease their Corn and Wine.
8. Therefore I'll lay me down in Peace,
And sweet Repose will take ;
For me in Confidence to dwell
Thou, Lord, alone, do'st make.

P S A L M V.

U NTO my Words, O Lord, give Ear ;
My secret Meditation weigh :

2. My mournful Cry, in Mercy, hear ;
My King, my God, to Thee I'll pray.
3. Soon as the op'ning Morn's begun,
My humble Voice, thou, Lord, shalt hear ;
To Thee, I'll, with the rising Sun,
Lift up mine Eyes, and make my Pray'r.
4. Thou, Lord, in Sin hast no Delight ;
Neither shall Evil dwell with Thee ;
5. Nor wicked Fools stand in thy Sight ;
Thou hat'st who work Iniquity.
6. Thou surely wilt them all destroy,
That raise, and spread, pernicious Lies ;
The Lord abhors such as employ
Themselves in Blood, and Guile devise.

7. But I, thro' thine abundant Grace,
Again shall to thy House repair ;
And now, towards thy holy Place,
I look, and worship, in thy Fear.

8. Lord, lead me in thy Righteousness,
My spiteful Foes observant grow ;
Make plain, and right, before my Face,
The Way in which I ought to go.

9. For in their Mouth, no Faith they have,
Their inward Part's perversly wrong ;
Their Throat is like an open Grave ;
They basely flatter with their Tongue.

10. Their secret Guilt, O Lord, detect,
By their own Counsels let them fall ;
Them, for their many Crimes reject,
For they are harden'd Rebels all.

11. Let those rejoice that trust in Thee,
And loud, with Shouts, their Joy proclaim ;
For thou wilt their Protection be ;
Let them rejoice that love thy Name.

12. For thou, O Lord, to righteous Men,
Wilt make thy Blessing to extend ;
As with a Shield, thy Favour, them
Shall, round on ev'ry Side defend.

P S A L M VI.

O Lord, when thou do'st me rebuke,
Let not thine Anger rise ;
Nor thy Displeasure Fury grow,
When thou do'st me chastise.

2. Have Mercy upon me, O Lord,
Weakness my Strength restrains ;
O Lord, my Health, and Ease restore ;
My Bones are rack'd with Pains.

3. My

3. My Griefs, so many, and so great,
They e'en distract my Mind ;
But, Lord how long shall I endure,
E'er I Relief shall find.
4. In Pity, now, O Lord return,
Raise my dejected Soul ;
And for thy tender Mercy's Sake,
O save, and make me whole.
5. If I to Death's dark Vault descend,
There none record thy Name ;
For who can in the silent Grave,
With Thanks, thy Praise proclaim ?
6. Weary, and faint with Groans, I make
The Bed on which I lay,
Each Night, to swim with flowing Tears ;
And bathe my Couch by Day.
7. Continual Grief has quite consum'd
The Vigour of mine Eyes ;
They're waxed dim, and old, because
Of all mine Enemies.
8. But now, vile Men depart from me,
Nor in vain Plots rejoice ;
Because the Lord will sure regard,
My Tears, and mournful Voice.
9. God, who of old heard my Request,
My present Suit will hear ;
The Lord will graciously receive,
And answer, all my Prayer.
10. Then shall my Foes be cloath'd with Shame,
With fore Vexation fraught ;
Yea, blush, and rage, to see their Schemes,
To sudden Ruin brought.

O Lord, my God, in Thee alone,
I do my Trust repose ;

Deliver me from cruel Men,
And save me from my Foes.

2. Lest, as a roaring Lyon, he
My helpless Soul should tear ;
Lest it in Pieces he shall rend,
When no Deliv'rer's near.

3. O Lord, my God, if this I've done,
As falsely they accus'd ;
If e'er such Guilt hath stain'd my Hands,
That him I have abus'd ;

4. If I have render'd Ill to him,
Who was at Peace with me ;
(Yea, I've deliver'd him that is
My causeless Enemy ;)

5. Then let my Foe pursue my Soul,
Take it, and fill his Lust ;
My Life tread down to Earth, and lay
Mine Honour in the Dust.

6. Rise, Lord, in Anger lift thy Self,
Mine En'mies Rage restrain ;
Awake, for me the Judgment grant
Thou did'st of old ordain.

7. So shall the Tribes Thee compass round,
And to thy Courts repair ;
For their Sake therefore, O return,
And shine in Glory there.

8. Thou, Lord, the Judge of all the Earth,
As righteous is my Case,
So judge me, Lord, and as my Heart
Is right before thy Face.

9. Let vile Men's base Designs now cease,
But stablish thou the Just ;
For, righteous Lord, their Heart, and Reins,
Search thorowly thou do'st.
10. God's my Defence, the upright Heart
He'll save from spiteful Foes.
11. God's a just Judge, with wicked Men
He daily angry grows.
12. Unless the Wicked will repent,
God will his Vengeance show ;
He now has whet his glittering Sword,
Has fix'd, and bent his Bow.
13. His many Instruments of Death.
Ready prepared ly ;
And at fierce Persecutors Breasts,
His pointed Arrows fly.
14. Lo, as with trav'ling Pains, he toys
To work Iniquity ;
He Mischief long conceives, and yet,
At last, brings forth a Lye.
15. For me he made a secret Pit,
He dig'd it deep, and wide ;
But in the Ditch his Hands had form'd,
Did unexpected slide.
16. His Mischief surely shall return
On his own Head at last ;
His violent Dealings shall come down,
And on his Crown be cast.
17. Therefore I'll praise the sov'rain Lord,
For all his righteous Ways ;
And to the Name of God most high,
I'll sing my Songs of Praise.

5. He ever walks in grievous Ways ;
 Thy Judgments far are borne
 Above his Sight ; his Enemies,
 He puffs at them with Scorn.
6. His Heart's vain Confidence hath said,
 " My State no Change shall see ;
 " For I, secure from ev'ry Ill,
 " Shall be forever free.
7. His Mouth with Execration's fill'd,
 With gross Deceit, and Lyes ;
 His fair Tongue Mischief doth conceal,
 And Injuries disguise.
8. Hid, in some lurking Place, he lies,
 Near Villages ; intent,
 With watchful Eyes, against the Poor,
 To slay the Innocent.
9. As Lyons couching in their Dens,
 He waits to catch the Poor ;
 And those he draws within his Net,
 Doth eagerly devour.
10. Down doth he crouch, down to the Dust,
 In humble Postures all ;
 That, in his strong devouring Jaws,
 The Poor may heedless fall.
11. He thinks, that God forgets his Deeds,
 Or turns away his Sight ;
 And never will behold his Rage,
 His Violence, and Spite.

Second P A R T.

12. But now arise, O mighty God,
 O Lord, lift up thy Hand ;
 Forget not thy poor suff'ring Saints,
 Defence for them command.

16 P S A L M 10, 11.

13. For wherefore should the wicked Man,
With Insult, God contemn ?

And proudly say, “ Thou wilt not Care,
“ Or, what they do condemn ?

14. But thou dost mark their Wrong and Spite,
With strong Hand to reward ;
The Poor commits himself to Thee,
Thou art the Orphan’s Guard.

15. Break thou the Arm of wicked Men,
Their evil Arts confound ;

Search out, and punish, their vile Deeds,
Till there no more be found.

16. The Lord is universal King,
Whose Kingdom ever stands ;

The Heathen Tribes are rooted out,
And perish’d, from thy Lands.

17. Thou, Lord, the humble Man’s Desire
Hast still been wont to hear ;

Thou wilt prepare their Heart, and then
Vouchsafe a gracious Ear.

18. To judge the Cause, and plead the Right,
Of poor and fatherless ;

That so the Man of Earth no more,
With Terrors may oppress.

P S A L M XI.

I Firmly on the Lord rely ;

I How can you thus my Soul advise ?

To some safe Place for Refuge fly.

As tim’rous Bird to Mountain flies.

2. For lo ; the Wicked bend their Bow,

And fix their Arrows on the String,

To shoot, and with a secret Blow,

The innocent to Ruin bring ;

3. If

3. If the Foundations of the State,
Justice, and Truth, are overthrown,
The Just can find no safe Retreat,
What shall by righteous Men be done ?
4. The Lord is in his holy Place,
The Lord in Heav'n has fix'd his Throne ;
From thence with piercing Eyes surveys
Men's Sons, and tries them ev'ry one.
5. The Lord the righteous Man does prove,
Afflict, and try his gracious State ;
But those who Vice, and Rapine, love,
He from his very Soul does hate.
6. Snarcs, Fire, and Brimstone, (dreadful Rain!)
On guilty Heads he'll swiftly show'r
And burning Tempest's raging Pain,
Into their Cup of Vengeance pour.
7. The righteous Lord to righteous Souls,
His tender Love will free impart ;
With Beams of Favour he beholds
The Man, who is upright in Heart.

P S A L M XII.

Help Lord ; the godly Man decays,
And quits the hated Ground ;
And faithful Men, in these our Days,
Are very rarely found.

2. For each one acts a treach'rous Part,
Deceives his Friend with Lyes ;
With flatt'ring Lips, and double Heart,
They speak in close Disguise.
3. *Jehovah* surely will, e'er long,
The flatt'ring Lips cut off ;
With the proud, threat'ning, boasting Tongue,
Which doth profanely scoff.

4. Who say, "our artful Tongues alone,
 "Prevailing Force afford ;
 "What sure ; are not our Lips our own ?
 "Who over us is Lord ?
5. "For Sighing of the Poor oppress'd,
 "Now (saith the Lord,) I'll rise :
 "From his Oppressors give him Rest,
 "But all his Foes despise.
6. Thy Word, O Lord, shall firmly last,
 And pure from Fraud abide ;
 As Silver thro' the Furnace past,
 And sev'n Times purify'd.
7. O Lord, thy promis'd Help, and Grace,
 Thou strictly wilt observe ;
 And ever, from this faithless Race,
 Them carefully preserve.
8. The Wicked walk on ev'ry Side.
 And greatly multiply ;
 When vilest Men of Fraud, and Pride,
 Are raised up on high.

P S A L M XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
 Forever shall thy Promise fail :
 How long before thy Face afford
 One Beam of Light, thro' this dark Vail ?

2. How long shall I in Soul consult,
 And daily Sorrows wound my Heart ?
 How long shall my proud Foes insult,
 And o'er me act the Tyrant's Part ?

3. Consider, Lord, my piteous Case,
 Hear, O my God, the Cries I make ;
 Mine Eyes, enlighten with thy Grace,
 Lest Death's deep Sleep me overtake.

4. Lest my proud Foe, with boasting Voice,
Should say, against him I've prevail'd ;
And those that trouble me rejoice,
To see my stedfast Hopes have fail'd.

5. But underneath thy saving Wings,
My Trust is ever firmly stay'd ;
Therefore my Heart with Gladness springs,
In Prospect of thy promis'd Aid.

6. With grateful Heart, my Songs of Praise,
I'll humbly to the Lord address ;
For he, according to his Grace,
Dealt well with me in my Distress.

P S A L M XIV.

THE Fool, in's Heart, saith, there's no God ;
They so corrupt are grown :

Abominable Works they do,
That doth Good there is none.

2. The Lord on Sons of Men, look'd down,
From Heav'n, his high Abode ;
To see if Reason bore the Sway,
And led them up to God.

3. But lo ! they all were gone aside,
They filthy were, and base ;
Not one, the Paths of Virtue trod,
Of all that sinful Race.

4. Do wicked Fools so blind their Eyes,
And far from Reason stray,
That they my People eat as Bread,
And God no Homage pay ?

5. Then conscious Guilt shall them surprise,
With most amazing Fear ;
When God, to plead the just Man's Cause,
In Vengeance shall appear.

6. The pious Counsel of the Poor,
 Reproaching ye despise ;
 Because the Lord his Refuge is,
 Where he for Shelter flies.

7. Would God, from *Zion* Safety send,
 And back his Captives bring ;
Jacob should, with loud Peals, rejoice,
 Thy Praise glad *Isr'el* sing.

P S A L M XV.

WHO, Lord, shall to thy Courts repair,
 And find a gracious Welcome there ?

Who, in thy holy Hill above,
 Shall dwell forever in thy Love ?

2. He who uprightly guides his Ways,
 From Rules of Justice never strays ;
 Whose ev'ry Word doth Truth impart,
 And speaks the Meaning of his Heart.

3. Who with his Tongue backbiteth not,
 Nor seeks his Neighbours Fame to blot ;
 Who entertains no ill Report,
 Nor spreads it to his Neighbour's hurt ;

4. Whose Eyes, the vile, tho' great, despise,
 But all that fear the Lord doth prize ;
 Whose Oath, and Promise, firmly bind,
 Nor Hopes, nor Fears, shall change his Mind :

5. No Gains by griping Usury makes,
 Nor Bribes against the harmless takes :
 The Man does thus, by God approv'd,
 Stands firm, and never shall be mov'd.

P S A L M. XVI.

O Mighty God, preserve thou me,
 From all my restless Foes ;
 For Succour, to thine Arms, I flee,
 My Trust in Thee repose.

2. Thou,

2. Thou, O my Soul, to God hast said,
Thou art my Lord alone ;
No Benefit's to Thee convey'd,
By all the Good I've done.
3. But to the Saints on Earth, upright,
My Goodness may extend ;
Those excellent, with great Delight,
I'll succour, and befriend.
4. Who warmly foreign Gods adore,
Their Sorrows shall abound ;
Their Blood Drink-Off'rings I'll not pour,
Nor Names my Lips shall sound.
5. The Lord's the Portion of my Soul,
He doth my Part ordain ;
He richly fills my flowing Bowl,
And doth my Lot maintain.
6. The Lines have measur'd out my Share,
In a most pleasant Seat ;
My Heritage is fallen, where
All Blessings jointly meet.
7. In Thanks to God, my Heart I'll raise,
Whose Counsel guides me right ;
Sweetly my inmost Thoughts he sways,
In each revolving Night.
8. My Faith has ever seen the Lord,
As present, in his Love ;
At my Right-hand he'll Strength afford,
That nought shall me remove.
9. Therefore my Heart's with Joy possess'd,
My Tongue a chearful Strain ;
My dying Flesh secure shall rest,
In Hope to rise again.

10 For thou wilt not abandon me,
 Nor leave me in the Grave ;
 But, from the least Corruption free,
 Thy holy One wilt save.

11. Thou wilt to me, Life's Path expand ;
 Joys in Perfection glow
 Before thy Face, at thy Right-hand,
 Immortal Pleasures flow.

P S A L M. XVII.

THe Rights of Justice hear, O Lord,
 Attend unto my Cry ;
 A gracious Ear my Pray'r afford,
 From Lips which do not lie.

2. O let my Sentence from thy Face
 Impartially proceed ;
 The Rights, and Justice, of my Case,
 Let thine Eyes closely heed.

3. My Heart, and Reins, thou Lord hast try'd,
 In the still Night's Recess ;
 And nothing found ; I fix'd abide
 My Mouth shall not transgress.

4. However wicked Men decoy,
 Yet, taught by thy pure Word,
 The Paths of them that would destroy,
 I ever have abhor'd.

5. Thro' all my Walk uphold thou me,
 In thy most righteous Way ;
 So shall my Steps unmoved be,
 And from thy Paths ne'er stray.

6. On Thee I call, for thou wilt hear ;
 O God, I Thee beseech,
 To my Request incline thy Ear.
 And hear my humble Speech.

Second P A R T.

7. O thou, who sav'st, with thy Right-hand,
Who Trust in Thee repose,
From all that up against them stand ;
Thy wondrous Love disclose.
8. Keep, as the Apple of the Eye ;
Hide me beneath thy Wing :
9. From raging Foes, who round me ly,
And me to Death would bring.
10. Enclos'd in Fat, they proudly boast,
What Malice doth devise.
11. They now surround me with their Host,
And couch with watchful Eyes ;
12. As hungry Lyons raging fret,
When greedy for their Prey ;
Or a young Lyon lurking fets,
In some close covert Way.
13. Arise, his secret Plots controul,
And cast him down, O Lord ;
At liberty, O, set my Soul,
From wicked Men, thy Sword.
14. From mortal Man, thy Hand, O Lord,
From worldly Men me save ;
Who in this present Life, and World,
Their fading Portion have
With thy hid Treasures, thou dost fill,
Their Bellies : and their Race,
Num'rous and pamper'd, Heir by Will
The Bulk of their Encrease.
15. But as for me, in Righteousness,
Thy smiling Face I'll see ;
And waking, with thine Image blest,
Shall satisfied be.

THee, Lord, my Strength, I'll dearly love.
 2. The Lord's my Rock, to which I fly;
 My Fortrefs strong, where safe I prove;
 My Saviour from mine Enemy:
 My God, my pow'rful Aid, from whence
 My steady Trust securely flows;
 My guarding Shield, my sure Defence,
 My Tow'r, above the Reach of Foes.

3. Depending on thy wonted Grace,
 O Lord, my Pray'r I'll make to Thee;
 (Who worthy art of all our Praise,)
 So, from my Foes, I sav'd shall be.

4. Amazing Sorrows seiz'd my Soul,
 While Death it's Terrors round me spread;
 As when impetuous Torrents rowl,
 Ungodly Men made me afraid.

5. The Cords of Hell, a dreadful Net,
 Entangling me encompass'd round;
 Death's Snares, about me close beset,
 And how to 'scape no Way I found.

6. In my Distress, to God my Pray'r,
 With mournful Voice, I then prefer'd;
 Who, from his Throne, bow'd down his Ear,
 And my Request, in Mercy, heard.

Second P A R T.

7. The solid Earth then shook with Fear,
 And dreadful Trembling on it seiz'd:
 The Hills Foundations moved were,
 And shook, for God was sore displeas'd.

8. From his enraged Nostrils rose
 Thick Clouds of smoke; His Mouth out-threw
 Devouring Fire; in midst of those,
 Hot Thunder-Bolts around him flew. 9. He

9. He bow'd the Heavens, and came down,
In solemn Pomp march'd from his Seat ;
Darkness, from his imperial Throne,
Was spread beneath his royal Feet.

10. He on a fiery Cherub rode,
That clave with speed the yielding Air ;
The Winds, obsequious to their God,
Him, swift, on strongest Pinions, bear.

11. His Glory, Darkness hid from View ;
For his Pavilion, Mists arise ;
He, for a Cov'ring, round him threw,
His thick Clouds from the nether Skies.

12. Before him, Brightness he sent out,
His thick Clouds, then, in haste retire ;
They fell, dissolv'd, a dismal Rout,
In Show'rs of Hail, and Storms of Fire.

13. The Lord, with roaring Thunder's Noise,
From Heav'n, the En'my struck with Dread ;
Th' Almighty spoke with angry Voice,
And Hail, and Fire, the Terrors spread.

14. He cast his Arrows from the Sky,
Which broke the Forces of the Foe ;
His pointed Light'nings swiftly fly,
And soon compleat their Overthrow.

15. Then did the Floods new Channels wear,
The torn World it's Foundations show'd ;
For, Lord, thy Vengeance did appear,
Fierce Blasts from thy hot Nostrils flow'd.

Third P A R T.

16. From high he sent, he seiz'd on me,
He drew me from the Waters great.

17. From my strong Foe he set me free ;
Too strong for me, who me did hate.

18. In my dark Day they had o'ercome,
But God sustain'd me by his Might.
19. Chang'd my close Siege for larger Room,
Sav'd me, in whom he took Delight.
20. The Lord did my clean Hands repay ;
And recompence my upright Heart.
21. I did not leave thy righteous Way ;
Nor wickedly from God depart.
22. His Judgments all were in my Sight ;
None of his Laws my Soul disdain'd.
23. My Heart before him was upright ;
And from my darling Sin refrain'd.
24. Therefore the Lord rewarded me,
According to my Righteousness ;
And as he saw my Hands were free
From Wrong, my Grievs did soon redress.
25. " Kind to the Kind thou, Lord, wilt prove ;
" And just to them that Justice love.
26. " The Pure thy Purity shall see ;
" To Froward just Returns shall be.
27. " Thou wilt the meek afflicted raise ;
" But haughty Looks in Dust debase.
- 28 " The Lord will make my Lamp shine bright ;
" And turn my Darknes into Light.
29. Thus aided, I have broken through,
My num'rous Foes, an armed Host :
Thus, guarded by my God, I flew,
And scal'd their Walls, their greatest Boast.
30. O God, thy Ways are perfect found,
Thy Word, O Lord, is thoroughly try'd ;
Thou, as a Shield, wilt them surround,
Whose stedfast Hopes on Thee abide.

Fourth P A R T.

31. " Whom, save *Jehovah* then alone,
 " Shall we, as God, adoring own ?
 " What Rock of Strength shall us defend,
 " But God ? who is our constant Friend.
32. 'Tis God that girds me with his Might ;
 And brings to pass my just Intent.
33. Makes my Feet swift, as Hinds, in Flight ;
 And strong to climb the steep Ascent.
34. My Hands he well instructed how
 To manage War, with dext'rous Skill ;
 My strength'ned Arm can break the Bow,
 That's made of well-wrought temper'd Steel.
35. Thou gav'st me the protecting Shield
 Of thy Salvation, in my Strait ;
 Thy Right-hand still hath me upheld,
 Thy Gentleness hath made me great.
36. My strait'ned Steps thou hast enlarg'd ;
 My Feet ne'er slipt, nor were decoy'd.
37. My Foes I hot pursu'd, o'ercharg'd,
 And turn'd not till they were destroy'd.
38. I gave them such a total Rout,
 Their vanquisht Force no more made Head ;
 They prostrate fell, all round about,
 And, slain, beneath my Feet were spread.
39. For thou hast girded me with Strength,
 The Heat of Battle to sustain ;
 Thou hast subdu'd my Foes at length,
 And made them stoop to my just Reign.
40. To me, mine En'mies Necks, he gave ;
 To slay my Haters on the Spot.
41. They cry'd for Help, but none did save ;
 Yea, to the Lord, who answer'd not.

42. Then small as Dust, before the Wind,
 Their mighty num'rous Troops I beat,
 Their Corpse, with great Contempt design'd,
 I cast, as Mire, in th' open Street.

Fifth P A R T.

43. Fierce Strifes, and Factions, thou hast laid ;
 And made the Rebels own my Sway ;
 O'er neighb'ring Heathen plac'd me Head,
 And Realms unknown shall me obey.

44. Soon as they hear, they'l Homage pay :
 Strangers submit shall prostrate ly.

45. They that resist shall melt away ;
 And frighten'd from their Coverts fly.

46. The Lord lives ; let my Rock be blest ;
 Exalted be my Saviour God.

47. God's Vengeance does my Foes arrest,
 Subjects whole Nations to my Rod.

48. Thou sav'dst me from mine Enemies,
 Rais'd me, and wast my sure Defence,
 From all that up against me rise ;
 Ev'n from the Man of Violence.

49. Therefore, O Lord, my grateful Heart,
 And Voice, shall celebrate thy Fame :
 To heathen Lands thy Acts impart,
 And Praises sing unto thy Name.

50. God great Deliv'rance gives his King ;
 Shews his Anointed signal Grace ;
 Which evermore afresh shall spring,
 To *David*, and his promis'd Race.

P S A L M XIX.

THro' all the Heav'ns, thy Glory, Lord,
 Doth admirably shine ;
 The starry Firmament declares
 Thy Pow'r, and Skill, Divine. 2. Each

2. Each Day, to next succeeding Day,
Discourses of thy Fame ;
And Night, to Night, doth clearly show
The Knowledge of thy Name.
3. Were there no Speech, nor Language known
Thro' the terraqueous Frame ;
The Voice of these would still be heard,
And wide thy Praise proclaim.
4. Thro' all the Earth their Line is gone,
Thro'out the World their Words ;
In them a rich adorned Tent
He for the Sun affords.
5. Which from his Chambers marcheth forth,
Bright as a Bridgroom clad ;
And Champion like, proud of his Strength,
To run his Race is glad.
6. Lo, how he swiftly from the East,
Pursues his Western Course !
And all Things in his Circle feels
His Heat's reviving Force.

Second P. A R T.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
And daily Strength supplies ;
His Testimonies faithful are,
And make the Simple wise.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are right,
With Joy they fill the Heart ;
The Lord's Commands are perfect pure,
Light to the Eyes impart.
9. The Fear of God, from Mixtures free,
Forever do's abide ;
His Judgments are establish'd Truth,
And wholly justify'd.

10. More to be priz'd than Stores of Gold,
 Refin'd with utmost Skill;
 Than Virgin Honey sweeter far,
 That from the Combs distill.

11. Thy Servant, where his Danger lies,
 They friendly warning give;
 And they who strictly keep thy Word,
 Thence great Rewards receive.

12. But who can fully know, how oft
 He errs from Paths Divine;
 From all my secret Faults, O cleanse
 This guilty Soul of mine.

13. With-hold me from presumptuous Sins,
 Ne'er let them rule o'er me;
 Then upright, and from grosser Crimes,
 I purify'd shall be.

14. O let the Off'rings of my Mouth,
 And Musings of my Heart,
 Delight thine Eyes: thou, Lord, my Strength,
 And my Redeemer art.

P S A L M XX.

THE Lord attend to thy Request,
 And hear thee when thou art distressed:
 The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,
 And be to thee a constant Friend.

2. Thee help, and succour, with his Grace,
 From his most holy dwelling Place;
 Thee strengthen, and support thy Throne,
 From *Zion*, Seat of his Renown,

3. Thy Free-will Off'rings bear in Mind;
 And to thy Sacrifice be kind.

4. Crown thy Heart's Wishes with Success;
 And all thy wholesome Counsels bless.

5. In thy Salvation we'll rejoice ;
 Our Banners, with triumphant Voice,
 In our God's Name, we'll high erect ;
 The Lord all thy Desires respect.
6. Now know I, that the God we serve,
 Will his Anointed safe preserve ;
 From Heav'n he'll hear, and Help command,
 With saving Strength of his Right-hand.
7. Some trust in Chariots, fetch'd from far,
 And some in Horses, train'd for War ;
 But we our God will call to Mind,
 In whom alone we Safety find.
8. They broke, dispers'd, are forc'd to yield ;
 While we, in Triumph, keep the Field.
9. Save, Lord, and let our heav'nly King
 Hear, when we call, or Praises sing.

P S A L M XXI.

- T**He King shall in thy Strength rejoice,
 O Lord ; what Shouts of Praise
 Shall he, to Heav'n, with chearful Voice,
 In thy Salvation raise ?
2. The pious Wishes of his Heart,
 Thou with thy Favours blest ;
 Nor hast refused to impart
 His Lips devout Request.
3. Thy Goodness widely did unfold,
 And unsought Blessings shed ;
 Thou set'st a Crown of purest Gold
 Upon his royal Head.
4. Of thee he asked Life, and thou
 Thy Grant did'st far extend.
 Ev'n Length of Days thou did'st bestow,
 And Life that ne'er should end.

5. In thy Salvation, thou hast made
His Glory to be great ;
With Majesty hast him array'd ;
And Honours round him wait.
6. Forever bless'd, above all Kings,
Thou mad'st him, thro' thy Grace,
His Heart with flowing Gladness springs,
From thy reviving Face.

Second P A R T.

7. Because the King, in God alone,
His steadfast Trust retains.
Thro' Favour of the highest One,
His Kingdom firm remains.
8. Thine Hand shall find and gripe thy Foes,
Who dare thy Pow'r withstand ;
Thy Right-hand's Vengeance falls on those,
Who hate thy just Command.
9. A burning Furnace, in the Hour
Of Wrath, shall be their Doom ;
Thine Anger, Lord, shall them devour,
And dreadful Fire consume.
10. Thou wilt destroy their wretched Fruit,
From Earth's extended Face ;
And from Men's Sons, wilt wholly root
Their num'rous guilty Race.
11. For they, against Thee, Evil meant,
Their Hearts did Mischief form ;
But thou did'st blast their vile Intent,
Which they could ne'er perform.
12. As a fix'd Mark of Vengeance near,
Therefore thou shalt them place ;
Thine Arrows on their Strings prepare,
And level at their Face.

13. Be thou exalted, Lord, in Fame,
 Thy Strength in Glory raise ;
 So we will sing thy wond'rous Name,
 Thy mighty Pow'r will praise.

P S A L M XXI. 2d Meetre.

THe King, in thy Strength,
 Is joyful, O Lord ;

In thy saving Health
 Doth greatly rejoice.

2. His Heart's pious Wishes
 Thou do'st him afford ;
 And hast not withholden
 The Suit of his Voice.
3. With Blessings of Good,
 Thou do'st him prevent ;
 And fix on his Head
 A Crown of pure Gold.
4. When Life he requested,
 Kind Answer thou sent ;
 And Length of Days gav'st him,
 Which never grow old.
5. Salvations so great
 Have spread wide his Fame ;
 High Honours him cloath'd,
 And Majesty crown'd.
6. Thou did'st him forever
 Most blessed proclaim ;
 And make him most glad, with
 Thy Beams shining round.
7. The King, in the Lord,
 His Trust doth repose ;
 The Favour of God
 Confirms his high State.

8. Thy Hand shall discover,
And punish thy Foes :
Thy Right-hand, in Vengeance,
Crush them that Thee hate.
9. As Furnace of Fire,
Thy Wrath shall them make ;
Thine Anger, O Lord,
Consume them in Flames.
10. Their Fruit from Earth's Surface,
Thou wholly shalt take ;
And root out from Mankind,
Their Seeds hateful Names.
11. For Evil they thought,
And Mischief devis'd ;
Which, blasted by Thee,
Could never take Place.
12. As Marks of thy Vengeance,
Thou hast them surpriz'd ;
And levell'd thine Arrows
Direct at their Face.
13. Exalted be God
Thro'out the whole Land ;
His Strength still appear,
His Glory to raise :
So will we sing joyful
The Works of thy Hand ;
And thy mighty Power,
Forever will praise.

P S A L M XXII.

MY God, my God, wherefore hast thou
Forfaken me ? O why
So far from helping me, and deaf
To all my mournful Cry ?

2. O thou my God, I cry all Day,
But thou hast no Regard ;
I am not silent in the Night,
And yet I am not heard.
3. But thou art holy, O thou God,
Who do'st great Pleasure take
To dwell, where thankful *Isr'el* praise,
And sacred Off'rings make.
4. On Thee, our Fathers firm rely'd ;
And did Deliv'rance gain.
5. To Thee, they cry'd, and still were sav'd ;
Their Trust was not in vain.
6. But I, a Worm, and not a Man,
So vilely am I priz'd ;
Reproach'd by Men of greatest Name,
By vulgar ones despis'd.
7. The gazing Crowd laugh me to scorn,
Their Scoffs upon me play :
They gape, and mock, and shake their Heads,
And thus deriding say :
8. " He vainly trusted in the Lord,
" That he would take his Part ;
" Now let him save him, if he be
" The Darling of his Heart.
9. Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
Making my Birth thy Care ;
When on my Mother's Breast I hung,
Thou did'st support me there.
10. Upon thine Arms my Cares were cast,
When mine first spread abroad ;
Thou, from my Infant-Days, hast been
My Guardian, and my God.

Second P A R T.

11. Forsake me not, when Trouble's near ;
For none to help is found.
12. Many strong Bulls, of *Bashan's* Breed,
About beset me round.
13. With open Mouth they hideous roar,
As Lyons for their Prey.
14. My Blood is spilt, my Joints are rackt,
My Heart dissolves away.
15. My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is dry'd,
My Tongue cleaves to my Jaws ;
Down to the Dust of Death, my Life,
By thy fore Chast'ning, draws.
16. Fierce Dogs have compass'd me about,
Base Crowds around me meet ;
With unrelenting furious Rage,
They pierce my Hands, and Feet.
17. My starting Bones, may all be told ;
They staring me review.
18. My Robes they parted, as a Prey,
Lots for my Vesture threw.
19. O Lord, my Strength, forsake me not ;
But hast to succour me.
20. My Soul from Sword, my Darling from
The Pow'r of Dogs set free.
21. From the fierce Lyon's cruel Jaws
Deliv'rance to me send ;
And from the Horns of th' Unicorn,
O hear, and me defend.
22. Then, to my Brethren, I'll declare
The Glories of thy Name ;
Amid'st the Congregation great,
I will thy Praise proclaim.

Third P A R T.

23. Ye Worshipers of God, him praise,
From *Jacob* who proceed ;
Him glorify, and reverence him,
O all ye *Isr'el's* Seed.
24. For he hath not despis'd, nor turn'd
From the afflicted's Grief,
Nor hid his Face from him ; but heard
His Cries, and sent Relief.
25. I'll shout thy Praise, when e'er the great
Assembly meets to pray ;
Before his Saints, that fear his Name,
The Vows I've made, I'll pay.
26. The Poor shall eat, and be suffic'd,
And Thanks to God shall give :
They that uprightly seek him shall
In Joys immortal, live.
27. Earth's distant Ends shall recollect,
And turn unto the Lord ;
All Kindreds of the Nations shall,
To worship Thee, accord.
28. For universal Monarchy,
To God alone, pertains ;
He sov'rain Ruler, uncontrol'd,
O'er all the Nations reigns.
29. The Rich shall eat, and him adore ;
And who in Dust ly low,
Who cannot keep alive his Soul,
Before his Face shall bow.
30. Then shall a chosen Seed him serve ;
Which God for his will own.
31. To Men unborn, his Truth, he'll shew,
And Wonders he hath done.

JEhovah my kind Shepherd is,
He doth my Wants supply ;

2. In Pastures green, by Waters still,
He makes me down to ly.

3. My Soul, so prone to go astray,
He mildly doth reclaim ;
And leads me on in righteous Paths,
For th' Honour of his Name.

4. Tho' thro' Death's shady Vale I walk,
No Evil will I fear ;

Thy Rod directs, and Staff defends,
For thou art with me there.

5. My Table thou hast richly spread,
In Presence of my Foes ;
Thou do'st my Head with Oyl anoint,
My Cup it overflows.

6. Goodness, and Mercy, surely shall
Attend me all my Days ;
My fix'd Abode forever, Lord,
Shall be thy House of Praise.

P S A L M XXIII. 2d Meetre.

THe gracious Lord is still, to me,
A Shepherd kind, and faithful Guide ;
Whate'er my Wants demand, shall be
By his indulgent Care, supply'd.

2. In Pastures ever fresh, and green,
He feeds, and makes me take my Rest ;
He leads me to the silent Stream,
Or Pool which living Springs have blest.

3. My Soul, which his Assistance needs,
He doth restore, by sov'rain Grace ;
For his Name's Sake, he gently leads
Me in the Paths of Righteousness.

4. Tho'

4. Tho' thro' Death's gloomy Vale I glide,
No threat'ning Dangers will I fear ;
For thou art with me, Lord, to guide
Thy Rod, and Staff, to comfort, there.

5. My Table's with thy Bounties spread,
In sight of all my spiteful Foes ;
Thou do'st anoint with Oyl my Head,
My Cup with Blessings overflows.

6. Goodness, and Mercy, from my God,
Shall surely crown my future Days ;
Therefore I'll make my fixt Abode,
Lord, in thy House of Pray'r, and Praise.

P S A L M XXIV.

THIS Globe of Earth, with all it's Stores,
The greater, and the less ;
The World, and them that dwell therein,
Jehovah doth possess.

2. For, in surrounding Fluids, he
It's sure Foundations laid ;
His pow'rful Word, it firm, unmov'd,
On rowling Floods, hath staid.

3. Who is the happy Man, that shall
The Mount of God ascend ?
Who, standing in his holy Place,
Before him shall attend ?

4. 'Tis he, whose Hands are clean from Wrong,
Whose Heart is pure from Stains ;
Whose Soul's not rais'd to Vanity,
And a false Oath disdains.

5. This is the Man, whom thou, O Lord,
Abundantly will bless :
And God, his Saviour, will him crown
With perfect Righteousness.

6. This

6. This is the pious happy Race,
 Shall view thy blest'd Abode ;
 Who now, with true Devotion, seek
 The Face of *Jacob's* God.

Second P A R T.

7. Come then, my Soul, unbar the Gates,
 Immortal Doors give Way ;
 That, with his Graces, enter in,
 The King of Glory may.

8. Who is this King of Glory ? Who ?
 The strong and mighty God,
 The Lord in Battle mighty, he
 In Triumph glorious rode.

9. Ye heav'nly Gates lift up your Heads,
 Eternal Doors give Way ;
 That enter, with his Train of Saints,
 The King of Glory may.

10. Who is this King of Glory ? Who ?
 The Lord of Host, renown'd
 Thro' all the Realms of Heav'n and Earth,
 He's King of Glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXIV. 2d Metre.

THIS spacious Globe of Earth,
 It's Treasures, great and small,
 With them that in it dwell, our God
 Is sov'rain Lord of all.

2. For he, upon the Seas,
 It's firm Foundations laid ;
 Upon the rowling Floods, it's Base,
 He unremov'd hath staid.

3. But, who *Jehovah's* Hill,
 Shall happily ascend ?
 And who, within his holy Place
 Before him shall attend ?

4. The

4. The Man whose Hands are clean,
And Heart from Stains is pure ;
Whose Soul's not rais'd to Vanity,
Nor can false Oaths endure.

5. This Man shall, from the Lord,
Receive the fullest Bliss ;
The God of his Salvation shall
Him cloath with Righteousness.

6. Who truly seek the Lord,
This is the happy Race ;
Whose pious Souls devoutly seek
The God of *Jacob's* Face.

Second P A R T.

7. My Soul, unbar the Gates,
Immortal Doors give way ;
That, with his Graces, enter in,
The King of Glory may.

8. Who is this glorious King ?
The Lord whose Pow'rs excell ;
Who comes in Triumph, laden with
The Spoils of Earth, and Hell.

9. Be rais'd, ye heav'nly Gates,
Eternal Doors give way ;
That enter, with his Train of Saints,
The King of Glory may.

10. This glorious King, who's he ?
The Lord of Hosts I sing ;
That Lord whom Heav'n, and Earth adore ;
'Tis he is Glory's King.

P S A L M XXV.

TO Thee, O God, I lift my Soul ;
2. In Thee my Trust repose ;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor triumph let my Foes.

3. Yea, Lord, let none that wait on Thee,
Be with Disgrace oppress'd ;
But pour Contempt upon them all,
Who causeless have transgress'd.
4. Lord, shew thy Ways, teach me thy Paths ;
5. Into thy Truth lead me ;
For thou art my Salvation's God ;
All Day I wait on Thee.
6. Remember, Lord, thy tender Grace,
Thy Kindness manifold ;
And let thy Mercies freely flow ;
They've ever been of old.
7. Remember not my youthful Faults,
From riper Crimes me free ;
In Mercy, for thy Goodness sake,
O Lord, remember me.
8. The Lord is merciful, and just,
Instructs the Souls that stray :
9. He'll guide the Meek in righteous Paths,
The humble teach his Way.
10. The Dealings of the Lord are all
Exceeding kind, and true ;
To such as keep his Covenant,
And his Commandments do.

Second P A R T.

11. Forgive my Sin, for it is great,
O Lord, for thy Name's sake.
12. The Man that fears the Lord, he'll teach
The Way that he should take.
13. His Soul serene shall dwell at Ease ;
His Seed the Earth possess.
14. His Secrets God his Saints will teach ;
And shew his Cov'nant Grace.

15. Mine Eyes are ever to the Lord ;
My Feet from Snares he'll free.
16. Turn to me, for I'm sore distress'd ;
Have Mercy, Lord, on me.
17. The Troubles of my Heart are great ;
From all my Soul retrieve.
18. View mine Affliction, and my Pain ;
And all my Sins forgive.
19. Observe my Foes ; they many are,
And cruelly me hate.
20. O save my Soul, free me from shame ;
On Thee I hopeful wait.
21. Sincere, and upright, keep my Soul ;
I wait thy Grace to see.
22. Redeem thine *Isr'el*, mighty God,
From all his Troubles free.

P S A L M XXVI.

- J**udge me, O Lord ; with upright Heart
I've walk'd, and still abide :
My Trust I've placed in the Lord,
And will not turn aside.
2. Search me, O God, my Reins, and Heart,
Try, and make thorow Proof.
3. I've set thy Grace before mine Eyes,
And walked in thy Truth.
4. I have not with vain Persons sat ;
Nor with Dissemblers gone.
5. I hate the Crowds that practise Ill ;
The Wicked's Presence shun.
6. In Innocence I'll wash my Hands ;
And to thy Courts repair :
7. That I may all thy wondrous Works,
With thankful Voice declare.

8. To visit, Lord, thy sacred House,
Has been my great Delight ;
That holy Tabernacle, where
Thy Glory shines so bright.
9. With Sinners let me not be join'd,
Nor with the bloody Tribes ;
10. Whose Hands in Mischief are employ'd,
Their Right-Hand's full of Bribes.
11. For I will walk in Righteousness ;
In Mercy, me redeem.
12. My Foot stands right ; among thy Saints,
Thy Praise shall be my Theme.

P S A L M XXVII.

THe Lord's my Light, and saving Health ;
Why should I be dismay'd ?

The Lord supports my Life ; of whom
Then should I be afraid ?

2. When my oppressing spiteful Foes,
Came on with horrid Frown,
Voraciously to eat my Flesh,
They stumbled, and fell down.

3. Tho' Hosts against me should encamp,
Fearless I would abide ;
Should raging War against me rise,
In this I would confide.

4. My Heart's Desire. and constant Care,
Is in God's House to dwell ;
That there I may his Beauty see,
And know his holy Will.

5. In Times of Trouble, he will me,
In his Pavilion, hide ;
I safe shall, in his secret Tent,
As on a Rock, abide.

6. Now shall the Lord, o'er all my Foes,
My Head, in Triumph, raise :
And I'll, with Shouts, my Off'rings bring,
I'll sing, and sound, his Praise.

Second P A R T.

7. O Lord, when with my Voice I cry,
My fervent Pray'r receive ;
Have Mercy also upon me,
And speedy Answer give.

8. Convinc'd this is thy just Command,
" Seek ye my Face ; my meek,
And grateful Heart, with Joy replies,
" Thy Face, Lord, I will seek.

9. Hide not thy Face, nor drive from Thee,
Thy Servant, with thy Rod ;
Thou hast me help'd, now leave me not,
O my Salvation's God.

10. Tho' both my Parents me forsake,
The Lord will me protect.

11. Lord, teach, and lead, me in right Paths,
For th' envious me inspect.

12. O, do not, to the raging Lusts
Of Foes, deliver me ;
False Witnesses have risen up,
They breathe out Cruelty.

13. My Soul had fainted, had not I
Firmly believ'd, to see
Thy Goodness crown me, in the Land
Of them that living be.

14. My Soul, upon the Lord still wait,
Take Courage from his Word ;
Thy Heart he'll strengthen with his Grace ;
Wait thou upon the Lord.

P S A L M XXVIII.

TO Thee, O Lord, my Rock, I cry,
Oh ! do not silent from me keep ;

Left by thy Silence, quickly I
Become like those in Graves that sleep.

2. My Supplication's Voice, Lord, hear,
When I my Griefs, with Weeping, tell ;
When I lift up my Hands, in Pray'r,
Toward thine holy Oracle.

3. O, let me never have my Part,
With wicked Men, whose Works are vile ;
While Mischief rages in their Heart,
They others, with fair Words, beguile.

4. Give them according to their Deeds,
Strictly their bad Intents survey ;
The Work, which from their Hands proceeds,
Retort, and their Deserts repay.

5. Since they the Works of God do slight,
And Wonders of his Hand disdain ;
Them, with Destruction he'll requite,
And never build them up again.

6. The Lord be bless'd ; for he did yield
A gracious Answer, when I crav'd.

7. The Lord's my Strength, & guarding Shield ;
In him I trusted, and am sav'd :

Therefore my Heart with Joy abounds,
And Songs of Praise I'll to him sing.

8. The Lord's his Peoples Strength ; & crowns,
With Safety, his anointed King.

9. Save, Lord, thy Church, and them encrease,
Thine Heritage, with Favour, bless ;
With Plenty feed them, grant them Peace,
Still may they triumph with Success.

Common Metre,

9. **S**Ave, Lord, thy People, greatly bless
Thine own Inheritance ;
Them rule, and feed, and o'er their Foes,
Them evermore advance.

As 148th Metre.

9. **O** Lord, in Mercy, save
The People that are thine,
Thy Heritage let have
The Blessing that's divine :
And all their Store
In Season send, and them defend,
Till Time's no more.

P S A L M XXIX.

O All ye Monarchs of the Earth,
Unto *Jehovah* give,
Glory, and Pow'r, to God ascribe,
From whom ye yours receive.

2. Give to the Lord, the Honours due
Unto his glorious Name ;
Within his sacred Courts bow down,
And celebrate his Fame.

3. God's Voice asunder bursts the Clouds,
And down the Waters show'r ;
The God of Glory thunders loud ;
Great Waters own his Pow'r.

4. Resistless Pow'r attends his Voice ;
With Majesty he speaks :

5. *Jehovah's* Voice the Cedars rends,
Proud *Leb'non's* Cedars breaks.

6. He tears them from their Roots, and makes
Them, like a Calf, to skip ;
Like a young Unicorn, the Mounts,
Leb'non, and *Syrion*, leap.

C 4 7. *Je-*

7. *Jehovah's* Voice strikes Flames of Fire ;
And Light'nings blaze around.
8. The Desert trembles at the Roar ;
Ev'n *Kadesh*, with the Sound.
9. The fright'ned Hinds then cast their Young ;
He lays the Forest bare :
His Glory in his House they praise,
Which Storms themselves declare.
10. The Lord sits sov'rain o'er the Floods ;
And reigns forever King.
11. The Lord will give his People Strength ;
Them blessed Peace will bring.

P S A L M XXX.

- I'LL Thee extol, O Lord, on high,
Who rais'd me, when distress'd ;
Who check'd my Foes insulting Joy,
And all their Hopes suppress'd.
2. O Lord, my God, I cry'd to Thee ;
And thou did'st heal, and save.
3. Thou from the Pit my Soul hast freed,
And kept me from the Grave.
4. Sing to the Lord, O ye his Saints,
Your grateful Thanks express ;
While you, with me, commemorate
His rect'ral Holiness.
5. His Anger but a Moment lasts,
Life from his Favour springs ;
If Night be fill'd with Grief, and Tears,
With Joy the Morning sings.
6. Flush'd with Success, I fondly said,
" I shall unmov'd abide.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, confirm'd my State,
Thou hid'st, and Comforts dy'd.
8. Then,

8. Then, Lord, to Thee I cry'd ; to Thee
My earnest Suit I made.
9. " What Profit is there in my Blood,
" When in the Grave I'm laid ?
" Shall there my Dust thy Praise proclaim ?
" Or glorious Truths declare ?
10. Hear, Lord, and on me Mercy have,
And for my Help appear.
11. Thou heard'st ; and to o'erflowing Joy,
My former Mourning turn'd ;
With Gladness thou hast girt me round,
Who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12. To this Intent, my Tongue may sing,
Incessantly thy Praise ;
O Lord, my God, my Thanks to Thee,
I'll render all my Days.

P S A L M XXX. 2d Metre.

- O** Lord, I'll Thee extol with Praise,
Who me above my Foes did'st raise ;
And their insulting Joy restrain.
2. O Lord, my God, in my Distress,
My Pray'r to Thee I did address ;
And thou hast heal'd my Grief, and Pain.
3. Thou, Lord, did'st from the Grave revive,
And keep my fainting Soul alive ;
Lest to the Pit I should go down.
4. O ye' his Saints, sing to the Lord.
With thankfull Hearts ; while ye record
The Truth, and Goodness, he has shown.
5. He Anger but a Moment keeps,
His Favour's Life ; if Ev'ning weeps,

The rising Sun returns with Joy.

6. When with Success I prospered,
My foolish Heart grew vain, and said,
“ No Change shall e’er my State annoy.

7. But, Lord, I was convinc’d e’er long,
Thy Favour made my Mountain strong ;
Thou hid’st thy Face, and Comforts dy’d.

8. Then, Lord, I humbly Thee address’d,
My Pride, and Folly, I confess’d ;
And thus with Supplication cry’d.

9. What profit is there in my Blood,
If to the Grave descend I shou’d ?
Can there my Mouth thy Praises Sing ?
Or can my Dust thy Truth declare ?

10. Have Mercy on me, Lord, and hear,
And timely Succours to me bring.

11. Then, to a Dance, my Mourning, hast
Thou turn’d, and off my Sackcloth cast ;
And round with Gladness girded me :

12. To th’ End, my Tongue may sing thy
And not be silent ; all my Days, [Praise,
My God, I will give Thanks to Thee.

P S A L M XXXI.

IN Thee, O Lord, I place my Trust,
O put me not to Shame ;
Deliver me from threat’ning Ills,
As righteous is thy Name.

2. Bow down thy gracious Ear, let me
Deliv’rance speedy gain ;
Be my strong Rock, and sheltering Tow’r,
Where I may safe remain.

3. For thou my Rock, and Fortrefs, art ;
For thy Name's Sake me guide.
4. O pull me from their private Snares ;
Thou do'ft my Strength abide.
5. Into thine Hands, almighty God,
My Spirit I commit ;
Lord God of Truth, who to redeem
Hast never fail'd me yet.
6. Who lying Vanities regard,
I always have abhor'd ;
But ever, in my greatest Straights,
Have trusted in the Lord.
7. With Joy, and Gladness, I'll record
The Mercies thou hast shown ;
For thou hast mine Affliction seen,
My Soul in Trouble known.
8. Thou hast not shut me in the Pow'r
Of a false treach'rous Race ;
But fet my Feet at Liberty
In an enlarged Place.

Second P A R T.

9. O Lord, have Mercy upon me,
My Trouble on me preys ;
Mine Eyes consume, my Spirits fail,
My Strength with Grief decays.
10. My Life is spent with Grief, my Years
Consume in Sighs, and Groans ;
My Sins have rob'd me of my Strength,
And wasted all my Bones.
11. By all my Foes, and Neighbours too,
I in Reproach was had ;
I was a Terror to my Friends,
When I drew near, they fled.

12. I am forgot, like one that's dead,
Whose Name, and Mem'ry's lost ;
Like earthen Vessels that are broke,
Away, as useles, tost.
13. Their many Slanders I have heard ;
Just Fears about me spread,
While they took Counsel, and devis'd,
My guiltless Blood to shed.
14. I said, thou art my God, my Trust,
" I in Thee, Lord repose ;
15. " My Times are in thine Hand, defend
" Me from pursuing Foes.
16. The Brightness of thy Face to shine
On me, thy Servant, make ;
And thy Salvation to me grant,
For thy free Mercy's Sake.
17. Let me not be asham'd, O Lord,
Whose Pity still I crave ;
But let the Wicked be asham'd,
and silent in the Grave.
18. Silence their false reviling Tongues,
Which grievous Slanders vent ;
In Arrogance, and high Contempt,
Against the Innocent.

Third. P A R T.

19. How wondrous great's thy Goodness,
Reserved for the Just ; [Lord,
Which thou hast wrought, before the World,
For all in Thee, who trust.
20. Thou in thy Presence shalt them skreen,
From all the Sons of Pride ;
And cover'd from the Strife of Tongues,
In thy Pavilion hide.

21. Forever blessed be the Lord,
For wondrous Kindness shown ;
When threat'ning Dangers me enclos'd,
Within a fenced Town.
22. For then in Hast, I rashly said,
“ I'm banish'd from thine Eyes ;
Yet thou hast heard my groaning Voice,
And answered all my Cries.
23. O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
Who doth the Faithful guard ;
But on proud Doers justly heaps
A plentiful Reward.
24. Then let your Courage firm remain,
In his ne'er failing Word ;
Confirm your Hearts, all ye whose Hope
Is fixed on the Lord.

P S A L M XXXII.

- T**Hrice bless'd the Man, whom God forgives ;
Whose Sin is cover'd with a Smile :
2. To whom the Lord imputes no Guilt ;
Whose Heart is truly purg'd from Guile.
3. While silent I conceal'd my Crime,
'Thro' Anguish of my troubled Breast,
My Bones grew dry, and waxed old ;
I roar'd all Day, and found no Rest.
4. Thy Hand did heavy on me fall,
And Day and Night it's Strokes repeat ;
My vital Moisture dried up,
As Ground is parch'd with Summer's Heat.
5. I then resolv'd no more to hide,
But own, my Sin, before the Lord ;
Whose pard'ning Mercy soon stept in,
And Comfort to my Soul restor'd.

6. For this each godly Man will pray,
 In Times wherein thou may'st be found ;
 In mighty Waters raging Floods,
 His stedfast Hopes shall ne'er be drown'd.
 7. Thou art my only hiding Place,
 Where I from Trouble, safe abide ;
 With Songs of thy Deliv'rance, thou
 Shalt compass me on ev'ry Side.

Second P A R T.

8. I'll wholesome Counsel to thee give,
 And teach thee how thou may'st be wise,
 Aright to order all thy Walk,
 I'll guide thee with my watchful Eyes.
 9. O be not like the Horse, or Mule,
 Which Passions, and not Reason, sway ;
 Whose Mouth, with Bit, and Reins, compel'd,
 Our Wills are forced to obey.
 10. They that encrease in Wickedness,
 Their Sorrows greatly shall abound ;
 But him that on the Lord relies.
 Unnumber'd Mercies shall surround.
 11. Let them be glad, in God rejoice,
 Who, in his Laws, their Life employ ;
 Let all, who are upright in Heart,
 With sacred Triumph shout for Joy.

P S A L M XXXII. 2d Meetre.

O Blessed Man, whom God forgives,
 And covers all his Sin ;
 2. To whom the Lord imputes no Guilt,
 Who's free from Guile within.
 3. While I refus'd to own my Crime,
 The Horror in my Breast,
 Dry'd up my Bones ; I roar'd all Day,
 And found no quiet Rest. 4. For

4. For Day, and Night, thine awful Hand,
Heavy upon me beat ;
My Moisture dry'd, as Ground that's parch'd,
With Summer's scorching Heat.
5. I then resolv'd no more to hide,
My Sin, but freely own
My Fault to God ; and thou forgav'st
The Guilt of what I'd done.
6. The Godly hence, in Season, shall
To Thee pour out his Soul ;
Then tho' great Water-Floods should rage,
None over him shall rowl.
7. Thou art my hiding Place, where I,
From Harm, shall shelter'd be ;
With Songs of thy Deliv'rance, thou
Shalt round encompass me.

Second P A R T.

8. I'll thee instruct, and teach the Way,
How thou may'st wisely live :
And safe Direction, in thy Walk,
My watchful Eye shall give.
9. Be n't like the Horse, or Mule, which ne'er
Submit to Reason's sway ;
Whose Mouths with Bitt, and Reins, we rule,
And force them to obey.
10. The Wicked, by their Wickedness,
Their Sorrows multiply ;
But Mercy shall encompass them,
Who on the Lord rely.
11. Let then the righteous ones be glad,
And in the Lord rejoice ;
Let all, that are upright in Heart,
Triumph with joyful Voice.

- R**ejoice ye righteous, in the Lord,
 'Tis yours his Fame to raise.
2. Take Pfalt'ry, Harp, and Ten-string'd Lute,
 And join in Songs of Praise.
 3. Take a new Song, play skillfully ;
 Loud let the Musick sound.
 4. For wise, and just, the Lord's Words are,
 His Works with Truth abound.
 5. Justice, and Truth, he loves ; the Earth
 Is with his Goodness fill'd,
 6. One Word from God the Heav'ns made,
 Their Host his Spirit will'd.
 7. He gather'd the vast rowling Seas,
 Into a solid Heap ;
 In Store-houses reserves the Depths ;
 Which stated Limits keep.
 8. Let all the Earth, and all the World,
 In Fear, before him, stand.
 9. The Lord but spake, and it was made ;
 'Twas fix'd at his Command.
 10. The Lord the Heathen's Counsels baulks ;
 He makes their Purpose vain.
 11. But firm his Counsel stands ; his Thoughts
 Thro' ev'ry Age remain.

Second P A R T.

12. That Nation's bless'd whose God's the Lord,
 Whom he hath chose his own.
13. The Lord, to view the Sons of Men,
 From Heaven looketh down.
14. He, all the Earth's Inhabitants,
 From's dwelling Place surveys.
15. Their Hearts he fashioneth alike ;
 And all their Works he weighs.

16. No King is sav'd by num'rous Hosts ;
By Strength the Strong's not freed.
17. 'Tis vain to look for Safety, from
The Horses Strength, or Speed.
18. God's Eye's on them that do him fear ;
Whose Hopes in's Grace survive :
19. In War to save their Soul from Death ;
In Famine keep alive.
20. Our longing Soul waits for the Lord ;
He is our Help and Shield.
21. Since in his holy Name we trust,
Our Hearts with Joy are fill'd.
22. O let thy tender Mercy, Lord,
On us abiding be ;
As thou do'st know our steadfast Trust
Is plac'd alone in Thee.

P S A L M XXXIV.

- T**Hro' all my Days, I'll bless the Lord ;
My Tongue shall dwell upon his Praise.
2. My Soul shall glory in the Lord,
Th' oppress'd shall hear, and Comfort raise.
3. O magnify the Lord with me ;
Come, let us joyn, t' exalt his Name.
4. I fought the Lord, who heard ; and me,
From all my Fears to rescue came.
5. On me they look, they gather'd round ;
And Gladness shone in ev'ry Face.
6. " This poor Man cry'd, and Favour found,
" God heard, and sav'd him from Distress.
7. The mighty Angels of the Lord,
Encamp't, as Guards, around them ly ;
And safe Deliv'rance them afford,
Who to his Arms for Shelter fly.

8. O try how good *Jehovah* is :

They're bless'd who in his Strength confide.

9. O fear the Lord, ye Saints of his ;

And all your Wants shall be supply'd.

10. Tho' the young Lyons range the Plain,

And hungry, roar for Lack of Food ;

Yet none shall seek the Lord in vain,

Nor want supplies of real Good.

Second PART.

11. " O come, ye Children, hear my Word ;

" I'll teach you how to fear the Lord.

12. " What Man, long Life, desires to see,

" That all his Days may prosp'rous be !

13. " Thy Tongue keep pure from Language

" Preserve thy Lips from speaking Guile : [vile ;

14. " All Vice forsake ; be good, and kind ;

" Seek Peace, preserve a friendly Mind.

15. The Lord the Just, with Favour, views ;

His Ears are open to their Cry.

16. But Wrath the wicked Man pursues ;

To raise his Name beneath the Sky.

17. When just Men cry, the Lord doth hear ;

From all their Troubles sets them free.

18. To broken-hearted he is near ;

The contrite Spirit save will he.

19. The Righteous many Grievs endure ;

But God delivers out of all.

20. He keepeth all his Bones secure ;

Not one of them be broken shall.

21. Evil the Wicked slays ; and them,

Their Guilt consumes, who hate the Just.

22. His Servant's Soul, God will redeem ;

And none shall fail who in him Trust.

With them that strive, and fight with me,
Fight Lord ; my Cause defend.

2. Seise Shield, and Buckler, and arise,
Me, with thine Aid, befriend.

3. Advance thy pointed Spear, and stop
My Persecutor's Way ;

In Mercy, to my trembling Soul,
I'm thy Salvation, say.

4. Confounded, and asham'd, be they
Who would my Soul surprise ;

Turn back, and to Confusion bring,
All that my Hurt devise.

5. Drive them, as Chaff before the Wind ;
Let them thine Angel chase.

6. Both dark, and slip'ry, make their Way ;
And with swift Vengeance trace.

7. For, unprovok'd, they, for my Soul,
Have dig'd, and spread their Net.

8. With sudden Ruin, plunge him down,
Into the Toyls he set.

9. Then, to the Lord, my grateful Soul
Shall shout her Thankfulness ;

In his Salvation I'll rejoice,
And my Deliv'rer bless.

10. My Bones, preserv'd, shall say, O Lord,
Who may with Thee compare ?

Who frees the helpless from the strong,
And Poor from Spoiler's Snare.

Second P A R T.

11. False Witness rose, and charged me,
With Crimes I never knew.

12. They me reward with Ill, for Good ;
My very Life pursue.

13. But

13. But I, when they were sick, myself
 With Sack-cloth did invest ;
 With Fasts I mourned, and my Pray'r
 Return'd into my Breast.
14. Had he, my Friend, or Brother, been,
 So were my Actions turn'd ;
 I bow'd down heavily, as one
 That for his Mother mourn'd.
15. But my least slip was their Delight,
 When they assembled were ;
 Objects, unknown, together get,
 My Fame incessant tear.
16. Vile Parasites, who cringe for Bread,
 Admitted to their Feasts,
 At me have snarl'd, and gnash'd their Teeth,
 And flung their impious Jest.
17. How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on ?
 Me rescue from their Pow'r ;
 My Darling from the Lyon keep,
 That threatens to devour.
18. So, in the Congregation great,
 With Thanks I'll Thee confess ;
 And, in the Face of all the World,
 To Thee my Praise address.
- Third P A R T.*
19. Let not, with Joy, insult o'er me,
 My treach'rous Enemies ;
 Nor them that hate me, without Cause,
 Deride, with winking Eyes.
20. Their Words are not the Words of Peace ;
 But foul malicious Lies,
 Against the quiet in the Land,
 They craftily devise.

21. Yea, with Insult, they laugh'd, and said,
" Ha, ha, our Eye it saw.
22. Thou, Lord, hast seen, nor Silence keep,
Nor far from me withdraw.
23. Rouse, Lord, and to my Judgment wake ;
My God, my Cause decree.
24. Judge me, O Lord, as thou art just,
Lest they triumph o'er me.
25. O let them never, in their Heart,
Have Cause to boast, and say,
" Ah ! ah ! 'tis as our Heart could wish,
" He's now become our Prey.
26. To Shame, and to Confusion, bring
Who at my Hurt, are glad ;
Let them, who magnify themselves,
Be with Dishonour clad.
27. Let those be glad, and shout for Joy,
Who my just Cause confess ;
" And say, The Lord be magnify'd,
" Who loves his Servant's Peace.
28. So shall my Tongue aloud proclaim
The Justice of thy Ways ;
I'll spend my Days in sacred Hymns,
To celebrate thy Praise.

P S A L M XXXVI.

WHEN Man, I see, grows bold in Sin,
My Heart may well advise,
That there's no true religious Fear
Of God, before his Eyes.

2. Himself he flatters, with Deceits,
And thinks himself approv'd ;
Until, at length, he's sadly forc'd
To hate the Crimes, he lov'd.

3. The Words are Mischief, and Deceit,
Which from his Mouth proceed ;
Wisdom is banish'd from his Heart,
And Goodness from his Deed.
4. In bad Designs, while on his Bed,
He wastes his waking Time ;
Himself he hardens in his Sins,
Nor sticks at any Crime.
5. Thy Mercy, Lord, from Heav'n shines,
And spares the guilty Blood ;
Thy Faithfulness above the Clouds,
And makes thy Promise good.
6. Thy Justice, like the Mounts of God,
Stands firm, and ne'er decreast ;
Thy Judgments are unfathom'd Depths,
Thou, Lord sav'st Man, and Beast.

Second P A R T.

7. O God, how excellent's thy Grace!
How unconfin'd it flows !
Therefore, in Shadow of thy Wings,
Men's Son's their Trust repose.
8. They, with the Fatness of thy House,
Shall fully be supply'd ;
And drink immortal Joys, at Streams
Which from thy Favour glide.
9. Thou art the Fountain of our Life,
All richly flows from Thee ;
We in thy Face's gracious Light,
An heav'nly Light shall see.
10. The Wonders of thy Love to them
That know Thee, still impart ;
And let thy Faithfulness extend,
To all, upright in Heart.

11. Let not the Foot of haughty Foes,
 Against me fatal prove ;
 Nor all the Force of wicked Hands,
 Me, from my Hopes, remove.
12. Lo ! there the Workers of Deceit
 Are fall'n before our Eyes ;
 Down are they thrust, depriv'd of Pow'r,
 For ever more, to rise.

P S A L M XXXVI. 2d Meetre.

- M**Y Heart concludes, the bold in Sin,
 No fear of God has lodg'd within.
2. He blinds his Eyes with fond self Love ;
 Until his Crimes most hateful prove.
3. False, and mischievous, Words he speaks ;
 Wisdom, and Goodness, he forsakes.
4. In Bed, he plotts some vile Intent,
 His harden'd Heart's on Mischief bent.
5. Thy Mercy, Lord, from Heav'n shines ;
 And spares the Sinner, in his Sins :
 Thy Faithfulness unto thy Word,
 And Saints, above the Sky has soar'd.
6. Thy Justice, like great Mounts, remains,
 Thy Judgment mighty Depths contains ;
 Lord, by thy providential Care,
 Both Man, and Beast, preserved are.

Second P A R T.

7. How wondrous excellent's thy Love !
 O thou who dwell'st the Heav'ns above !
 Therefore Men's Sons, when they're distrest,
 Fly to thy shelt'ring Wings for Rest.
8. With Fatness of thy House supply'd,
 Their joyful Souls are satisfy'd ;
 From Thee immortal Pleasures rill,
 Where thou shalt make them drink their fill.
9. Life's

9. Life's Fountain is alone with Thee ;
 Light, in thy glorious Light, we see.
 10. To them that know Thee, Love impart ;
 Thy Justice to th' upright in Heart.
 11. Let no proud Foot destructive prove ;
 Nor wicked Hand my Hopes remove.
 12. The Wicked fall'n are, by Surprise ;
 They are thrust down, no more to rise.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- F** Ret not thyself, tho' wicked Men
 Grow opulent, and great ;
 Let not their prosp'rous Vices raise
 Thine Envy, at their State.
 2. For, like the Grass that's flourishing,
 They shall be soon cut down ;
 They wither, as the verdent Herb,
 Before the scorching Sun.
 3. But in the Lord repose thy Trust,
 And practice all that's good ;
 So in the Land thou safe shall dwell,
 And sure shall be thy Food.
 4. Delight thyself in God ; and he
 Will thy Desires fulfill.
 5. To God commit thy Way ; trust him,
 And he'll perform all well.
 6. Thy wronged Innocence he'll clear,
 As from the Clouds the Sun ;
 He'll make thy Justice forth to shine,
 Bright as the Day at Noon.
 7. Be silent, wait thou on the Lord,
 Let no Impatience rise,
 At their Success ; who bring to pass,
 The Mischiefs they devise.

8. Enkindling Anger quench betimes,
Wrath utterly forsake ;

Lest, Thee, Partaker in their Crimes,
Ungovern'd Passions, make.

9. For wicked Men shall be cut off,
By a most righteous Hand ;

But those that wait upon the Lord,
Inherit shall the Land.

10. The Wicked soon are gone ; nor shall,
On strictest Search, be found ;

11. Whereas the Meek possess the Earth ;
With Peace, and Joy, are crown'd.

Second PART.

12. The Wicked plot against the Just ;
They gnash, and rage, and foam.

13. But God derides their Schemes ; he sees
Their Day is near to come.

14. They've drawn the Sword, and bent the Bow,
To make the Poor their Prey ;

To cast the Needy to the Ground,
The upright Man to slay.

15. Their Sword shall pierce thro' their own
Their Bow be broke in twain. [Hearts ;

16. The just Man's little Stores excels,
What many Wicked gain.

17. The Wicked's Arms shall broken be ;
But God the Just sustains.

18. Th' Upright he guides thro' all their Days,
Their Portion safe remains.

19. When sad distressing Times approach,
They free from Shame abide ;

Tho' Days of raging Famine come,
They shall be satisfied.

20. But wicked Men shall be cut off,
 Who dare the Lord provoke ;
 Like Fat of Lambs, they melt away,
 And vanish into Smoak.

Third P A R T.

21. The Wicked borrows, where he can,
 And takes no Care to pay ;
 But righteous Men will Mercy show,
 And freely give away.

22. For those the Lord vouchsafes to bless,
 The promis'd Land enjoy ;
 While such as fall beneath his Curse,
 He'll from the Earth destroy.

23. The Lord directs the good Man's Steps,
 Who loves his just Command :

24. Tho' he should fall, yet shall he rise,
 Supported by thine Hand.

25. Thro' Youth, and Age, I never saw,
 But righteous Men were fed ;

Nor have their Seed forsaken been,
 When asking for their Bread.

26. He's ever merciful, and lends :
 And blessed is his Race.

27. Depart from Evil, and do Good ;
 And so prolong thy Days.

28. For God loves Judgment, he his Saints
 Preserves, and ne'er forsakes ;
 But the vile Seed of wicked Men,
 Destruction overtakes.

29. The Righteous shall possess the Land ;
 There dwell as settled Heirs.

30. His Mouth of sacred Wisdom speaks ;
 Right Things his Tongue declares.

31. The

31. The Law of God is in his Heart ;
None of his Steps shall stray.
32. The Wicked watch, and seek by Crafts,
The righteous Man to slay.
33. But God ne'er leaves, in wicked Hands,
His Saints, without Defence ;
Nor their rash Judgment e'er approves,
But clears their Innocence.

Fourth P A R T.

34. Wait on the Lord, and keep his Way,
And thine shall be the Right
To heir the Land ; when wicked Men
Shall perish in thy Sight.
35. I've seen the Wicked rise, and spread,
As Trees in native Ground.
36. But lo ! he vanish'd, Root, and Branch ;
When sought, could not be found.
37. Mark well the truly perfect Man,
And carefully attend
The upright Liver ; and you'll find
A blessed Peace his End.
38. But bold Transgressors surely shall
One common Ruin share :
Vengeance, at last, will cut them off,
Nor any Wicked spare.
39. Whereas, the Safety of the Just,
Is wholly from the Lord ;
Who, when the Times most dang'rous prove,
Will Strength to them afford.
40. The Lord will help, and rescue them,
He'll free them from th' Unjust ;
Them from their Rage, and Pow'r, he'll save,
Because in him they trust.

O Lord, rebuke me not in Wrath ;
Nor, in thy Rage, chastise.

2. Thine Arrows stick in me ; thy Hand
Sore pressing on me lies.

3. Thine Anger's Heat consumes my Flesh,
And leaves no Soundness there :

My Bones are pain'd, and find no Rest,
While all my Sins appear.

4. For o'er my Head, my Sins have rowl'd,
They're a vast Burden grown ;

I cannot bear their Punishment,
Nor their least Guilt atone.

5. My Foolishness hath made my Wounds,
Stench, and Corruption, grow.

6. Distress'd in Mind, and much bow'd down,
I all Day mourning go.

7. A violent Heat has feis'd my Loins ;
And spread thro' ev'ry Part.

8. I'm feeble, broken fore, and roar,
Thro' Anguish of my Heart.

9. All my Desire, and Groans, O Lord,
To Thee are fully known.

10. My Heart's perplex'd, my Strength doth
Mine Eye-Sight's from me gone, [faint;

Second P A R T.

11. Friends, and Companions, stand aloof,
To see my wretched Plight ;

My Kinsmen stand far off, and gaze,
At such a dismal Sight.

12. Then they, who hunted for my Life,
Their Snares for me did lay ;

And they, that sought my Hurt, spread Lies,
And fram'd Deceit all Day.

13. But,

13. But, as one deaf, I did not hear ;
 As dumb, my Tongue was ty'd :
 14. Thus, as if quite bereft of Sense,
 I never once reply'd.
 15. For in the Lord I trust ; my God
 Will answer when I call.
 16. Hear me, (I said,) lest they insult,
 And triumph when I fall.
 17. For I am prone to halt ; whilst Grief
 Thus constant preys within.
 18. To Thee, Lord, I'll confess my Fault ;
 With Sorrow for my Sin.
 19. Mean while my Foes are lively grown,
 Encreas'd in Strength and Pride ;
 They, that injuriously me hate,
 Are greatly multiply'd.
 20. And they that Ill for Good reward,
 A base ingratefull Crew,
 Are now my Adversaries turn'd ;
 Because I Good pursue.
 21. Forsake me not, O Lord ; nor far,
 My God, from me depart.
 22. Make hast to rescue me ; for thou,
 Lord, my Salvation art.

P S A L M XXXIX.

- I** Thought to guard my Ways with Care,
 And lest my Tongue grow vain,
 To clap the Bridle to my Mouth ;
 While I'm with the Profane.
 2. I silent sat, as one that's dumb,
 A while, I held my Peace,
 From good Discourse ; but this I found,
 Did inward Pain increase.

3. My Heart, with Indignation, glow'd,
While I was musing long ;
The Fire within more fiercely burnt,
Then spake I with my Tongue.
4. Teach me, O Lord, to know mine End,
And Measure of my Days,
How short they are ; Oh, may I know,
How swift my Time decays.
5. Lo ! but a Span thou mad'st my Days,
Mine Age is Nought with Thee ;
At's best Estate, sure ev'ry Man
Is wholly Vanity :
6. Surely, a Shadow's all his Show,
His mighty Stir is vain ;
He heaps up Wealth, but knows not who
Shall heir his mighty Gain.

Second PART.

7. What, Lord, can I expect on Earth ?
My Hope is fix'd in Thee.
8. Forgive my many Sins ; lest I,
The Scorn of Fools, should be.
9. I silent was, and ne'er complain'd.
Because it was thy Will.
10. But lest thy Hand consume me quite,
Remove the Strokes I feel.
11. If thou but speak an angry Word,
And Man, for Sin, chastise ;
So vain is he, as eat by Moths,
His Beauty fades, and dies.
12. Lord, hear my Pray'r, mov'd by my Tears,
To my Request give Ear ;
For here I sojourn, Stranger-like,
As all my Fathers were.

13. O spare me, Lord, my wasted Strength,
In Mercy, now, restore ;
E'er at thy Summons, I go hence,
And shall be here no more.

P S A L M XXXIX. 2d Meetre.

I Did resolve to guard my Ways,
And lest my Tongue grow loose, and vain;
To put the Bridle to my Mouth ;
When e'er I mix'd with the Profane.

2. Profoundly silent, for a while,
I heard their Talk, and held my Peace,
Nor utter'd my devouter Thoughts ;
But this did inward Pain increase.

3. My Heart, with Indignation, glow'd,
And, while I mus'd, the mighty Force
Of Zeal, which burn'd within my Breast,
Broke forth in this divine Discourse.

4. Teach me, O Lord, to know mine End,
And what's the Measure of my Days,
How they will issue ; may I see
How swift my fleeting Time decays.

5. Behold thou mad'st my Days a Span,
My greatest Age is nought with Thee ;
Sure ev'ry Man, at his best State,
Is altogether Vanity.

6. Man, like an empty Shadow, stalks ;
Lo ! with what Noise, and Toil, and Cares,
He heaps up Wealth, but all in vain :
He knows not who shall be his Heirs.

Second P A R T.

7. What then, O Lord, can I expect,
From such a fading World as this ?
My Hopes are plac'd on Thee alone,
The Source, and Centre, of my Bliss.

8. From all my Guilt, and Punishment,
In Mercy, Lord, my Soul redeem ;
And make me not the Scorn of Fools,
Who me reproach, and Thee blaspheme.

9. But, Lord, because 'tis thou corrects't ;
I would be dumb, and not complain.

10. Yet, lest thine Hand consume me quite,
Thy heavy Strokes from me restrain.

11. For if thou speak'st an angry Word,
When ever Man offendeth Thee ;
His Beauty blasts, as eat by Moths,
Sure ev'ry Man is Vanity.

12. O hear my Pray'r, attend my Cry,
With Pity Lord my Tears behold ;
I, as a Stranger sojourn here,
As all my Fathers did of old.

13. O Spare me, Lord, in Mercy spare,
My wasted Strength to me restore ;
E'er by thy final Summons call'd,
I hence shall go, and be no more.

P S A L M XL.

With unmov'd Patience, for the Lord,
I waited hopefully ;
He bow'd to me a gracious Ear,
And heard my humble Cry.

2. He brought me from the roaring Pit,
Where plung'd in Mire, I lay ;
He set my Feet upon a Rock,
And firm he made my Way.

3. With a new Song he fill'd my Mouth ;
Praise to our God most high ;
Many shall see, and learn to fear,
And on the Lord rely.

4. That

4. That Man is blest, who on the Lord,
With Confidence, relies ;
Who disregards the Proud, and such
As turn aside to Lies.
5. O Lord, my God, thy wondrous Works,
Which thou hast wrought of old ;
And Thoughts of Kindness towards us,
Are more than can be told.
6. Rich Sacrifice, and Offering,
Thou did'st no more desire ;
Nor burnt, nor Sin Off'ring, but strict
Obedience did require.
7. " Then said I, Lo, I come, of me
" Thy sacred Rolls declare ;
8. " My God, Thy Will is my Delight,
" Thy Laws in my Heart are.
9. " I, in the Congregation great,
" Have preached Righteousness ;
" Lo, Lord, thou know'st, I've not refrain'd
" From publishing thy Grace.
10. " I have not hid within my Heart,
" Nor from the World conceal'd,
" Thy Faithfulness, and saving Health :
" But Grace, and Truth reveal'd.

Second P A R T.

11. Those tender Mercies I proclaim,
With hold not, Lord, from me ;
But let thy Kindness, and thy Truth,
My constant Keepers be.
12. Numberless Evils me surround,
My Sins have seiz'd me fast ;
They blind me, they exceed my Hairs,
Therefore my Heart's lay'd wast.

13. Be pleas'd, O Lord, in this Distress,
To come, and set me free ;
O gracious God, make no Delays,
But hast to succour me.

14. Shame, and Confusion, be their Lot,
Who at my Ruin aim ;
May they who wish, and seek, my Hurt,
Be driven back with Shame.

15. With Desolation them reward,
Who shamefully me treat ;
That sport themselves, and Triumph make,
At mine afflicted State.

16. Let all that seek thy Face rejoice,
In Thee be satisfy'd ;
Who thy Salvation love, still say,
“ The Lord be magnify'd.

17. Tho' I am poor, distress'd, the Lord
Yet thinks on me alway :
For thou my Help, and Saviour, art,
My God, make no Delay.

P S A L M XLI.

THrice bless'd the Man, whose thoughtful
The Needy doth regard ; [Mind
With Safety in the evil Day,
The Lord will him reward.

2. From Dangers he'll preserve his Life,
On Earth he bless'd shall be ;
And none of all his spiteful Foes,
On him, their Will shall see.

3. Upon his Bed of Languishing,
The Lord will Strength supply ;
In Sicknes, kindly turn his Bed,
That he may easy ly.

4. " O Lord, be merciful to me,
 (I thus myself express'd)
 " And heal my wounded Soul, for I
 " Against Thee have transgress'd.
5. Mine Enemies, maliciously,
 With Slanders me defame ;
 In Wrath, they say, " When shall he die,
 " And perish shall his Name ?
6. If e'er he comes to visit me,
 His Speech is cloath'd with Fraud ;
 He gathers Evil to his Heart,
 Then spreads it all abroad.

Second P A R T.

7. Who hate me whisper evil Things,
 And do my Hurt devise.
8. " His Crimes have caught him fast, (say they)
 " He's fall'n, no more to rise.
9. Yea, my familiar Friend, from whom
 I nothing could conceal ;
 Who ate my Bread, yet basely has
 Against me lift his Heel.
10. But thou, O Lord, be merciful,
 To me, I humbly pray ;
 And raise me up, that I their Crimes,
 With Justice, may repay.
11. That me thou favour'st, as thou said'st,
 By this I surely know ;
 Because to triumph over me,
 Thou suffer'st not my Foe.
12. For, as for me, thou dost uphold
 Me, in mine Innocence ;
 Thou settest me before thy Face,
 Art ever my Defence.

13. The Lord, the God of *Isr'el's* House,
 Be bless'd by Sons of Men,
 From Age to Age, till Time's no more.
 Amen ! O Lord, Amen !

P S A L M XLII. SECOND BOOK.

AS pants the chafed, thirsty, Hart,
 After the cooling Brook ;
 So pants my Soul for Thee, O God,
 For Thee I longing look.

2. My Soul for God, the living God,
 Thirsts, while I'm exil'd here ;
 When shall I come, and in thy Courts,
 Before my God appear ?

3. My mourning Tears, by Day, and Night,
 Have been my constant Food ;
 While, with continual Insult, they
 Have cry'd, " Where is thy God ?

4. My Soul I pour out, when I think,
 How to thy House I went,
 With Multitudes ; in Joy, and Praise,
 Thy sacred Day we spent.

5. Why so dejected, O my Soul ?
 Why art thou restless grown ?
 Trust God ; I yet shall sing his Praise,
 For his Salvation shown.

6. Tho' O my God, my Soul's cast down ;
 Remember Thee I will,
 From *Jordan's* Banks, and *Hermon's* Mount,
 And *Misra's* lowly Hill.

Second P A R T.

7. Deep calls to Deep ; thy Thunders roar'd,
 And pour'd the Waters down ;
 So o'er me have, with Force, and Noise,
 Thy Waves and Billows gone.

8. Thy

8. Thy Loving-kindness yet, O Lord,
Shall brighten up the Day;
Each Night I'll Anthems sing; to Thee,
God of my Life, I'll pray.

9. I'll humbly say to God, my Rock,
“ Why do’st forget me so ?
“ Why go I mourning, for the great
“ Oppression of the Foe ?

10. It pierc’d my Bones, as with a Sword,
To hear my Foes upbraid;
While daily they with impious Scoffs,
“ Where is thy God ? have said.

11. Why troubled ? why cast down ? my Soul
Trust God : Thou yet shalt sing
Loud Songs to him, who is thy God,
And Health’s unfailing Spring.

P S A L M XLIII.

Judge me, O Lord, who only can
My Cause from cruel Men, defend;
From the deceitful, unjust Man,
O do thou me Deliv’rance send.

2. On Thee, O God, my Strength relies;
Why do’st thou cast me far away ?
Oppress’d by cruel Enemies,
Why go I mourning, all the Day ?

3. O, let thy Light, and Truth, appear;
Conduct my Steps, and be my Guide,
Unto thy holy Hill, and where
Thou, in thy Glory, do’st reside.

4. Then to thine Altars I’ll repair,
To God, my most exceeding Joy;
To Thee, O God, my God, I’ll there,
In Songs of Praise, my Harp employ.

5. Why

5. Why so cast down, my Soul, and why?
 So restless, in thy frail Abode?
 Trust God ; for praise him yet shall I,
 Who's my Deliv'rer, and my God.

P S A L M XLIV.

O Lord, our Ears have often heard,
 Our Fathers have us told
 Thy mighty Works, wrought in their Days,
 And in the Times of old.

2. How thou did'st punish, and eject,
 With thine avenging Hand,
 The heathen Nations ; and did'st place
 Thy People in their Land.

3. For they, Possession of the Land,
 Gain'd not, by their own Sword,
 Neither could their own Arm them save ;
 But thy Right-hand, O Lord,
 Thine Arm, and Presence, with their Hosts,
 And thy peculiar Grace.

4. Thou art my King ; O God, command
 Safety for *Jacob's* Race.

5. Then, in thy Strength, we'll still go on,
 To push down all our Foes ;
 And, thro' thy Name, tread under Foot,
 Such as shall us oppose.

6. For I'll not trust my Bow, nor Sword,
 The Victory to gain.

7. But thou hast sav'd us from our Foes,
 And made their Hopes in vain.

8. Therefore, in Thee, we make our Boast,
 And glory all Day long ;
 Forever will we praise thy Name,
 In our triumphant Song.

Second P A R T.

9. But, now, thou hast rejected us,
 With Shame, hast cast us down ;
 Our Armies thou no more dost lead,
 Nor us with Vict'ry crown.
10. Therefore, before our Enemies,
 Which spoil us, we have fled.
11. Thou, some, hast giv'n, as Sheep for Meat,
 And others captive led.
12. Thy People thou hast sold for nought ;
 Nor art the richer found.
13. We're to our Neighbours a Reproach ;
 A Scorn to all around.
14. Thou us among the Heathen, hast,
 A taunting Proverb, made ;
 By foolish People we're contemn'd,
 They at us shake the Head.
15. Therefore, from Morn, to Night, our Eyes
 See nothing but Disgrace ;
 And, cover'd with confounding Shame,
 I'm forc'd to hide my Face.
16. Because I daily hear the Voice
 Of our insulting Foe ;
 Who us reproach, and Thee blaspheme,
 And all their Malice show.

Third P A R T.

17. Yet, we have not forgotten Thee ;
 Nor false in Cov'nant prov'd.
18. Our Heart's not turned back, nor Steps,
 From thy just Ways, remov'd.
19. Tho' thou hast sorely broken us,
 Where cruel Dragons roar ;
 And with the gasty Shades of Death,
 Thy People cover'd o'er.

20. Had

20. Had we, our God's great Name, forgot,
Or to strange Gods bow'd down ;
21. Would'st thou not this have searched out ?
To Thee all Hearts are known.
22. Yea, we're as Sheep for Slaughter mark'd ;
For thy Sake, kill'd all Day.
23. Awake, why sleep'st thou, Lord, arise ;
And cast us not away.
24. O wherefore do'st thou hide thy Face,
Unmindful of our Thrall ?
25. Our Soul is bow'd to Dust, on Earth
Our Bodies prostrate fall.
26. Arise, and for our Help appear,
The heathen Powers shake ;
Redeem us from our Enemies Hand,
For thy great Mercy's Sake.

P S A L M XLV.

Sublimer Thoughts inspire my Breast ;
My Tongue, in softest Notes, to sing,
Runs like a ready Writer's Pen,
A Poem sacred to the King.

2. There's none of all the Sons of Men
Can with thy matchless Form compare ;
All Grace into thy Lips is pour'd,
Thee ever bless'd, doth God declare.

3. Gird then, O thou victorious Prince,
Thy conqu'ring Sword upon thy Thigh ;
Appear, in all thy glorious State,
Adorn'd with royal Majesty.

4. In all thy Pomp, ride prosp'rous on,
The Truth, Meekness, and Righteousness,
Strongly assert ; and thy Right-hand
Shall teach Thee Wonders to express.

5. Thy

5. Thy pointed Arrows wing their Way.
And pierce the stubborn Hearts of those
That set themselves against the King ;
They fall, subdu'd, who were thy Foes.
6. Thy Throne, O God, thro' ev'ry Age,
Forever unremov'd shall stand ;
Thy righteous Laws, and righteous Works,
Confirm the Scepter in thy Hand.
7. Thou Justice lov'st, and hatest Sin ;
God, therefore, thine own God, hath shed,
Above what all thy Fellows claim,
The Oyl of Gladness on thy Head.
8. Myrrh, Aloes, and Cassia,
Their Perfumes to thy Robes impart,
As thou from th' Iv'ry Palace cam'st ;
Whose fragrant Smell rejoice thy Heart.
9. The Queen, in well-wrought *Ophir's* Gold,
Fair Bride, is plac'd at thy Right-hand ;
Kings Daughters, in her splendid Train,
As Maids of Honour, waiting stand.

Second P A R T.

10. O Daughter hearken, and attend,
And to my Words encline thine Ear ;
Thy native Land, and Friends, forget,
Thy Father's House, and Kindred dear.
11. So shall the King, with thy fresh Charms,
But have his Love inflam'd the more ;
For he is now thy Head, thy Lord,
Him therefore worship, and adore.
12. The *Tyrian* Daughters shall approach,
And lay their Off'rings at thy Feet ;
The wealthy Nations, with their Gifts ;
Thy Royal Favour shall entreat.

13. The King's fair Daughter's glorious,
In all Accomplishments Divine ;
Her Garments wrought with *Pbrygian* Skill,
With purest Gold, illustrious shine.

14. Thus, to the King, in nuptial Robes,
By th' artful Needle curious wrought,
With Fellow-Virgins foll'wing her,
She shall, in royal Pomp, be brought.

15. Thro' shouting Crowds, and Peals of Joy,
In State moves on the glitt'ring Train,
Till the King's Palace them receive ;
And nought but endless Joys remain.

16. From thee, a num'rous royal Race,
Shall, in thy Fathers Stead, descend ;
Whose Fame, as mighty Princes, shall
Thro' universal Earth extend.

17. This Song shall spread thy great Renown,
Thro' ev'ry Age, O glorious King ;
And Nations shall, while Time does last,
In Consort joyn, thy Paise to sing.

P S A L M XLV. 2d Meetre.

MY Breast is inspir'd
With Thoughts more sublime ;
My Tongue, in soft Notes,
Is ready to sing ;
No Pen of swift Writer
Can with it keep Time ;
A Poem most sacred
To *Israel's* great King.

2. Among all the Sons
Of Men, there is none
That can with thy Form,
So matchless, compare ;

All heavenly Grace, in

Thy Lips, is pour'd down ;
Thy God Thee forever
Doth blessed declare.

3. Thy Sword, on thy Thigh,
Gird, O mighty Prince ;
With Glory adorn'd,
And Majesty crown'd.

4. Of Truth, Peace, and Justice,
Ride on the Defence ;
Thy Right-hand shall teach Thee
Thy Foes to confound.

5. Thy sharp Arrows pierce
Their Hearts, with great Pain,
Who're Foes to the King ;
They fall at thy Feet.

6. Thy Throne, O God ever
Secure shall remain ;
Thy Kingdom's just Laws are
Thy Scepter of State.

7. Thou Wickedness hat'st,
But Justice dost love ;
God, therefore, thy God,
Anointed hath Thee,
With rich Oyl of Gladness,
In Measure above
All Those that esteemed
Thy Fellows may be.

8. Thy Garments perfum'd,
Their Fragrance out send,
From th' Iv'ry Palace,
With which they are glad.

9. For Maidens of Honour,
Kings Daughters attend
The Queen, at thy Right-hand,
In *Ophir's* Gold clad.

Second P A R T.

10. O Daughter, attend,
And hear thou my Word ;
Thy Kindred, and Land,
Forget thou must quite,
11. Him rev'rence, and worship,
Who now is thy Lord ;
So the King in thy Beauty,
Shall greatly delight.

12. The Daughters of *Tyre*,
Their Presents shall bring ;
The Rich, with their Gifts,
Thy Favour entreat.

13. Within thou'rt all glorious,
Who sprang from a King ;
Thy Garments embroider'd
With Gold, are most neat.

14. She's led to the King,
In Needle Work Robes ;
With Virgins, her Mates,
That on her attend.

15. They move on thro' Shoutings,
That ring thro' the Globes ;
And enter the Palace,
With Joys that ne'er end.

16. In thy Fathers Stead,
From Thee, there shall spring
A Race, thro' the Earth,
Great Princes in Fame.

17. Thy

17. Thy Name, in this Poem,
 All Ages shall sing ;
 And Nations, forever,
 Thy Praises proclaim.

P S A L M XLVI.

GOD is our Refuge, where we're safe,
 Our Strength by whom we stand ;
 He is a very present Help,
 When Troubles are at Hand.

2. Therefore, we will not be afraid,
 Tho' th' Earth should be displac'd ;
 Tho' Mountains, torn from their deep Roots,
 Were in the Mid-Sea cast.

3. Should Storms ferment, and rouse the Deep,
 And make the Waters roar ;
 And the swol'n Billows Mountains shake,
 With Dashings on the Shore.

4. A River's gentle Streams makes glad
 The City of our God ;
 There the Most-High, his sacred Tent,
 Has fix'd, for his Abode.

5. God, in the Midst of her presides,
 She unremov'd is stay'd ;
 From early Dawn of fittest Time,
 God will afford her Aid.

6. The Heathen rag'd, Kingdoms were mov'd,
 In Tumults were involv'd ;
 But God gave forth his pow'rfull Word,
 And all the Earth dissolv'd.

7. The Lord of Hosts is on our Side,
 And will our Cause defend ;
 The mighty God of *Jacob* is
 Our Refuge, and our Friend.

8. Come,

8. Come, see what wondrous Works, the Lord,
For us, hath newly wrought !

What dreadful Desolations, he,
Upon the Earth, hath brought !

9. He maketh Wars to cease, our Foes,
No more, our Hurt conspire ;

He breaks the Bow, and Spear, and burns
The Chariot in the Fire.

10. Be still, and know that I am God ;
I will exalt my Name,

In heathen Lands, and thro' the Earth,
Extoll'd shall be my Fame.

11. The Lord of Hosts is on our Side,
He will our Cause defend ;

The mighty God of *Jacob* is
Our Refuge, and our Friend.

P S A L M XLVI. 2d. Metre.

OUR Refuge is in God,
In him our Strength is found ;

He is a very present Help,
When Dangers us surround.

2. No Fears shall us dismay,
Tho' th' Earth's convuls'd, and torn ;

Tho' Mountains, rent from their fix'd Roots,
Were to the Mid-Sea torn.

3. Should Storms enrage the Deep,
And make the Waters roar ;

Should swelling Billows Mountains shake,
That border on the Shore :

4. A River's gentle Streams,
Are to God's City sent ;

Which glads the Place, where the Most-High
Has fix'd his sacred Tent.

5. The

5. The Lord, in *Zion*, dwells,
She shall unmov'd abide ;
In fittest Season, God, for her,
Will speedy Help provide.
6. The heathen Nations rag'd,
Kingdoms, in Wrath, combine ;
But God, in hot Resentments, spake,
And melted their Design.
7. *Jehovah*, with his Hosts,
Engages on our Side ;
Our Refuge is in *Jacob's* God,
In whom we safe abide.
8. Come, see the wondrous Works,
Which God, for us hath wrought !
What fearful Desolations, he,
Upon the Earth, hath brought !
9. Thro'out the jarring World,
Wars into Peace he turns ;
He breaks the Bow, and cuts the Spear,
In Fire the Chariot burns.
10. Be still, and know I'm God ;
I will exalt my Name,
In heathen Lands, and thro' the Earth,
I'll be extoll'd in Fame.
11. *Jehovah*, with his Hosts,
Engages on our Side ;
And *Jacob's* God our Refuge is,
In whom we safe abide.

P S A L M XLVII.

- CLap Hands, all People, shout to God ;
With Voice of Triumph to him sing.
2. For God, most high, is terrible ;
O'er all the Earth, he's a great King.

3. He makes the People to submit ;
And Nations at our Feet couch down.

4. Our Heritage, for us, he chose ;
His loved *Jacob's* glorious Crown.

5. God is ascended with a Shout ;
Jehovah with the Trumpet's Layes.

6. Sing Praises to our God, Praise sing ;
Sing Praises to our King, sing Praise.

7. For God, of all the Earth, is King ;
Your deepest Skill in Praise be shown.

8. God reigneth over heathen Lands ;
God sits upon his holy Throne.

9. Princes of Nations freely join,
To serve the God of *Abraham* ;
For Shields of th' Earth to God belong,
Exalted greatly is his Name.

P S A L M XLVIII.

GREAT is the Lord, immensely great ;
Greatly let them his Praise confess,
In City of our God who dwell,
That Mountain of his Holiness.

2. Mount *Zion*, Joy of all the Earth,
Most beautifully scituate ;
There the great King, on her North Side,
His City built in royal State.

3. God in her Palaces is known
To be a Refuge strong, and high.

4. For, lo ! when Kings against her came,
They only pass'd together by.

5. They came, they saw, they were amaz'd ;
With Terror fill'd, confus'dly fled.

6. As Women in their Trav'ling Hours,
There were they seiz'd with Pain and Dread.

7. So

7. So the fierce boist'rous eastern Winds,
The Mid-land Sea to Fury wrought ;
And the proud Fleets, from *Tarshish* Coast,
Were into sudden Ruin brought.

8. In City of the Lord of Host,
We've seen, what us our Fathers told ;
God, his lov'd City, still preserves,
And will, thro' future Times uphold.

Second P A R T.

9. Therefore, in ev'ry new Distress,
We, to thy Temple, will repair ;
Think on thy wondrous Grace, O God,
And wait for our Deliv'rance there.

10. O God, thy Praise, thro' all the Earth,
Extends, far as thy Name is known ;
Thy Right-hand's full of Righteousness,
As thou hast said, so thou hast done.

11. O let Mount *Zion* shout for Joy,
And *Judah's* Daughters loud repeat,
In chearful Songs, thy Judgments, Lord ;
Which our Deliv'rance did compleat.

12. Thro' *Zion* walk, go round her Walls,
Her lofty Towers number well ;

13. Her Forts, and Palaces observe,
And to your Sons this Wonder tell.

14. This God, who our Salvation wrought,
Thro' ev'ry Age, will be our God ;
He'll guide us thro' the Vale of Death,
To Realms where none but Saints have trod.

P S A L M XLVIII. 2d Meetre.

Great is the Lord, supremely great,
And greatly to be prais'd ;
In *Zion*, in that holy Mount,
Let high his Fame be rais'd.

2. Mount *Zion*, Joy of all the Earth,
Seated in beauteous wise ;
Th' imperial Seat of the great King,
On her North Quarter lies.
3. God, in her Palaces is known,
To be a Refuge high.
4. Confed'rate Kings against her came,
But hastily pass'd by.
5. For when they saw, they were amaz'd
And in Confusion fled.
6. Sudden, as Women with their Pains,
There, were they seiz'd with Dread.
7. So the tempestuous Eastern Winds,
When thou the Word do'st speak,
Rouse up the Mid-land Seas to Rage,
And Ships of *Tarshish* break.
8. In City of the Lord of Host,
We've seen, what we had heard ;
God, his lov'd City, still preserves,
And is her constant Guard.

Second P A R T.

9. Therefore we, in thy Temple, bow,
Whenever we're afraid ;
Think on thy former Acts of Grace,
And silent wait thine Aid.
10. Thy Praise, O God, thro' Earth extends,
Far as thy Name is known ;
Thy Right-hand's full of Righteousness,
Thou faithfully hast done.
11. *Zion*, and *Judab's* Towns, rejoice,
Because thy Works are true.
12. Thro' *Zion* walk, go round her Walls,
And all her Towers view ;

13. Mark well her Forts, and Palaces ;
Nor from your Sons it hide.

14. This God, forever, is our God ;
To Death will be our Guide.

P S A L M XLIX.

Hear this, all People, and give Ear,
All ye that dwell on Earth ;

2. You're all concern'd, both high, and low,
Of base, or noble Birth.

3. My Mouth shall speak of weighty Things,
Which Wisdom will impart ;
Of sacred Understanding are
The Musings of my Heart.

4. To search out secret Parables,
I will incline mine Ear :
And with soft Touches of my Harp,
Mysterious Truths declare.

5. Wherefore should I, in evil Days,
Be overwhelm'd with Fears ;
When the Transgressions of my Heels
Encompass me with Snares ?

6. There's none of those who trust in Wealth,
And in their Riches boast,

7. Their Brother can redeem ; or give
To God sufficient Cost ;

8. (Life's of too great a Price for Wealth,
No Sum can equal be ;)

9. That he should still forever live,
And no Corruption see.

10. 'Tis daily seen, that Wise, and Fools,
Alike go to the Grave ;
And all their Wealth, tho' ne'er so loth,
To their Successors leave.

Second PART.

11. Man vainly thinks, his House shall stand,
Forever fix'd in Fame ;
And therefore calls his dwelling Place,
And Lands, by his own Name.
12. But Man, in Honour, soon decays ;
And, like the Beasts, he dies.
13. Their Folly's great ; and yet their Sons
Still think their Sayings wise.
14. Like Sheep, they're crowded in the Grave,
Death's Prey ; o'er them the Just
Reign in the Morn ; their Strength's consum'd,
Whose Dwelling's in the Dust.
15. But God will, in that glorious Day,
Me from the Grave retrieve ;
Redeem me from the Pow'r of Death,
And to himself receive.
16. Then be'nt concern'd if Men grow rich ;
Their House in Glory rise.
17. Death strips them of their former Pomp,
Their Glory, with them, dies.
18. Tho' while he liv'd, he blest'd himself ;
And Men his Skill shall praise.
19. He shall go to his Father's Race ;
And ne'er see happy Days.
20. Man, that to Honour is advanc'd,
And is not truly wise ;
As void of Understanding lives,
So like a Beast he dies.

P S A L M L.

THE mighty God, *Jehovah* spake,
To the whole Earth did call ;
From early'st Rising of the Sun,
Unto it's latest Fall.

2. From

2. From *Zion*, famous in Renown,
Whose Beauty is compleat ;
The mighty God hath clearly shin'd,
In all his royal State.
3. Silent no more ; our God shall come,
Before him Flames devour ;
And Troops of raging Tempests, round
About him, fiercely pour.
4. Thro' Heav'n above, and Earth beneath,
His Summons he shall send ;
That all his People, ev'ry where,
Before their Judge attend.
5. " Gather together, unto me,
" My Saints, (*Jehovah* said,)
" Those that, with me, a Cov'nant firm,
" By Sacrifice, have made.
6. The heav'nly Host, his Righteousness,
Shall clearly see, and own ;
His spotless Justice shall appear ;
For God is Judge alone.
- Second P A R T.*
7. " Hear, O my People, and I'll speak ;
" I'll swiftly testify
" Against Thee, O my *Israel* ;
" God, ev'n thy God, am I.
8. " I'll not reprove thee with Neglects
" Of legal Sacrifice ;
" Or Burnt Off'rings ; the Smoke of these,
" Before me, daily rise.
9. " No Bullocks from thy Stall, or Goats
" From Fold, will I accept.
10. " The Forrest Beasts are mine, and Herds
" On Thousand Hills are kept.

11. " I know the Mountain Fowl ; I claim
 " The wild Beasts of the Fields.

12. " If hungry, need I beg ? The World
 " Is mine, and all it yields.

13. " Or eat the Flesh of Bulls, or drink
 " The Blood of Goats, will I ?

14. " Give Thanks to God, and daily pay
 " Your Vows to the Most-high.

15. " In thy Distress, thy Heart to me,
 " In Prayer, devoutly raise ;

" Then I'll deliver from thy Fears,
 " And thou my Name shall praise.

Third P A R T.

16. " But to the Wicked, God doth say,
 " How dar'st thou to proclaim

" My Statutes ? or, with thy vile Mouth,
 " My sacred Cov'nant name ?

17. " Seeing thou do'st Instruction hate ;
 " And cast my Word behind.

18. " When Thieves thou saw'st ; thou did'st
 " And with Adult'ers join. [consent ;

19. " Thy Mouth, in Slander, is employ'd ;
 " Thy Tongue doth Falshood frame.

20. " Thou'rt pleas'd thy Brother to reproach,
 " Thy Mother's Son defame.

21. " This thou hast done ; I silence kept ;
 " Thou did'st of me surmise,

" I'm like thyself ; I'll thee reprove,
 " And rank them in thine Eyes.

22. " Now then, consider this, ye Fools,
 " Who God forgotten have ;

" Left I in Pieces should your tear,
 " And there be none to save.

23. " The

23. " The Man, that offers hearty Praise,
 " Best glorifieth me ;
 " And him that ord'reth right his Ways,
 " Shall God's Salvation see.

P S A L M L. 2d Meetre.

THE mighty God, *Jehovah* spake,
 Did thro' the Earth his Summons make,
 From rising to the setting Sun.

2. From *Zion*, his peculiar Seat,
 Whose Beauty's perfect and compleat,
 God shines in glorious Renown.
3. Our God shall come, silent no more ;
 Devouring Fire shall march before,
 And raging Tempests round him fly.
4. His solemn Judgment to attend,
 Thro'out all Heav'n, and Earth, he'll send
 His awful Summons, from on high.
5. " Let all my Saints assembled be,
 " That Cov'nant have confirm'd with me,
 " By Sacrifice ; with Hopes t' attone.
6. The heav'nly Hosts, who present are,
 His spotless Justice shall declare ;
 For God himself is Judge alone.

Second P A R T.

7. " Attend my People, *Isr'el* hear ;
 " While I against thee Witness bear ;
 " I'm God, thy Cov'nant God am I.
8. " Of Sacrifice, and Burnt-Off'ring,
 " I'll no Complaint against thee bring ;
 " These daily smoak before mine Eye.
9. " These Off'rings no Amends can make :
 " No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
 " Nor any He-Goat from thy Fold.

10. " The Beasts in Forrests more confin'd,
 " And Herds on thousand Hills combin'd,
 " They all belong to me of old.

11. I number all the Mountain-Fowl ;
 " Wild Beasts that in the Defart prowls,
 " All subject stand my Face before.

12. " If I be pinch'd with Hunger cou'd,
 " I need not ask of thee my Food ;
 " The World is mine, with all it's Store.

13. That I the Flesh of Bulls, do'st think,
 Could eat ? or Blood of Goats should drink ?

14. Thy Heart in Thanks to God up raise ;
 Thy Vows unto the Highest pay.

15. Devoutly in thy Troubles pray ;
 I'll save ; and thou my Name shalt praise.

Third P A R T.

16. The Wicked thus doth God impeach ;
 " What Right hast thou my Laws to teach ?
 " Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take ?

17. " Tho' thou of sacred Things may'st prate ;
 " Yet my Instruction thou do'st hate,
 " And cast my Word behind thy Back.

18. " When thou did'st see a Thief, thy Care
 " Was to agree, and with him share ;
 " And with Adulterers did'st join.

19. " Thy Mouth thou gavest to Reproach,
 " Thy Tongue Deceit, and Lies, did broach ;
 " And Mischief was thy chief Design.

[Name,

20. " With Joy thou wound'st thy Brother's
 " Do'st thine own Mother's Son defame.

21. " This thou hast done ; and did'st surmise,
 " While

“ While silent, I was like to thee ;
 “ Now thou my sharp Reproof shalt see ;
 “ I'll rank thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye who forgetful are
 Of God ; lest I in Pieces tare,

And there to save shall none be found.

23. He honours me who offers Praise ;
 And he, who orders right his Ways,
 With God's Salvation shall be crown'd.

P S A L M LI.

O God, to me let Mercy flow,
 For thou delight'st in Acts of Grace ;
 Thy many tender Mercies show,
 And all my Trespases erase.

2. Me thoroughly wash from all my Stains ;
 And from my Guilt me purify.

3. I own my Fault ; my Sin remains,
 With piercing Grief, before mine Eye.

4. I've sin'd against Thee, Thee alone,
 And done this Evil in thy Sight ;
 Thy Sentence, Lord, is just, I own,
 Thy heavy'st Judgments would be right.

5. I'm born defil'd, in ev'ry Part ;
 My Mother me conceiv'd in Sin.

6. Thou, Lord, desirest Truth of Heart ;
 O make me Wisdom know within.

7. With sprinkling Hyssop purge my Soul,
 Then shall I pure, and spotless, grow ;
 O wash away my Stains, most foul,
 I then shall whiter be than Snow.

8. Let me, with Joy, hear thy kind Word ;
 So shall the Bones thou'st broken shout.

9. Hide from my Sins thy Face, O Lord ;
 And all my many Crimes blot out.

Second P A R T.

10. Create, O God, in me clean Heart ;
My Spirit right, within me, make.

11. Drive me not from thy Face apart ;
Nor thy good Spirit from me take.

12 Salvation's Joy, to me, renew ;
With thy free Spirit me sustain.

13. Transgressors then, thy Ways, I'll shew ;
And they shall turn to God again.

14. Deliver me from Guilt of Blood,
O God, thou my Salvation's God ;
My joyful Tongue shall then sing loud,
And spread thy gracious Acts abroad.

15. O Lord, my closed Lips inspire ;
Then shall my Mouth thy Praises sing.

16. No Sacrifice, tho' burnt with Fire,
Could please ; or else I would it bring.

17. A broken Spirit, in God's Sight,
Is the most pleasing Sacrifice ;
An Heart that's broken, and contrite,
O God, thou never wilt despise.

18. Be *Zion's* Sons with Goodness fill'd,
In thy good Pleasure succour them ;
Defend thy Church, and firmly build
The Walls of thy *Jerusalem*.

19. Then shalt thou, with right Sacrifice,
Be pleas'd, while Saints shall Thee invoke ;
Then, from burnt Off'rings, Steams shall rise,
And Bullocks on thine Altars smoke.

P S A L M LII.

Wherefore, O mighty Man, dost thou,
Thyself, in Mischief boast ?

Uninterrupted daily flows

God's Goodness, without Cost.

2. Thy

2. Thy Tongue, the Malice of thy Heart,
In Falshoods, spreads around ;
Like a keen Raſor, gives a deep,
And unexpected, Wound.
3. Thou loveſt Evil more than Good,
Than right, more to ſpeak wrong ;
4. Devouring Words are thy Delight,
O thou deceitful Tongue.
5. Thee utterly ſhall God deſtroy,
And ſnatch thee from thy Place ;
O'er throw thy Houſe, and from the Earth.
Root thee, and all thy Race.
6. With Fear, the Righteous ſhall behold,
And thus, thy Fall, deride :
7. " Lo ! this the Man ! who God contemn'd,
" Nor on his Strength rely'd ;
" But, in th' Abundance of his Wealth
" Himſelf ſecure he thought,
" And ſtrengthen'd by his wicked Arts ;
" Lo ! how he's brought to nought !
8. But I ſhall to God's Houſe return,
Fruitfull as th' Olive Tree ;
For I have ever fix'd my Truſt,
In God's Benignity.
9. I'll ever celebrate thy Praise,
For what thou did'ſt effect ;
And patient wait thy promiſ'd Grace,
Which all thy Saints expect.

P S A L M LIII.

FOOLS, in their Heart, ſay there's no God ;
They ſo corrupt, and baſe, are grown ;
They ſcatter loathſome Sin abroad,
Among them, that doth Good, there's none.

2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n above,
On Sons of Men, with strict Survey ;
To see, if Reason they approve,
And seek the Lord, in his right Way.

3. But lo ! they all were gone from God,
They wholly filthy were, and base ;
Not one the Paths of Virtue trod,
Of all that vile degen'rate Race.

4. Are then those Fools so blindly led ?
Do they so far from Reason stray ?
That they my People eat as Bread,
And unto God no Homage pay ?

5. When God dispers'd and broke their Strength,
That fearless Crew were then surpris'd
With horrid Fears ; and sham'd at length ;
For God their boasted Force despis'd.

6. Who'll *Isr'el* Help, from *Zion*, send ?
When God shall back his Captives bring,
Then *Jacob's* Voice, in Shouts, ascend,
Glad *Isr'el*, loud, thy Praise, shall Sing.

P S A L M LIV.

SAVE, me, O God, for thy Name's Sake ;
Me by thy Pow'r defend,

2. Lord, hear my Pray'r ; and let thine Ear,
Unto my Words, attend.

3. For Strangers, causeless, have combin'd,
They up against me rise ;
Fierce Men thirst for my Life, who set
Not God before they Eyes.

4. The Lord's my Help, he'll head my Friends,
Who for my Life have stood ;

5. My watchful Foes with Ill reward,
And all his Threats make good.

6. So will I Free-will Off'rings bring,
And to Thee sacrifice ;
Thy Name I'll ever praise, O Lord ;
'Tis pleasing in thine Eyes.

7. For he hath freed me from my Straits,
Which very great have been ;
Mine Eyes, with Pleasure, thy Rebukes,
On all my Foes have seen.

P S A L M LV.

GIVE Ear, O God, unto my Pray'r ;
Nor hide from my Request.

2. Attend, and hear my mournful Cry ;
I roar, I'm so distress'd.

3. My Foes reproach me, I'm oppress'd,
By a vile impious Crew ;
Who load me with foul Crimes, in Wrath,
And Hatred, me pursue.

4. My Heart within me's greatly pain'd ;
Death's Terrors seize me fast ;

5. Trembling, and Fear, beset me round ;
Horror is o'er me cast.

6. " Oh ! had I Wings, like to a Dove,
(I said, while thus distress'd,) "

" Then would I fly from hence away
" And seek a Place of Rest :

7. " Far would I wander, and remain
" In some Desert alone ;

8. " There swiftly 'scape, till furious Winds,
" And Tempests were o'er blown.

Second P A R T.

9. Confound, O Lord, their ill Designs,
Their plotting Tongues divide ;
For Violence, and raging Strife,
I've in the City spy'd.

10. These

10. These, Day and Night, upon the Walls,
Compass the City round ;
Mischief, and Sorrow, sprung from thence,
In Midst thereof abound.

11. There, Wickedness, in various Shapes,
An hearty Welcome meets ;
There open Fraud, and practis'd Guile,
Depart not from her Streets.

12. Had a known Foe reproached me,
This I could bear with Ease ;
Should open Haters me insult,
I might have shunned these.

13. 'Twas thou, perfidious Man, my Friend,
My Guide, mine Intimate.

14. Sweet Counsel took we, jointly went,
And in God's House we sat.

Third P A R T.

15. Death shall seize on them unawares,
And sink them quick to Hell ;
For Wickedness doth in their Hearts,
And in their Houses, dwell.

16. But I will call on God ; the Lord
Will for my Help appear.

17. At Ev'ning, Morn, and Noon, I'll pray,
And he my Voice will hear.

18. The Battle was against me aim'd,
But he hath set me free ;
My Soul in Peace, and Safety, dwells,
For many join'd with me.

19. God, who abides of old, shall hear,
And smite them with his Rod ;
Because they have no Changes felt,
Therefore they fear not God.

20. Against

20. Against the Man at Peace with him,
His Hands he did extend,
In Wrath ; and most profanely broke
His Cov'nant, with his Friend.
21. Smoother than Butter was his Speech,
But War in's Heart was found ;
His Words were softer than the Oyl,
Yet, like drawn Swords, they wound.
22. Thy Burden cast upon the Lord,
Who will sustain his own ;
He'll never suffer righteous Men,
Tho' shook, to be o'er thrown.
23. God, to Destruction's Pit, shall bring
Men of Deceit, and Blood ;
They scarce shall live out half their Days ;
But I will trust in God.

P S A L M LVI.

HAVE Pity, upon me, O God,
For Men would me devour ;
He daily striving for my Hurt,
Oppresses me with Pow'r.

2. My watchful Foes do, ev'ry Day,
To swallow me, devise.
For they are many, O Most-high,
That up against me rise.

3. When I'm afraid, I'll trust in Thee.

4. In God I'll praise his Word ;
Nor fear what Flesh can do to me,
For I trust in the Lord.

5. Each Day, they wrest my Words to speak,
A Sense I never meant ;
And, my Destruction to contrive,
Their Thoughts are wholly bent.

6. They

6. They meet together, and consult,
And secretly debate ;
They strictly all my Actions watch,
While for my Soul they wait.
7. Shall they, by all their Wickedness,
Escape thy dreadful Frown ;
O God, in thy just Anger, cast,
This wicked People down.
8. Thou number'st all the wandring Steps,
From Place, to Place, I've took ;
Are not my Tears all safe preserv'd,
And entred in thy Book ?
9. When'er I cry, my Foes shall flee,
I know ; for God's mine Aid.
10. In God, the Lord, I'll praise his Word,
On which my Hopes are stay'd.
11. In God I trust ; and will not fear
What Man can do to me.
12. Thy Vows are upon me, O God,
I'll render Praise to Thee.
13. Thou, who hast sav'd my Soul from Death,
My Feet from Falls defend ;
That I may live, and all my Days
In thy blest'd Service spend.

P S A L M LVII.

- H**AVE Mercy, Lord, Mercy I crave ;
I cast my Soul on Thee ;
Till these Calamity's are past,
To thy Wings Shade I flee.
2. To God, who over all presides,
I'll make my fervent Cry ;
The God that well for me performs,
And will not me deny.

3. From Heav'n he'll send, and me protect,
Shame who would on me prey ;
God will his Mercy, and his Truth,
On my Behalf display.
4. Fierce Lions, Men inflam'd with Rage,
My Soul doth dwell among ;
Whose Teeth are Spears, and Arrows keen,
And as sharp Swords their Tongue.
5. Let thy great Name be high extoll'd,
Above the Heav'ns, O God ;
And let thy Glory be display'd
Thro' all the Earth abroad.
6. They, for my Steps, had spread their Net,
My Soul almost despair'd ;
But they are fall'n into the Pit,
Which they for me prepar'd.
7. O God, my Heart's prepar'd, and fix'd,
I'll sing ; and give Thee Praise.
8. Awake my Glory, Psalt'ry, Harp,
Myself I'll early raise.
9. Among the Tribes, and Nations, Lord,
Thy Praises sing will I.
10. Thy Mercy, Heav'ns high Arch, transcends,
Thy Truth, the starry Sky.
11. Be thou, above the Heav'nly Spheres,
Exalted high, O God ;
And let thy Glory be display'd
Thro' all the Earth abroad.

P S A L M LVIII.

DO ye speak Righteousness, indeed,
While ye confederate sit ?
Or is, ye Sons of earthly Men,
Your Judgment just, and fit ?

2. Yea, rather foul, malicious Deeds,
Your wicked Heart intends ;
Thus sway'd, you openly weigh out
The Violence of your Hands.
3. Degen'rate Race ! that, from the Womb,
Strangers to Virtue, rise ;
As soon as born, they go astray,
And give themselves to Lies.
4. Their Words, like Serpent's Poison, wound ;
Deaf Asps, they stop their Ear ;
5. The Charmer's wisest Charms are vain,
They'l no Instruction hear.
6. O God, their Mouth, so us'd to Blood,
Of their sharp Teeth disarm ;
Break the young Lyon's Teeth, O Lord,
Nor leave them Pow'r to harm.
7. Let them dissolve, as Mounts of Snow,
Away whose Waters soak ;
May all his Arrows, when he brings
Them to his Bow, be broke.
8. As slimy Snails, which melt away,
So may they waste each one ;
Like an untimely Birth, that dies,
And never sees the Sun.
9. Quicker than Thorns can seeth the Pot,
He'll seize on them alive ;
In his hot Wrath away them chase,
And with a Whirlwind drive.
10. Such righteous Vengeance will excite,
The Triumphs of the Good ;
Who, Victors o'er such wicked Men,
Shall wash their Feet in Blood.

11. Then Men shall say, " sure for the Just,
 " There is a kind Reward ;
 " Sure, there's a God, who judgeth right,
 " And doth the Earth regard.

P S A L M LIX.

SAVE me, my God, from all my Foes ;
 Thy high Defence I crave,

2. From evil Workers set me free ;
 From bloody Men me save.

3. Lo ! for my Soul they lye in wait,
 And mighty Men combine

Against my Life ; not for my Fault,
 Lord, nor Offence of mine.

4. They run upon me unprovok'd,
 And all their Force prepare ;
 See, Lord, my Danger, stir thyself,
 And for mine Aid appear.

5. Wake, Lord of Hosts, thou *Isr'el's* God,
 None of the Heathen spare ;
 No longer let thy Patience, with
 Such bold Transgressors, bear.

6. When Ev'ning comes, they fresh return,
 Their Rage admits no Change ;
 They bark, and snarle, and growl, like Dogs,
 And round the City range.

7. Their Mouth impetuously pours out
 Words bitter, hard to bear ;
 Between their Lips are pointed Swords ;
 " For who (say they,) doth hear ?

8. But thou, O Lord, shall laugh at them ;
 And all the Heathen scorn.

9. O thou my Strength, I'll on Thee wait ;
 For God's my Safety's Horn.

10. The God of all my Mercy will,
To help me, interpose;
He shall, with Pleasure, let me see
His Justice on my Foes.
11. Lest we too soon forget thy Works,
Them slay not with one Blow;
But, Lord, our Shield, by thy great Pow'r,
Disperse, and bring them low.
12. Because their Mouth, and Lips, abound
With grievous Sin; surprise,
And take them in their Pride, who speak
Such hideous Oaths, and Lies.
13. Consume, and waste them, in thy Wrath,
And all their Pow'r restrain;
That they may know, in *Jacob*, God,
And thro' the Earth doth reign.
14. At Ev'ning, then, let them, like Dogs,
Return, and meet, and howl;
And, tir'd with Ramblings, may they still
Around the City growl.
15. With Hunger, let them strole about,
To get their Wants supply'd;
And spend whole Nights in fruitless Search,
And not be satisfy'd.
16. But I, each Morn, will sing thy Pow'r,
And loud thy Grace confess;
Thou hast my Tow'r, and Refuge, been,
In Day of my Distress.
17. Therefore to Thee, O thou my Strength,
I'll never cease to sing;
For God is my Defence, the God
Whence all my Mercies spring.

THOU hast cast off, and scatter'd us,
O God, thou wast displeas'd ;

Oh, turn thyself to us again,
And shew thyself appeas'd.

2. To tremble thou hast made our Earth,
With fore Divisions rent ;

Oh, heal the Breaches thou hast made ;
It shakes, to Ruin bent.

3. Thou hard, and grievous Things to bear,
Thy People did'st assign ;
And of Astonishment has made
Us drink the deadly Wine.

4. But now, to them that fear thy Name,
A Banner thou hast rear'd ;
And it in Triumph is display'd,
So hath thy Truth appear'd.

5. That thy Belov'd, as heretofore,
May still Deliv'rance have :
O hear the fervent Pray'rs we make,
And let thy Right-hand save.

6. God, in his Holiness, hath spoke,
My Joy it cannot fail ;
I'll portion out fair *Sichem's* Soil,
And meet out *Succoth's* Vale.

7. Fam'd *Gilead*, and *Manassah*, both,
Already own my Cause ;
The gallant *Ephr'im's* Tribe's my Strength,
And *Judab* gives forth Laws.

8. *Moab* shall serve to wash my Feet,
O'er *Edom* I will tread ;
The proud *Philistian* Lords shall stoop,
And to my Triumphs add.

9. But

9. But who shall their strong City take,
And bring to our Command ?
Who shall to Vict'ry lead our Arms,
Thro' *Edom's* rocky Land ?
10. Tho' thou, O God, hast cast us off,
Refus'd our Arms to bless ;
Wilt thou not, now, our Armies head,
And crown them with Success ?
11. From all our Troubles give us Help ;
Man's Help is vain we own.
12. Thro' God we shall do valiant Acts ;
'Tis he our Foes treads down.

P S A L M LXI.

- L**ORD, hearken to my Cry,
And to my Pray'r attend.
2. From th' Earth's remotest Parts, to Thee,
My Cry shall still ascend ;
When sadly overwhelm'd,
My Heart does fainting lye :
Conduct me to the Rock of Strength,
That higher is than I.
3. My Shelter thou hast been,
From Foes my pow'rful Aid.
4. I'll ever in thy Courts abide,
And trust in thy Wing's Shade.
5. For thou, O God, hast heard ;
My Vows before Thee came ;
Thou hast appointed me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name.
6. Thou to the King wilt add
Long Life, and happy Reign ;
As many Generations still,
His future Years maintain.

7. He shall forever sit,
O God, before thy Face,
Upon his Throne, secured by
United Truth, and Grace.

8. So to thy Name I'll sing,
My endless Songs of Praise ;
And chearfully perform my Vows,
Thro' all my future Days.

P S A L M LXII.

TRULY, my Soul doth wait on God,
Salvation comes from him alone.

2. My Rock, my Safety, high Abode,
He is, I shall not be o'er thrown.

3. How long, against a Man, will ye
Plot Mischief? as a bowing Wall,
Or a loose Fence, you all shall be ;
And into sudden Ruin fall.

4. Their great Consult is, to suppress
My Dignity with lying Arts ;
If e'er their Mouth is forc'd to bless,
Yet Cursing rages in their Hearts.

5. My Soul wait thou on God alone ;
From him my Hopes have stedfast prov'd.

6. My Rock, and Safety, him I own ;
My high Tow'r, I shall not be mov'd.

7. In God my Safety is secure,
My future Glory and Renown ;
The Rock in whom my Strength is sure,
My Refuge is in God alone.

8. Ye People, in his Pow'r, and Grace,
At all Times your fix'd Trust repose ;
Pour out your Hearts before his Face :
God is our Refuge from our Foes.

9. The

9. The vulgar are but vain, we know,
And great Men are Deceit, and Lies ;
If both you in the Ballance throw,
Lighter than Vanity they rise.
10. Trust not in Methods of Deceit,
Or Violence ; be not so vain ;
If by just Means your Wealth grows great,
Set not your Heart on such low Gain.
11. Once spoken hath the God of Might,
Twice have I heard this Word aloud ;
That boundless Pow'r by sov'rain Right,
Doth appertain alone to God.
12. Not only Pow'r but wondrous Grace,
Also, O Lord, belongs to Thee ;
Therefore, to all the human Race,
Thou render'st, as their Works shall be.

P S A L M LXIII.

- O** God thou art my Gracious God,
I'll early seek thy Face ;
My Soul doth thirst, my Flesh doth long,
For thy refreshing Grace ;
As in a dry, and thirsty Land,
Where Waters rare have been ;
2. Thy Pow'r and Glory, to behold
As in thy Courts I've seen.
3. Because thy Love doth Life excell,
My Lips shall speak thy Praise.
4. I'll bless Thee, while I live ; my Hands,
To Thee, adoring raise.
5. Then shall my Soul be satisfy'd,
As with rich Dainties fed ;
My Mouth her joyful Lips employ,
Thy Praises wide to spread.

6. Mean Time, while on my Bed I ly,
I will remember Thee ;
My Thoughts, in Watches of the Night,
On Thee shall musing be.
7. Since thou hast been my Help, with Joy,
I'll to thy Courts resort.
8. My Soul pursues hard after Thee ;
Thy Pow'r doth me support.
9. But those shall to th' Abyss go down,
That seek my Life to slay :
10. Their Carcasses, fall'n by the Sword,
Shall be the Foxes Prey.
11. Yet shall the King in God rejoice,
And all that by him sware,
Shall glory ; but their Mouths be stop'd.
That full of lying are.

P S A L M LXIV.

MY Voice, O God, in my Pray'r hear ;
Preserve me from the Foes I fear.

2. From Plots of wicked Men me hide ;
And Safety from their Rage provide.
3. Who whet their Tongues, like keenest Swords,
And cast their Darts, ev'n bitter Words.
4. To wound the Just they secret ly,
And, fearless, sudden Shafts let fly.
5. They strengthen one another's Heart,
To act the false, malicious Part ;
Their private Snares to lay agree,
And vainly cry, " Who shall us see.
6. Unweary'd Pains, with Craft they spend,
To drive their wicked Plots an End ;
Their inward Thoughts, which they pursue,
And Hearts, ly deeply hid from View.

7. But God his Vengeance shall let fly,
And wound them unexpectedly.
8. Upon themselves their Tongues shall prey ;
And all that see them, flee away.
9. Then all around them, struck with Fear,
Shall this the Work of God declare ;
For they shall wisely understand
The Operations of his Hand.
10. The Righteous then, shall, in the Lord,
Rejoice ; and firmly trust his Word ;
And all, whose Hearts are right with God,
Shall gloriously triumph aloud.

P S A L M LXV.

- T**Ho' th' Earth sit silent, yet thy Praise,
O God, in *Sion's* heard ;
There they perform, with chearful Lays,
The Vows they have prefer'd.
2. O thou, who do'st thy list'ning Ear
To our Request encline,
All Nations shall, to thee repair,
And in thy Praises join.
 3. Prevailing Sins, an heavy Load,
Might flowing Mercy stay ;
But thou our Crimes, O gracious God,
Shalt wholly purge away.
 4. Bless'd Man ! thy Choice ; who near to
May in thy Courts reside ; [Thee,
With Goodness of thy Temple, we
Shall then be satisfy'd.
 5. Thy Justice, Lord, in dreadful Styles,
Answers in our Defence ;
Of distant Lands, and farthest Isles,
Thou art the Confidence.

6. The Mountains, by thy mighty Pow'r,
Fix'd on their Basis stand.
7. The Seas, and People, cease to roar,
When still'd by thy Command.

Second P A R T.

8. Nations, in the remotest Land,
Revere thy Tokens Voice ;
The op'ning Morn, at thy Command,
And closing Eve, rejoice.
9. The thirsty Earth, with fat'ning Rain,
From God's full Springs above,
Thou visitest ; preparest Grain,
And mak'st it fruitfull prove.
10. Thou, on the Ridges, Rain do'st pour,
And on the Furrows bring ;
It's soften'd with thy gentle Show'r,
Thy Blessing makes it spring.
11. The various Months thro'out the Year,
Thou do'st with Goodness crown ;
Thy Paths, which in the Clouds appear,
Drop plenteous Fatness down.
12. They drop on Desert's until'd Ground,
And cloath them in their Pride ;
The little Hills are girt around,
With Joy on ev'ry Side.
13. The Pastures bleating Flocks adorn,
With lowing Herds they ring ;
The Vales are cover'd o'er with Corn,
They shout for Joy, and sing.

P S A L M LXVI.

- L**ET all the Earth, in Shouts, to God,
Their chearful Voices raise ;
2. Sing forth the Honour of his Name,
And glorious make his Praise.

3. Say unto God, " In thy great Works,
" How terrible art thou ?
" Thy Foes, by thine almighty Pow'r,
" To thee, are forc'd to bow.
4. All Earth shall worship Thee, and sing
The Glories of thy Name.
5. Come, see the Works of God, his Deeds
Struck Terror where they came.
6. He turn'd the Sea into dry Land,
Our Fathers pass'd the Flood,
Secure on Foot ; there we began
To triumph in our God.
7. He ever ruleth by his Pow'r,
His Eyes the Nations spy ;
Then let not mortal Rebels dare,
Themselves to magnify.
8. O all ye People, bless our God ;
And loudly shout his Praise.
9. 'Tis he who holds our Soul in Life,
And stablisheth our Ways.
10. For thou, O God, hast proved us ;
As Fire the Ore refines.
11. Thou brought'st us into Straits ; and laid
Affliction on our Loins.
12. Thou mad'st Men o'er our Heads to ride,
With Insult, and Disgrace :
Thou us, thro' Fire and Water, led'st
Safe to a wealthy Place.

Second P A R T.

13. I'll to thy House, with Off'rings, go ;
And Thee my Vows will pay :
14. Which my Lips utter'd, and Mouth spoke,
When Troubles on me lay.

15. I'll

15. I'll offer Thee burnt Sacrifice,
The very best that are ;
The Fat of Rams, the choicest Bulls,
And Goats, I will prepare.
16. Come, hear, all ye that fear the Lord ;
To you I will make known,
The many wondrous Acts of Grace,
The Lord, for me hath done.
17. My Mouth, to him that rules above,
Pour'd out it's fervent Cry ;
He heard ; and then my joyful Tongue
Extol'd his Name on high.
18. God would not hear ; if in my Heart,
I any Sin regard :
19. But, verily, he bow'd his Ear,
And all my Pray'r hath heard.
20. O blessed be the sov'reign Lord,
Who hath not turn'd his Face
From my Request ; nor yet with-held,
From me his wondrous Grace.

P S A L M LXVII.

- B**less, Lord, thine Heritage,
In thine abundant Grace ;
Let, on thy Servants, ever shine,
The Brightness of thy Face.
2. That so thy righteous Ways
May, thro' the Earth, be known ;
And all the Nations of the World
May, thy Salvation, own.
3. In Praise, to Thee, O God,
Let thine own People join ;
And may the *Gentile* World, in Songs
Of Praise, to Thee, combine.

4. O let the Nations all
Be glad, and chearful sing ;
For thou art, over all the Earth,
A just, and gracious King.

5. In Praise, to Thee, O God,
Let thine own People joyn ;
And may the *Gentile* World, in Songs
Of Praise, to Thee, combine.

6. Then th' Earth shall Plenty yield ;
And God shall bless our Store.

7. Our own God shall us bless ; the World
Shall fear, and, him, adore.

P S A L M LXVIII.

RISE, Lord, and let thine Enemies,
Abroad dispersed be ;

Let them, that impiously Thee hate,
Before thy Presence flee.

2. As Smoke is driven with the Wind,
So, Lord, the Wicked chase ;

As Fire melts Wax, so let thy Foes
Dissolve, before thy Face.

3. But let the Righteous all be glad,
Before the Lord rejoice ;

With Gladness may their Hearts be fill'd,
With Shouts of Joy their Voice.

4. Sing unto God, Oh ! sing his Praise,
With Joy exalt his Name ;

Who by the Name *Jehovah* rides
On Heav'ns extended Frame.

5. God, from his holy dwelling Place,
Is, as a Father, kind

To Orphans ; and a righteous Judge,
In him, the Widows find.

6. God, for the lonely, Houses builds,
 He breaks the Captives Chain,
 And sets them free ; but Rebels, plagu'd,
 In a dry Land remain.

Second P A R T.

7. When God the Lord, from *Egypt* went,
 And did our Armies Head,
 Their Marches, in the Wilderness,
 Thro' all their Wand'rings lead ;
 8. The Earth did shake, the Heav'ns drop'd,
 And thus thy Presence own ;
Sinai itself then shook, for God,
 Ev'n *Isr'el's* God, came down.

9. Thou Lord did'st shake the wat'ry Clouds,
 And send a plenteous Rain ;
 When tir'd with Drought, thou kindly did'st
 Thine Heritage sustain.

10. Thou gavest *Canaan* to thy Flock,
 And fix'd their Dwelling there ;
 Thou Goodness, Lord, did'st for the Poor,
 Abundantly prepare.

11. In all our many Victories,
 'Twas thou that gav'st the Word ;
 And Virgin-Troops, thus, loud proclaim'd
 The Wonders of the Lord :

12. "Great Captains, with their num'rous Hosts,
 " Struck with a Panick, fled ;
 " And she that stay'd at Home, their Spoils
 " Did part, and on them fed.

13. Tho' ye were *Egypt's* fully'd Slaves,
 Yourselves ye now behold,
 Shine, as Dove's Wings, with Silver tip,
 And Plumes, with yellow Gold.

14. When there th' Almighty scatter'd Kings,
Ye shone as *Salmon's* Snow.

15. God's Hill, Mount *Bashan*, far excels ;
Which many Heads can show.

16. Why do ye leap, ye lofty Mounts ?
God hath desir'd this Hill
For his Abode, inhabit here
Jehovah ever will.

17. The shining Chariots of our God,
Miriads of Angels are ;
With them, as once on *Sinai's* Mount,
Our God is present there.

Third P A R T.

18. Thou hast ascended up on high,
Thy Churches glorious Head ;
Thou hast, Captivity itself,
Captive, in Triumph, led :
Rich Gifts, for Men, thou hast receiv'd,
Ev'n Rebels have their Share ;
That God, the Lord, might with them dwell,
And take them in his Care.

19. Bless'd be the Lord, each Day we live,
Who daily doth us load
With his rich Bounties from above,
Who's our Salvation's God.

20. For he, that is our God, has all
Salvations at Command ;
And all our near Escapes from Death,
Flow from *Jehovah's* Hand.

21. But God, with deadly Wounds, shall smite
The Head of all his Foes ;
Their Chief, who, in his Trespases,
Still on presumptuous, goes.

22. God

22. God said, " The Conquest I'll repeat
 " You gain'd o'er *Bashan's* King ;
 " You, safely, thro' the Depths of Seas,
 " Whene'er 'tis needful, bring.

23. That you, your Feet, may deeply stain
 With the high crimson Flood,
 Pour'd from your slaughter'd Enemies ;
 And Dogs may lick their Blood.

Fourth P A R T.

24. Now, Lord, we've seen what solemn State,
 Did thy Procession grace ;
 The Progress of my God, and King,
 Into his holy Place.

25. Sweet Singers led the Way, then those
 On Instruments who play'd ;
 With Damsels, who to Timbrels sung,
 And pleasing Consort made.

26. These, as they march'd, in Chorus join'd,
 " Bless ye our God, (they sung,)
 " In your Assemblies praise the Lord,
 " Ye who from *Isr'el* sprung.

27. The Chiefs of little *Benjamin*,
 And *Judah's* Lords, combin'd
 With *Zebulun*, and *Naphtali*,
 And the Procession join'd.

28. Thy God, O *Isr'el*, Strength commands,
 And thee to Union brought ;
 And now, O God, confirm the Work
 Which thou, for us, hast wrought.

Fifth P A R T.

29. In Honour to thy Temple, Lord,
 In *Salem's* chosen Seat,
 May thither Kings their Presents bring,
 And worship at thy Feet.

30. Rebuke the Spear-Men, Bulls, and Calves,
Wild Herds of Rage, and Might ;
Till with rich Presents, they submit ;
Crush those in War delight.

31. *Egypt's*, and *Cushes* Princes then
Shall God their Off'rings bring.

32. Sing unto God, ye distant Realms ;
To God your Praises sing.

33. To him that rideth on the Heav'ns,
In ancient Times that were ;
Lo ! thence he sends his awful Voice,
A mighty Voice we hear.

34. Ascribe ye boundless Pow'r to God,
Whose glorious Dignity
Is over *Isr'el* ; and his Strength
Shines in the cloudy Sky.

35. O God ! how terrible art thou,
Out of thy holy Place !
God, Strength and Pow'r, his *Isr'el*, gives ;
To him be all the Praise.

P S A L M LXIX.

SAve me, O God, for mighty Floods
Rush in unto my Soul.

2. In Depths of Mire, and Seas, I sink,
Where Surges o'er me rowl.

3. I'm weary with my constant Cries,
My Throat is parch'd with Heat ;
Mine Eyes, with Expectation, fail,
While for my God I wait.

4. More than the Hairs upon my Head,
My causeless Haters are ;
They're mighty, who, most wrongfully,
To shed my Blood would dare :

5. Then,

5. Then, what I took not, I restor'd,
For Peace gave up my Right.
O God, thou know'st my Foolishness,
My Sins are in thy Sight.
6. Lord, God of Host, let none, that wait
On Thee, be put to shame,
For my sake ; nor, O *Isr'el's* God,
Despair, that seek thy Name.
7. For thy sake, I have borne Reproach ;
My Face with Shame is spread.
8. My Brethren, of my Mother born,
Of me a Stranger made.

Second P A R T.

9. Zeal, for the Honour of thy House,
Hath quite consumed me ;
On me hath fallen the Reproach,
Which they have aim'd at Thee.
10. When I, with Fasts, my Soul chastis'd,
Before Thee wept, and mourn'd ;
My many Tears, and Abstinence,
To my Reproach they turn'd.
11. I Sackcloth made my Robes ; for this
I was their Proverb long.
12. The Judges me revil'd, and I
Was made the Drunkard's Song.
13. But, Lord, in an accepted Time,
To Thee, I made my Pray'r ;
O God, in thy Salvation's Truth,
And many Mercies hear.
14. Deliver me out of the Mire,
Let it not prove my Grave ;
From all my Haters rescue me,
And from deep Waters save.

15. Nor Floods to overflow, nor Deep
 To swallow me, permit ;
 Nor let the Mouth, upon me close,
 Of the voracious Pit.

16. Thy Loving-kindness doth excel,
 Hear then, O Lord, my Pray'r ;
 O turn to me, as manifold
 Thy tender Mercies are.

17. Hide not thy Face, for I'm distress'd ;
 But speedily me hear.

18. And to redeem me from my Foes,
 Unto my Soul draw near.

Third PART.

19. All my Reproach is known to Thee,
 My Shame, and my Disgrace ;
 My Adversaries, and their Plots,
 Are all before thy Face.

20. Reproach hath broke my heavy Heart ;
 And when I look'd around,
 For some to pity, there was none,
 No Comforter I found.

21. Thirsty, they Vinegar to drink,
 And Gall, gave me, for Food.

22. Their Table shall become their Snare ;
 Their Trap, what should be good.

23. Their Eyes be dark, lest they should see ;
 Their Loins be made to shake.

24. Thy Fury shall on them be pour'd,
 Thy Wrath hold on them take.

25. Their Palace, and their Tents, be waste ;
 That they may none receive.

26. They persecute whom thou hast sinote ;
 With Words thy wounded grieve.

27. They

27. They Sin to Sin shall add, till they
No Part in Mercy claim.

28. Thou, from the Book of Life, shalt blot,
And from the Just, their Name.

Fourth PART.

29. I'm poor, distress'd, Salvation grant ;
Set me, O God, on high.

30. I'll praise the Name of God, with Songs,
With Thanks, him magnify.

31. This shall be pleasing to the Lord,
And better in his Eyes,
Than any Ox, or Bullock young,
That's ripe for Sacrifice.

32. The Meek, with Gladness, shall behold
The Safety I obtain ;
Your Heart, who truly seek the Lord,
Shall Life, and Comfort gain.

33. Because the Lord will hear the Poor,
And set his Pris'ners free :

34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Seas, and all therein,
To praise his Name agree.

35. For God will *Judah's* Cities build,
And his lov'd *Sion* save ;
His People there shall safely dwell,
And sure Possession have.

36. His Servant's Seed inherit shall
What falleth to their Share ;
And they that love his Name shall dwell,
In Peace, and Safety there.

P S A L M LXX.

Deliver me, O God ;
To help me, Lord, make hast.
Shame, and Confusion, be their Lot,
Who seek my Soul to waste.

De-

Defeat, and put to Rout,
All that desire my Hurt.

3. Be Disappointment their Reward,
Who make my Grief their Sport.

4. Who seek Thee, let rejoice,
In Thee be satisfy'd ;

Who thy Salvation love, still say,
“ The Lord be magnify'd.

5. I'm poor, distress'd, O God,
Make haste to me, I pray ;

My Help, and my Deliv'rer, thou,
O Lord, make no Delay.

P S A L M LXXI.

IN Thee, O Lord, I place my Trust ;
Me never put to Shame.

2. Hear, save, and cause me to escape,
For righteous is thy Name.

3. Be thou my dwelling Place most strong,
Where I may still resort ;

Thy promis'd Safety, Lord, I plead,
Thou art my Rock, and Fort.

4. Save me, O God, from wicked Hands,
The cruel, and unjust.

5. For thou, Lord, God, hast been my Hope,
And, from my Youth, my Trust.

6. By Thee, I've always been sustain'd,
From my most early Days ;

Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb ;
I'll ever sing thy Praise.

7. To many, I'm a Wonder grown ;
But on thy Strength I stay.

8. Let, with thy Praise, my Mouth be fill'd,
And Honour all the Day.

Second P A R T.

9. Cast me not off, now, in the Time,
Old Age doth me assail ;
O do not thou forsake me, Lord,
When Strength, and Vigour, fail.
10. For my malicious Enemies
Against me falsely speak ;
And they, who for my Life lay wait,
Together Counsel take.
11. “ Now God, (say they,) has him forsook,
“ Pursue, and on him seize ;
“ There’s none to save him from our Pow’r,
“ He’ll fall our Prey with Ease.
12. But thou, O God, be not far off
From me, oppress’d with Grief ;
O thou, my God, with timely Speed,
Appear for my Relief.
13. Confound, and bring to Nought, my Foes,
Who, for my Life, combine ;
Reproach, and Infamy, be heap’d,
On those my Hurt design.
14. My steadfast Hope shall still remain,
On Thee, fix’d all my Days ;
To spread thy Glory, more and more,
I’ll add new Songs of Praise.
15. Thy Truth, and thy Salvation, Lord,
My Mouth shall daily show ;
Whose growing Numbers far surmount
The utmost I can know.
16. Depending on thy Strength, O God,
I’ll chearfully go on ;
Thy Righteousness I’ll celebrate,
I’ll mention thine alone.

Third PART.

17. Thou, O my God, hast from my Youth,
Unto this Day, me taught ;
And I have openly declar'd,
The Wonders thou hast wrought.
18. And now, O God, forsake me not,
When old, and gray, I'm grown ;
Till this, and to the future Age,
Thy Strength, and Pow'r, I've shown.
19. Thy Justice, Lord, in Height transcends
All that we can declare,
Who mighty Works hast done ; O God,
Who may with Thee compare ;
20. Thou, Troubles great, and sore, hast made
Me, by Experience, know ;
Yet shalt thou me revive, and bring
Up from the Depth of Woe.
21. Thou shalt my Greatness far increase ;
And to me Comfort bring.
22. Thy Truth, O *Jacob's* God, on Harp,
And Psaltery, I'll sing.
23. Then shall my Lips, with Joy, abound,
While I chant forth thy Praise ;
My grateful Soul, by Thee, redeem'd,
Shall joyn thy Fame to raise.
24. My chearful Tongue, thy Righteousness,
Shall ev'ry Day proclaim ;
For they're disgrac'd, that sought my Hurt,
And brought to endless Shame.

P S A L M LXXII.

- G**ive, Lord, the King, thy clearest Light ;
Thy Righteousness give to his Son,
2. That he may judge thy People right,
And to the Poor, see Justice done.

3. Then,

3. Then, from the lofty Mounts, shall flow
Sweet Peace, and all thy People bless ;
The little Hills shall like them grow,
In happy Fruits of Righteousness.

4. He'll vindicate the injur'd Poor,
And save the Off-spring of the Just ;
But, the Oppressor's haughty Pow'r,
Shall break, and crumble into Dust.

5. They shall Thee fear, while Sun and Moon,
Perform their Course, thro' Ages all,

6. He'll come, as Rain on Grass new mown,
As wat'ring Show'rs on dry Land fall.

7. The Just shall flourish, in his Day ;
And Peace abound, 'till there's no Moon.

8. From Sea to Sea, shall reach his Sway,
From River, to the setting Sun.

9. They who in Deserts, have their Seat,
In Homage, bow before him must ;
His Foes shall, couching at his Feet,
In low Prostrations, lick the Dust.

10. The Kings of *Tarshish*, and the Isles,
Shall costly Presents to him bring ;
Sheba's high Lords shall offer Spoils,
And rich Gifts *Saba's* wealthy King.

11. Before him, all the Kings on Earth
Shall fall, and Homage to him pay ;
All Nations, from the South, to North,
As sov'reign Lord, shall him obey.

Second P A R T.

12. For, such as want, and helpless are,
He'll free ; when they his Help implore.

13. The destitute, in Pity, spare ;
And save the Souls shall of the Poor.

14. From

14. From Fraud, and Violence, he will
 Redeem their Soul, by his great Might ;
 Their Blood, unjustly fought to spill,
 Shall very dear be in his Sight.

15. And he shall live ; and *Sheba's* Gold,
 To Him as Tribute shall be paid ;
 Daily his Name shall be extol'd,
 While constant Pray'rs are for him made.

16. Corn, sprinkled on the Mountains Top,
 Like *Lebanon*, shall shake, and sound,
 So full the Ears, so thick the Crop ;
 In Cities Men, like Grass, abound.

17. His Name forever shall endure,
 And be transmitted with the Sun ;
 All Nations Bliss, from him, procure,
 And him proclaim the blessed One.

18. Bless'd be *Jehovah*, God most High,
 The God of fav'rite *Isr'el's* Seed ;
 From him alone, in Earth, and Sky,
 The Things that wond'rous are proceed.

19. And blessed be his glorious Name
 Forever ; let the whole Earth then
 Be filled with his glorious Fame.
 To which we shout, Amen ; Amen.

P S A L M LXXIII. THIRD BOOK.

YET truly God to *Isr'el's* good,
 To all the clean in Heart.

2. Altho' my Feet did nigh decline,
 My Steps almost depart.

3. My Envy at the Foolish rose,
 To see the Wicked's Peace.

4. Because their Strength is firm, no Bands,
 In Death, does on them seize.

5. With

5. With Troubles they are not distress'd ;
Nor plagu'd like other Men.
6. They're cloath'd with Violence ; and Pride
Hangs round them like a Chain.
7. Their Eyes stand out with Fatness ; they
Have more than Heart could seek.
8. They are corrupt, their Crimes defend ;
And loftily they speak.
9. Against the Heav'ns they set their Mouth ;
Their Tongue walks thro' the Earth.
10. Thy People, here, return, and joyn
In their full Cups, and Mirth.
11. "How doth God know ? in the most High,
" (They say,) is Knowledge found ?
12. Lo ! these, th' Ungodly, prosper here,
In Riches they abound.
13. Sure then, (said I,) I've cleans'd my Heart,
And wash'd my Hands, in vain.
14. For, all Day long, I plagu'd have been ;
Each Morn renew'd my Pain.
15. But if I openly assert.
What thus I rashly say,
Lo ; then th' Experience of thy Saints,
Each Age, I should betray.

Second P A R T.

16. When this I sought to understand,
It was too deep for me :
17. Till to the House of God I went,
Then I their End did see.
18. Sure them thou'st set on slipp'ry Ground,
And down to Ruin cast.
19. How, in a Moment, are they fall'n !
With Terrors they're laid waste !

20. As a vain Dream, when one awakes,
Away their Glory flies ;

So, Lord, when thou do'st rise to judge,
Their Show thou wilt despise.

21. Thus did my Heart in Ferment glow ;
Pain in my Reins encreas'd.

22. I was so foolish, ignorant,
Before Thee, like a Beast.

23. Yet, still I'm with Thee ; thou Support
By my Right-hand didst give.

24. By Counsel thou shalt guide me, then
To Glory me receive.

25. In Heav'n, whom have I ? What, on Earth,
Can I desire, but Thee ?

26. Tho' Flesh, and Heart, should fail, God will
My Strength, and Portion be.

27. Lo ; they that far from Thee depart,
Shall into Ruin fall ;

Those who apostatise from Thee,
Thou wilt destroy them all.

28. But, as for me, it's good I should,
Still, near to God, repair ;

I in *Jehovah* trust, that I
May all thy Works declare.

P S A L M LXXIV.

WHY hast forever cast us off,
O God ? against thy Flock,

In thy delightful Pastures fed,
Why does thine Anger smoke ?

2. Thine ancient purchas'd Flock remind,
The Lot thou did'st possess,

And hast redeem'd ; this *Sion's* Mount,
Thy famous dwelling Place.

3. Come

3. Come, see, and speedily requite,
The lasting Ruins wrought ;
All that thy Foes, with impious Rage,
Have on thy Temple brought.
4. Thine En'mies roar, where once thy Tribes
For sacred Worship met ;
In Token of their Victory,
Their Banners high they've set.
5. The Man that hew'd the Mountain Oak,
Was had in great Renown.
6. But now they Ax, and Hammer, join,
To break it's carv'd Works down.
7. Thy holy Temple they have cast
Into devouring Flame ;
And, level with the Ground, defil'd
The Dwelling of thy Name.
8. At once, our holy Rites, and us,
To root out, they presum'd ;
The Synagogues of God, with Fire,
All, thro' the Land, consum'd.
9. We see no more our hopeful Signs,
No Prophet calms our Woes ;
How long our ruin'd State shall last,
There's none among us knows.

Second PART.

10. How long shall our insulting Foes,
O mighty God, defame ?
Forever shall the Enemy
BlaspHEME thy holy Name ?
11. Why is thy Hand with-held ? Stretch, from
Thy Bosom, thy Right-hand.
12. For God's my Rock of old ; who works
Salvation thro' the Land.

13. By thy resistless Strength, thou did'st
The raging Sea divide ;
And crush'd the furious Dragon's Head,
Beneath the reflux Tide.
14. The Heads of the Leviathan,
Are broken, by thine Arm ;
And to the People giv'n for Meat,
That in the Desarts swarm.
15. Thou clav'st the Fountain, and the Flood ;
Thou dry'st up Rivers Might.
16. Thine is the Day, the Night is thine ;
Thou form'st the Sun, and Light.
17. Earth's Limits, with her various Climes,
Are fix'd by thy strong Hand ;
The Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,
Obey thy wise Command.

Third P A R T.

18. Mind, O *Jehovah*, how the Foe
Has loaded us with Shame ;
And how the foolish People have
Blasphem'd thy sacred Name.
19. The Soul of thy poor Turtle-Dove,
To Herds of Prey give not ;
Nor let th' Assembly of the Poor
Be evermore forgot.
20. Thy faithful Cov'nant, Lord, regard ;
For the dark Parts, we see,
Of th' Earth, are fill'd with rueful Seats
Of monstrous Cruelty.
21. O let not the Oppress'd return,
Unheard, and fill'd with Shame
But let the Poor, and Needy, still
Have Cause to praise thy Name.

22. Arise,

22. Arise, O God, plead thine own Cause ;
 And bear in Memory,
 With what Contempt, the foolish Man,
 Daily, reproacheth Thee.
23. Forget not, Lord, the scornful Voice
 Of thine insulting Foes ;
 Their Tumult constantly ascends,
 And more blasphemous grows.

P S A L M LXXV.

- W**E thank, and praise Thee, God ;
 For that thy Name is near,
 Thy Pow'r, and Grace, which succours us,
 Thy wondrous Works declare.
2. When I receive the Tribes,
 Strict Justice I'll maintain.
3. Our Land, and People, are dissolv'd ;
 It's Pillars I sustain.
4. Let Fools from Folly cease ;
 And wicked curb their Pride.
5. I said, lift not your Horn on high ;
 Lay your proud Talk aside.
6. For from East, West, or South,
 Promotion never springs.
7. But God is Judge, who lifts up one,
 And down another flings.
8. For in *Jehovah's* Hand,
 There is a dreadful Cup ;
 The Wine is red, with bitter Drugs
 'Tis fully mixed up :
9. From thence he poureth out,
 To each as he doth please ;
 But th' Impious all shall wring the Dregs,
 And drink the very Lees.

9. I'll ever speak, and sing,
The God of *Jacob's* Praise.
10. I'll cut off all the Wicked's Horns,
The Just to Honour raise.

P S A L M LXXVI.

IN *Judah*, God's most clearly known ;
In *Isr'el*, great is his Renown.

2. His sacred Tent's in *Salem* plac'd ;
And *Sion's* with his Dwelling grac'd.
3. Thou break'st the Arrow, Bow, and Shield,
The Sword, and Battle in the Field.
4. Thy Glory shines with brighter Ray,
Excelling far the Mounts of Prey.
5. The stout of Heart are wholly spoil'd ;
Death, in their Sleep, has them beguil'd ;
And none of all their bravest Bands,
Could find the Vigour of their Hands.
6. When *Jacob's* God, in Anger, frown'd,
Chariot, and Horse, in Heap were drown'd.
7. Thou, thou alone, demand'st our Fear ;
Who can thine angry Presence bear ?
8. Thou mad'st, from Heav'n, thy Judgments
The Earth stood still, and greatly fear'd. [heard ;
9. When God, to save the Meek arose,
And scatter'd Judgments on his Foes.
10. Man's Wrath shall Praises to Thee gain ;
The Residue thou shalt restrain.
11. Vow then, and pay, to God, your King ;
Let all fear him, and Presents bring.
12. From Princes he cuts off their Breath,
By an avenging Stroke of Death ;
He, to the mighty Kings on Earth,
Dispenseth Terrors, in his Wrath.

With mournful Voice, and ardent Cries,
 To God, I made my Pray'r ;
 I oft to God my Suit renew'd,
 And he to me gave Ear.

2. In my sad Day, I fought the Lord,
 My Hands stretch'd forth by Night,
 And ceased not ; my burden'd Soul
 No Comfort could admit.

3. I thought on God, the great and good,
 But yet I found no Rest ;

I pour'd out my Complaint, and still
 My Mind remain'd oppress'd.

4. Thou hold'st mine Eyes awake ; my Grief's
 So great I cannot speak.

5. From former Days, and ancient Times,
 I then Relief did seek.

6. I call'd to Mind my Songs, by Night
 I commun'd with my Heart ;
 My Spirit search'd the hidden Cause,
 And End, with all her Art.

7. " Forever, will the Lord cast off ?
 " Will he no more be kind ?

8. " Is Mercy wholly spent ; his Word
 " Forever out of Mind ?

9. " Has God forgot to shew his Grace ?
 " Doth Wrath his Love restrain ?

10. " I said, the Change in God's Right-hand,
 " 'Tis this that gives me Pain.

11. But I'll remind *Jehovah's* Works,
 Thy Wonders wrought of old :

12. On all thy Works I'll meditate,
 Thy Doings shall be told.

13. Thy Way, O God, is in the Height ;
Great as our God, there's none.
14. Thou God do'st Wonders; thou, thy Strength,
Hast to the People shown.
15. Thy People, by thy mighty Arm,
Thou hast from Bondage freed ;
The Offspring of thy Favorites,
Jacob's and *Joseph's* Seed.
16. The Waters saw Thee, mighty God,
Thee did the Waters see ;
They fled for Fear, the Depths retir'd,
Struck with the Awe of Thee.
17. The Clouds abundant Waters pour'd,
The Sky sent forth a Sound ;
Thy pointed Arrows arm'd with Wrath,
In Vengeance flew around.
18. Thy awful Voice, from Heav'n above,
In roaring Thunders, broke ;
The lower World with Light'nings blaz'd,
The Earth was mov'd and shook.
19. Thy Way is in the rowling Sea ;
(A wondrous Way we own !)
Thy Path thro' mighty Waters lyes,
Thy Footsteps are unknown.
20. Thou led'st thy People, like a Flock,
By *Moses's* skilful Hand,
And *A'ron's*, thro' the Wilderness,
Safe to the promis'd Land.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

MY People close Attention give,
And my Instruction wisely hear ;
To wholesome Words, which I shall speak,
Bow an obedient, list'ning Ear. 2. My

2. My Mouth shall Parables relate ;
And ancient Mysteries unfold ;
3. Which we our selves have heard, and known ;
And what our Fathers have us told.
4. We'll not conceal them from their Sons.
But to the future Race make known,
Jehovah's Praise, his mighty Strength,
And wondrous Works which he hath done!
5. A Witness he, in *Jacob*, fix'd,
In *Isr'el* his good Laws ordain'd ;
And charg'd our Fathers, all their Seed,
In Knowledge of them, should be train'd.
6. That Generations yet to come,
Piously taught, these Things might know ;
Their Children, yet unborn, might rise,
And them to their Descendants show.
7. That they their Hope, on God alone,
Thro' ev'ry Age, might firmly stay ;
The Works of God might not forget,
But learn his Precepts to obey.
8. And might not, like our Fathers, prove
A stubborn, and rebellious, Race :
Whose Heart was not sincere with God,
Nor Spirit stedfast in his Grace.
9. The armed Sons of *Ephraim*,
Train'd to the Use of Dart, and Bow,
In Day of Battle turn'd their Backs,
And meanly fled before the Foe.
10. They broke the Cov'nant of their God,
And did his sacred Laws despise :
11. Forgat his Works, and Miracles,
Which he had wrought before their Eyes.

12. He Wonders to their Father's shew'd,
In *Zoan's* Field, in *Egypt's* Land.
13. He clave the Sea, thro' which they pass'd,
And made, in Heaps, the Waters stand.
14. He led them with a Cloud, by Day,
And Fire, by Night ; their Way to keep.
15. He in the Desert, clave the Rocks,
And gave them Drink, as from the Deep.
16. He fetch'd out Streams, from flinty Rocks,
They ran, like Rivers, by their Path.
17. Yet, in the Desert, more they sinn'd ;
And the Most-High provok'd to Wrath.
18. For God they tempted in their Heart,
By asking Meat, as Lust them led.
19. Yea, against God they spake, and said,
“ Can God, in Deserts, Tables spread ?
20. “ 'Tis true ; he smote the Rock, and thence
“ The Waters gush'd, and Streams o'erflow ;
“ But can he give Supplies of Bread ?
“ Or Flesh, on all this Host, bestow ?
21. *Jehovah* heard, was very wroth,
And flaming Fire on *Jacob* fell ;
His burning Anger fiercely rose,
Against unthankful *Israel*.
22. Because they God would not believe ;
Nor in his Care, and Help, confide.
23. Tho' his Command, the Clouds above,
And Doors of Heav'n, had open'd wide.
24. He rain'd down *Manna*, for their Bread ;
And gave them Corn, from Heav'n, to eat.
25. Thus Man was fed with Angel's Food !
And to the Full he gave them Meat.
26. In

26. In Heav'n he made the East Wind blow,
And rais'd the South, by his Command.
27. On them he rain'd down Flesh, like Dust;
Wing'd Fowl, as Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28. He let it fall within their Camp;
And with it spread their Tents around.
29. So they did eat, and were well fill'd;
For thus their own Desire he crown'd.
30. Their Lusting still remain'd uncur'd;
But while the Meat was in their Throat,
31. God's Wrath arose, and slew their Chiefs;
Down *Isr'el's* chosen young Men smote.

Third P A R T.

32. Yet, for all this, they sinned still;
His wondrous Works gain'd no Belief.
33. Thence he their Days consum'd in vain,
Their Years in terrifying Grief.
34. When some he slew, they sought him then;
And turn'd to God, with early Cry.
35. They call'd to Mind he was their Rock,
And their Redeemer, God Most-High.
36. But him they flatter'd with their Mouth;
And with their Tongues they basely ly'd.
37. For still their Heart was not sincere;
Nor in his Cov'nant did abide.
38. Yet full of Mercy, he forgave;
Nor brought them to Destruction quite:
Yea, oft he turn'd his Anger by;
Nor once did all his Wrath excite.
39. For he remember'd, they were frail,
Weak Flesh, whose greatest Strength is vain;
A Puff of Wind, which flies away,
And never more returns again.

40. How oft they God provok'd, and griev'd,
In Deserts, where his Pow'r was shown ?

41. They turned back, and tempted God,
Did limit *Isr'el's* holy One.

Fourth P A R T.

42. They thought not on the Hand, nor Day,
Which from their Foes Deliv'rance brought.

43. How God his Signs, in *Egypt's* Land,
In *Zaan's* Field, his Wonders, wrought,

44. He turn'd their Rivers, and their Streams,
To Blood ; they could not drink the Gore.

45. Huge Swarms of divers Flies, and Frogs,
He sent to plague, and to devour.

46. To Caterpillars, he, their Store,
And Labours to the Locust, doom'd.

47. Their chearing Vines, he kill'd with Hail ;
Their Sycomores with Frost consum'd.

48. He gave their Cattle to the Hail ;
Their Flocks hot Thunder-Bolts devour'd.

49. On them he cast his fiercest Wrath,
And Troops of evil Angels pour'd.

50. He weigh'd his Anger's Path, nor spar'd
From Death ; the Plague upon them came.

51. *Egypt's* First-born he smote, the chief,
And Strength, of all the Land of *Ham*.

52. But forth, like Sheep, he led his Tribes ;
Thro' Deserts his own Flock did guide.

53. He led them safely, without Fear,
Where, on their Foes, he rowl'd the Tide.

54. He them conducted, till they reach'd
The Borders of his holy Land ;

Till to this Mountain they arriv'd,
The Purchase of his own Right-hand.

55. The

55. The heathen Tribes, he did expel,
Before their Face ; to them divide
Their Lots by Line ; and made the Tribes
Of *Isr'el* in their Tents reside.

Fifth P A R T.

56. They tempted still, and God Most-high
Provok'd ; nor did his Laws obey.

57. They, like their Fathers, falsely dealt ;
Like a false Bow, they turn'd away.

58. His Anger their high Places stir'd ;
Their Idols mov'd his Jealousy.

59. When God heard this, then he was wroth,
And loathed *Isr'el* vehemently.

60. Then *Shiloh's* Tent he quite forsook ;
Where he was wont with Men to dwell :

61. Th' Ark of his Strength he captive sold ;
In Hands of Foes his Glory fell.

62. He gave his People to the Sword ;
Against his Heritage he flam'd.

63. Their young Men were with Fire consum'd ;
The Nuptial Songs were rarely nam'd.

64. Their guilty Priests fell by the Sword ;
Nor did their Widows scarce repine.

65. *Jehovah* rous'd, as one from Sleep ;
As strong Men shout, inflam'd with Wine.

66. Then, in the hinder Parts, he smote,
And put to endless Shame, their Foes.

67. Yet did he *Joseph's* Tent refuse ;
Nor more the Tribe of *Ephraim* chose.

68. But he selected *Judah's* Tribe ;
The Mountain *Sion*, which he lov'd.

69. There rais'd his Temple up on high ;
And fix'd it, like the Earth, unmov'd.

70. He chose his Servant *David*, whom
He from the Sheepfold did advance ;

71. From tending Ewes, *Jacob* to feed,
And *Isr'el*, his Inheritance.

72. So he the Tribes of *Isr'el* led,
With great Integrity of Heart ;
And guided all their State-Affairs,
With skilfull Hands, and prudent Art.

P S A L M LXXIX.

THE Heathen, Lord, thy Heritage,
Did furiously invade ;
Defil'd thy Temple, and in Heaps,
Jerusalem have laid.

2. The Bodies of thy Servants slain,
For Meat to Fowls of Heav'n ;
And thy Saints Flesh, to savage Beasts,
They cruelly have giv'n.

3. They round about *Jerusalem*,
Their Blood, like Water, shed ;
And none was found to pay the last
Kind Office to the Dead.

4. Our Neighbours load us with Reproach,
Our Fame they deeply wound ;
We're made the very Scorn, and Mock
Of all the Nations round.

5. How long, *Jehovah* ! Shall thy Wrath
Against us ne'er expire ?
Shall thy inflamed Jealousy,
Burn like devouring Fire ?

6. On heathen Tribes, who know not Thee,
Thy wrathful Vengeance pour ;
On impious Kingdoms, which thy Name
Ne'er rev'rence, and adore.

7. For they have greedily devour'd
Thy Fav'rite *Jacob's* Race ;
Their Rage has utterly laid waste
His ancient dwelling Place.

Second P A R T.

8. Mind not against us former Sins,
Let tender Mercy flow ;
Our Ruin speedily prevent,
We're brought exceeding low.

9. Help us, O our Salvation's God,
For th' Honour of thy Name ;
For thy Name's Sake, deliver us,
And purge our Souls from Blame.

10. Why say the Heathen, " Where's their God ?
Among the Nations spread
Thy Fame, in Vengeance, in our Sight,
For Blood of Saints they've shed.

11. O let, before thy Face, ascend
The sighing Pris'ner's Cry ;
By thy great Pow'r, preserve the Sons
Of Death, condemn'd to die.

12. Into their Bosom seven-fold,
Our Neighbour's Spite reward,
And the Reproach, wherewith they have
Reproached Thee, O Lord.

13. Then we thy Flock, thy Pasture's Sheep,
Will give thee Thanks always ;
From Age to Age, we will shew forth
Our great Redeemer's Praise.

P S A L M LXXX.

THOU, who led'st *Joseph*, 'like a Flock,
O *Isr'el's* Shepherd hear ;
Who dwell'st between the Cherubims,
Shine forth in Glory there.

2. Before *Manasseb*, *Benjamin*,
With *Ephraim*, thy Rearward ;
Stir up thy Strength, and speedy come,
Our Saviour, and our Guard.
3. Turn us again, O God, and cause
Thy Face, so us'd to save,
To shine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance shall have.
4. How long, *Jehovah*, God of Hosts,
Wilt thou, in Anger, smoke
Against thy People's mournful Pray'r,
And they in vain invoke.
5. Thou do'st abundant flowing Tears,
For Meat, and Drink, impose.
6. A Strife we're to our Neighbours made ;
A Laughter to our Foes.
7. Turn us, O God of Hosts, and cause
Thy Face, so us'd to save,
To shine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance shall have.

Second P A R T.

8. From *Egypt*, thou did'st bring a Vine,
Under Oppression bred ;
The Heathen, noxious Weeds, cast out,
And plant it in their Stead.
9. Before it thou prepared'st Room,
Where it was meant to stand ;
There thou did'st make it take deep Root,
It grew, and fill'd the Land.
10. It's Shade did Mountains over-cast,
And Boughs God's Cedars hide.
11. Her Arms stretch'd to the Western Sea,
Her Branch *Euphrates* Side.

12. Oh !

12. Oh ! why then hast thou broken down
Her Hedge, and laid her bare ?
That all the Passengers that Way,
Do her in Pieces tear.

13. The Boar, out of the Wood, doth root,
And sadly lay it waste ;
The wild Beasts of the Field do make
Her Clusters their Repast.

Third P. A R T.

14. Return, O God of Hosts, we pray,
And let thine Heart incline,
To look from Heav'n, and behold,
And visit soon this Vine.

15. The Vineyard, which thine own Right-hand
Did plant, and guard so long ;
The Branch, which for thy self alone,
Thou mad'st so very strong.

16. Behold, thy Vine is burnt with Fire,
It's Branches are cut down ;
They perish do at thy Rebuke,
Because thy Face doth frown.

17. Upon the Man of thy Right-hand,
Let thy Hand be display'd ;
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong, for thyself, hast made.

18. So we will not from Thee revolt,
Nor more incur thy Blame ;
Oh, do thou us revive, and we
Will call upon thy Name.

19. Lord, God of Hosts, turn us, and cause
Thy Face, so us'd to save,
To shine forth upon us, then we
Deliverance shall have.

P S A L M LXXXI.

With raised Voice, to God, our Strength,
Aloud his Praises sing ;

With Shouting, make a joyful Noise,
To *Jacob's* God, and King.

2. Strike up a Psalm, the Timbrel bring,
And with your Voices join ;

The pleasant Harp, and Psaltery,
In Consort sweet combine.

3. The Trumpet blow, in the New-Moon ;
When our Feast-Days arrive.

4. To *Isr'el*, for a Statute Law,
This *Jacob's* God did give.

3. This Witness he, in *Joseph*, set,
When thorough *Egypt's* Land

He went ; where we a Language heard,
We could not understand.

6. Then, from his Shoulders, I remov'd,
The Burden on him lay ;

His Hands then ceased from the Pots,
And working in the Clay.

7. In thy Distress, thou call'dst on me,
And I thy Grievs remov'd ;

In Thunders secret Place reply'd,
At *Massah's* Stream thee prov'd.

Second PART.

8. " Hear, O my People, my Protest ;
" O *Isr'el* hear my Word.

9. " No strange God shall in thee be found ;
" No foreign Lord ador'd.

10. " *Jehovah*, I thy God, thee brought
" From *Egypt's* miry Clays ;

" Thy Mouth wide open, I'll it fill,
" With Plenty, and with Praise.

11. " But *Isr'el* would not hear my Voice ;
 " Nor me their Choice would make.
12. " So I them left to their Heart's Lusts,
 " Their own Advice to take.
13. Oh, that my People me had heard,
 And walk'd in my Command.
14. I would have soon subdu'd their Foes,
 And on them turn'd my Hand.
15. From them that hate the Lord, I would
 A forc'd Submission gain ;
 But as for them, their happy Times
 Forever should remain.
16. I would have fed them with the best,
 And finest of the Wheat ;
 Of Honey, from the Rock distill'd,
 They, to their Fill, should eat.

P S A L M LXXXII.

- G**OD, in the Congregation, stands,
 Among the Men of Might ;
 The earthly Gods he strict surveys,
 Their Actions judges right.
2. " How long, (said he) then, will you dare
 " False Judgment to award ;
 " The Wicked's Person to accept,
 " And partially regard ?
3. " Defend the Poor, and Fatherless,
 " And right the Weak distress'd.
4. " From wicked Hands, deliver those,
 " With Tyranny, oppress'd.
5. They know not, nor will understand,
 But walk perversely blind ;
 The Earth's Foundations all are mov'd,
 And greatly undermin'd.

6. " I said, Ye're Gods ; all of you Sons
 " Of the Most-High did call.

7. " But ye shall die, like common Men,
 " Like other Princes fall.

8. Arise, O God, and judge the Earth,
 Restore lost Righteousness :

For thou, the Nations of the World,
 As Sov'reign shalt possess.

P S A L M LXXXII. 2d Metre.

A Midst th' Assemblies of the Great,
 The World's great Ruler takes his Seat,
 And earthly Gods doth judge ; (and says)

2. " How long will ye pervert the Laws,
 " Accept the Person, plead the Cause,
 " Of such as walk in wicked Ways.

3. " Defend the Poor, and Fatherless ;
 " To such as are in deep Distress
 " Impartial Justice let be done.

4. " Loose the Oppressed's heavy Bands ;
 " And, from the Wicked's griping Hands,
 " Deliver ye the needy one.

5. They know not, nor will understand,
 They walk in Darkness ; thro' the Land,
 The Earth's Supports are overthrown.

6. " You I have honour'd with my Name,
 " And styl'd you Gods ; ye all, in Fame,
 " For Sons of the Most-High have shone.

7. " But ye shall die, like common Men,
 " Like other Princes fall ; and then
 " Account to me, for all your Wrongs.

8. Arise, O God, to judge the Earth ;
 For ev'ry Nation from it's Birth,

To Thee, by sov'reign Right belongs.

O GOD, to our repeated Cries,
 No longer Silence keep ;
 Hold not thy Peace, as unconcern'd,
 Nor let thy Vengeance sleep.

2. For lo, thine Enemies, O God,
 Have a fierce Tumult made ;
 And those, that impiously Thee hate,
 In Pride lift up the Head.

3. Against thy People they consult,
 And all their Craft employ ;
 Their chief Design's thy hidden ones
 Intirely to destroy.

4. " Come, said they, let us wholly root
 " The Nation from the Ground ;
 " That *Isr'el's* hated Name, no more
 " Be in Remembrance found.

5. Together they, with one Consent,
 In Counsel, have combin'd ;
 These differing Nations, close in League,
 Against Thee, Lord, are join'd.

6. There's *Esau's* Sons, who dwell in Tents,
Ish'm'el's rejected Line,
Moab, of Incest eldest Brood,
 With *Hagar's Arabs* joyn.

7. Strong *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Moab's* Kin,
 With *Amalek* conspire ;
 The Lords of *Palestine's* Sea Coast,
 And with them wealthy *Tyre*.

8. Proud *Asshur's* pow'rfull Troops, the League,
 And common Cause, espouse ;
 These prove the strongest Arm of Strength,
 To *Lot's* apostate House.

9. But let such Vengeance on them fall,
 As *Midian* overtook *Moab*
 As *Sifera*, and *Jabin*, felt,
 At *Kishon's* fatal Brook.
10. Where all their mighty num'rous Host,
 Were put to Rout, and slain ;
 Who left their Carcasses for Dung,
 On *Endor's* fertile Plain.
11. As *Zeb*, and *Oreb*, make their Chiefs,
 Like Vengeance seize them all :
 As *Zeba*, and *Zalmunna*, fell,
 May all their Princes fall.
12. Who boasting, said, " Let's seize for ours
 " Each House of God we find.
13. My God, to Ruin whirl them round,
 As Chaff before the Wind.
14. As raging Fire consumes the Woods,
 With Flames the Mountains blaze.
15. So with thy Tempest them pursue,
 And with thy Storm amaze.
16. Their Faces fill with Shame, that they
 May seek *Jehovah's* Name.
17. Or them confound, and terrify,
 Until they dye in Shame.
18. The Nations then shall know, that thou;
 To whom alone pertains
 The Name *Jehovah*, art Most-high,
 O'er Earth's extended Plains.

P S A L M LXXXIV.

HOW amiable, Lord of Hosts,
 How pleasant is the Place,
 Where thou, on Earth, art wont to shew
 The Glories of thy Face ?

2. My

2. My Soul doth long, yea, faint to see
Jehovah's chosen Seat ;
My Heart, and Flesh, spring up for Joy,
The living God to meet.
3. The Birds, near to thine Altars, build
Their Nests, for their Abode ;
There hatch their Young ; O Lord of Hosts,
My Sov'reign, and my God.
4. O happy Men, who in thy House
Abide ; still they'll Thee praise :
5. Whose Strength's in Thee, and Hearts are bent
To travel *Sion's* Ways.
6. Who, passing *Baca's* thirsty Vale,
Provide themselves with Wells,
And Cisterns ; which the Rain from Heav'n,
For their Refreshment, fills.
7. Strengthen'd they go, till they, with God,
In *Sion's* Mount appear.
8. Lord, God of Hosts, my Pray'r regard,
O *Jacob's* God give Ear.

Second P A R T.

9. O God, who art our only Shield,
Look graciously on me ;
And, with thy wonted Smiles, the Face
Of thine anointed see.
10. For in thy sacred Courts, a Day,
A Thousand does excell ;
My God's House Doors I'd rather keep,
In wicked Tents, than dwell.
11. *Jehovah* is our Sun, and Shield,
Will Grace, and Glory, give ;
And, no Good Thing, will he deny,
Those who uprightly live.

12. O thou, the sov'reign Lord of all
The Hosts in Heav'n, Earth, Sea ;
That Man is truly bless'd, who puts
His Trust alone in Thee.

P S A L M LXXXV.

THOU, Lord, thy Land hast Favour shown ;
And back thy captiv'd *Jacob* led.

2. Thy People's Guilt hast lifted off ;
And all their Sin hast covered.

3. Thou all thine Anger hast remov'd ;
Thy flaming Wrath thou do'st appease.

4. Turn us, O our Salvation's God ;
And let thine Anger wholly cease.

5. Wilt thou, with us, be angry still ?
Thro' Ages shall thy Wrath remain ?

6. Wilt thou not us again revive ;
That we may Joy in Thee regain ?

7. *Jehovah*, graciously appear,
And tender Pity to us show ;
All the Salvation which we need,
Upon us bounteously bestow.

Second P A R T.

8. I'll wait to hear what God will say,
For to his People he'll speak Peace,
And to his Saints ; but let not them
Return again to Foolishness.

9. To them that fear his sacred Name,
Sure, his Salvation's near at Hand ;
That th' ancient Glory may return,
And firmly settle in our Land.

10. Mercy, and Truth, shall friendly meet ;
Justice, and Peace, kindly embrace [ousness

11. Truth springs from th' Earth, while Righte-
From Heav'n looks down with smiling Face.

12. Yea, what is Good the Lord will give ;
Our Land it's yearly Fruits display.

13. Before him, Righteousness shall march ;
And guide our Steps in his just Way.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

BOW down, O Lord, thine Ear, hear me ;
Oppress'd, and Poor, am I.

2. Keep thou my righteous Soul, which doth
On Thee, my God, rely.

3. To Thee, I daily make my Pray'r ;
Have Mercy, Lord, on me,

4. Joy, to thy Servant's Soul, restore ;
Who lifts his Heart to Thee.

5. For thou, O Lord, art good and kind,
Ready to pardon all ;

Plenteous in Mercy unto them,
In Truth, that on Thee call.

6. Lord, hear my Pray'r, and to the Voice
of my Request attend.

7. In Straits, I'll call on Thee, who wilt
A gracious Answer send.

8. Among the Gods there's none like Thee ;
Nor any Works like thine.

9. The Nations all, whom thou hast made,
Shall in sweet Confort join ;

Themselves shall bow before thy Face,
And glorify thy Name.

10. For thou art great ; thy wondrous Works
Thee, God alone, proclaim.

Second P A R T.

11. Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
In Truth will persevere ;

Unite, and fix, my wand'ring Heart,

Thy sacred Name to fear. . . 12. With

156 P S A L M 86, 87.

12. With all my Heart, I'll praise Thee, Lord,
Thy Glories ever tell.

15. For thy great Mercy has my Soul,
Freed from the lowest Hell.

14. O God, the Proud against me rise,
And pow'rfull Troops have fought
To take my Life ; who ne'er employ,
On Thee, one serious Thought.

15. But thou, O Lord, a mercifull,
And gracious God, art found :
Thine Anger is not soon provok'd,
Thy Grace, and Truth, abound.

16. O turn to me thy placid Face,
Let Pity now be shown ;
Thy Strength, unto thy Servant, give,
And save thine Hand-Maid's Son.

17. Such Marks of Favour to me show,
As all my Foes may see,
Oppress'd with Shame ; because, Lord, thou
Dost help, and comfort me.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

Jehovah, in the holy Mounts,
Has his Foundation laid.

2. His Love's, to *Sion's* Gates, more than
All *Jacob's* 'Tents, display'd.

3. Most glorious Things are spoke of thee,
And spread thy Fame abroad,

O thou *Jerusalem* ; which art
The City of our God.

4. *Egypt*, and *Babylon*, I'll name,
(They somewhat have me known,)
Philistia, *Tyre*, and *Cush* ; lo there
Sprang some of great Renown.

5. But

5. But this of *Sion* shall be said,
 There many such were born ;
 And the Most-High himself shall her
 Establish, and adorn.

6. The Lord, when he makes up the Roll,
 Shall note, There born was he.

7. There Singers, and sweet Harpers, join ;
 My Springs are all in Thee.

P S A L M LXXXVII. 2d Meetre.

Jehovah his Foundations laid,
 On the renowned sacred Hills ;

2. To *Sion's* Gates, his Love's display'd,
 More than the Tents were *Jacob* dwells.

3. Most glorious Things are spoke abroad,
 Of thee, O City of our God.

4. I'll *Rahab* name, and *Babylon*,
 (Which know me,) with *Philistia*,
 And *Tyre*, and *Cush* ; perhaps there's one,
 Sprang from them, famous in their Day.

5. But *Sion's* fam'd for bringing forth
 Many renowned Men of Worth :

The Highest shall establish her,
 With future Worthies her adorn.

6. When God shall the grand Roll prefer,
 He'll note, 'There such an one was born.

7. Singers, and Harpers, there abound ;
 And all my Springs in thee are found.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

LORD, God of my Salvation, I
 To Thee, by Day, and Night, do cry.

2. Before Thee, let my Pray'r appear ;
 And to my Cry encline thine Ear.

3. Troubles

3. Troubles, my Soul, so filled have,
My Life draws nigh unto the Grave.

4. I'm number'd with the Dead ; as one
Whose Strength is lost, and Spirit gone.

5. As free among the dead am I,
Like slain Men, in their Graves that ly,
Whom thou in Mind no more do'st bear ;
Who by thy Hand consumed are.

6. Thou'st plung'd me in the Pit most low,
In Darknes in the Depth of Woe.

7. On me thy Wrath has heavy lain ?
And all thy Waves encreas'd my Pain.

8. Yea, those that mine Acquaintance were,
From me thou hast removed far ;
A loathsome Spectacle I'm made ;
Shut up, to walk abroad afraid.

9. Mine Eye, the Marks of Sorrow, wears,
And spends itself in flowing Tears ;
Tō Thee *Jehovah*, I have pray'd,
And daily stretch'd my Hands, for Aid.

Second P A R T.

10. Wilt thou shew Wonders to the Dead ?
Shall dead Men rise, thy Praise to spread ?

11. Shall thy great Love the Grave confess ?
Destruction speak thy Faithfulness ?

12. In Darknes shines thy mighty Hand ?
Thy Justice in Oblivion's Land ?

13. Tho', Lord, I've cry'd in vain, each Day,
Before Thee ; still I'll early pray.

14. Why, Lord, cast'st thou my Soul from Thee ?
Why hid'st thy gracious Face from me ?

15. Distress'd from Youth, brought nigh the
Thy Terrors me Amazement gave. [Grave,

16. Thy

16. Thy fierce Wrath over me hath past ;
Thy Terrors held, and bound me fast.
17. Daily, around me, like the Tide,
They flow, and compass ev'ry Side.

18. Lover, and Friend, I dearly lov'd,
Thou from my Sight hast far remov'd ;
And those that my Acquaintance were,
In Darknes hide themselves, for Fear.

P S A L M LXXXIX.

THE Mercies of the Lord, I'll sing,
And never cease the Song ;
From Age to Age, thy Faithfulness
I'll publish with my Tongue.

2. For I have said, that Mercy shall
Forever built remain ;
Thy Faithfulness, thou, in the Heav'ns,
And like them, wilt maintain.

3. " With mine Elect, I form'd a League,
" An Oath to *David* swore ;

4. " I'll fix thy Seed, and build thy Throne,
" Secure forevermore.

5. The Heav'ns, for thy great Wonder, Lord,
Shall with thy Praises ring ;
While thine assembled Saints, on Earth,
Thy Faithfulness shall sing.

6. But who of all the heav'nly Hosts,
May with the Lord compare ?

What Sons of all the earthly Gods,
Vie with *Jehovah*, dare ?

7. God's Terror strikes his Saints below,
With a religious Fear ;

And awful Rev'rence guards the Minds,
That round his Throne appear.

Second P A R T.

8. Lord, God of Hosts, who's arm'd with Pow'r,
Or girt with Truth, like Thee ?
9. Proud Waves arise, are still, and calm,
As thou do'st rule the Sea.
10. Thou, *Egypt's* Pow'r, with deadly Wounds,
Hast into Pieces broke ;
Thine Arm of Strength dispers'd thy Foes,
With an avenging Stroke.
11. Thine are the Heav'ns, the Earth is thine,
Which thou alone hast made ;
As for the World, with all it's Stores,
God it's Foundation laid.
12. The northern, and the southern Poles,
Thou, by thy Pow'r, did'st frame ;
Tabor, and *Hermon*, famous Mounts,
Rejoice shall in thy Name.
13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Thy Right-hand's fam'd in Deed.
14. Justice and Judgment, found thy Throne,
While Grace and Truth, precede.
15. Blest Men ! who know the joyful Sound ;
They in thy Favour walk.
16. All Day, they in thy Name, rejoice ;
Justice shall them exalt.
17. Thou, Glory of their Strength, shalt raise
Our Horn, thro' Favour shown.
18. *Jehovah's* our Defence ; our King
Is *Isr'el's* holy One.

Third P A R T.

19. " In Vision, to thine holy One.
" Thou said'st, I'll Help impose
" On one that's mighty ; whom I've rais'd,
" And from the People chose.

20. " I've found my Servant *David* ; him
" With holy Oil anoint.
21. " Him shall my Hand confirm; mine Arm
" Support whom I appoint.
22. " No En'mies Arts shall him deceive ;
" Nor wicked Men controul.
23. " I'll crush his Foes, before his Face,
" And plague the spiteful Soul.
24. " My Truth, & Grace, with him, shall raise
" His Horn high, in my Name :
25. " His Left-Hand Bounds, I'll fix the Sea ;
" His Right, *Euphrates* Stream.
26. " To me my Father, God, and Rock
" Of Safety, he shall cry.
27. " I'll place him my First-born, above
" All earthly Kings, most high.
28. " I'll ever Mercy for him keep ;
" My Cov'nant standeth fast.
29. " His Seed shall never fail, his Throne,
" As Days of Heav'n, shall last.

Fourth P A R T.

30. " But if his Sons forsake my Law,
" And from my Judgments stray ;
31. " If they my Statutes break, and dare
" My Precepts disobey :
32. " Their Sin I'll visit with a Rod ;
" With Stripes, as Crimes prevail.
33. " But from him I'll not take my Love ;
" My Truth shall never fail.
34. " My Cov'nant I will never break ;
" Nor, what I've said, deny.
35. " Once, by my Holiness, I've sworn ;
" I'll not to *David* lye.

36. " His Race shall never fail ; his Throne
 " Shall, as the Sun, endure :
37. " Fix'd ever, as the Moon ; in Heav'n,
 " Which, Witnesſes, are ſure.
38. But thine Anointed, thou, in Scorn,
 And Anger, off haſt caſt.
39. Thou mad'ſt thy Servant's Cov'nant void,
 In Duſt his Crown debas'd.
40. Thou, all his Hedges, haſt broke down ;
 His Forts in Ruin laid.
41. He's ſpoil'd by all that by him paſs ;
 His Neighbour's Scorn he's made.
42. His Foes thou cauſeſt to rejoice ;
 Confirming their Right-Hand.
43. His Sword was blunted, nor could he
 In Day of Battle ſtand.
44. His Throne thou level'ſt with the Ground ;
 And haſt eclips'd his Fame.
45. His Youth, and Reign, thou ſhort haſt cut ;
 And cover'd him with Shame.

Fifth P A R T.

46. How long, O Lord, wilt thou abſcond,
 And we thy Abſence mourn ?
 Forever ? Shall thy Wrath, like Fire,
 Againſt thy People burn ?
47. Oh, call to Mind, what is the Age
 Thou doſt for Man ordain ?
 Wherefore haſt thou created all
 The Sons of Men in vain.
48. What Man that lives, can Death eſcape ?
 What Skill, or Pow'r, can ſave
 His Soul from his ſtrong griping Hands ?
 Or reſcue from the Grave ?

49. Where's,

49. Where's Lord, thy former Love, thou didst,
In Truth, to *David*, swear ?

50. Remember, Lord, with what Contempt,
Thy Servants treated are :

I've, in my Bosom, the Reproach
Of mighty People borne ;

51. Wherewith thine Enemies, O Lord,
Have poured out their Scorn ;

They thine Anointed's Steps traduc'd,
And thus reproached Thee.

52. Bless'd be the Lord forevermore ;
Amen ; Amen ; say we.

P S A L M XC. FOURTH BOOK.

THro' all the changing Scenes, have past
Over thy chosen Race ;

Thou, Lord, alone, from Age to Age,
Hast been our dwelling Place.

2. Before the Mountains, Earth, or World,
Were formed by thy Nod ;

Thou Lord, from everlasting art,
To everlasting, God.

3. 'Tis thou, to Rottenness, and Dust,
Dost turn weak mortal Man ;

For thou hast said, " Ye *Adam's* Sons,
" Return to Earth again.

4. And should he reach a Thousand Years,
It would be, in thy Sight,

But as a Day, that's past, and gone ;
Or a short Watch by Night.

5. As with a Flood's most rapid Stream,
Thou dost them sweep away ;

Like Dreams they vanish ; in the Morn,
As Grass, look fair, and gay :

6. But howloe'er it looks, away
It's Morning Beauty flies ;
When Ev'ning comes, 'tis all cut down,
It withereth up, and dies.
7. We, by thine Anger, are consum'd ;
Thy Wrath does us afright.
8. Thou set'st our Crimes, and secret Sins,
All plain before thy Sight.
9. Thence, all our Days, in thy hot Wrath,
To speedy End are brought ;
We spend our Years, as quick as Speech,
Swift as a Breath, or Thought.
10. Our Days are Threescore Years and Ten ;
If Strength to Fourscore stay,
'Tis Grief, and Pain ; we're soon cut off,
And hence we fly away.

Second PART.

11. Oh ! Whodoth know thine Anger's Force !
Wrath, as thy Fear, is great !
12. Teach us to number so our Days,
That we may Wisdom get.
13. Return, *Jehovah*, O return ;
How long shall be the Space ?
And let thy yearning Bowels move,
To shew thy Servants Grace.
14. Oh, let thy Mercy early fill
Our Souls, and Spirits raise ;
That we may triumph, and rejoice,
Thro' all our future Days.
15. May our succeeding Days, and Years,
Abundant Comfort yield :
As all our former Ones have been,
With great Affliction fill'd.

16. Let this thy special Work of Love,
 Be to thy Servants shown ;
 The Glory of thy promis'd Grace,
 To all their Offspring known.

17. The Beauty of the Lord, our God,
 Let on us ever shine ;
 Guide, and confirm, our handy Work,
 And prosper our Design.

P S A L M XCI.

HE that, the Highest's secret Place,
 His sure Retreat, has made,
 Secure shall rest, from threat'ning Ills,
 Beneath th' Almighty's Shade.

2. Of this *Jehovah*, I will say,
 " He is my Refuge high,
 " My strong Munition, and my God ;
 " On him I will rely.

3. Surely ; he shall deliver thee,
 Out of the Fowler's Snare ;
 And save thee, when the noisome Plague
 Infects the vital Air.

4. His Feathers shall thee cover o'er,
 His Wings Protection yield ;
 His never-failing Truth shall be
 Thy Buckler, and thy Shield.

5. Thou shalt no nightly Terrors fear ;
 Nor Shafts that fly by Day :

6. No fatal Plague, that darkly walks ;
 Nor Noon's malignant Ray.

7. Thousands shall fall around thee slain ;
 Yet shall it not touch thee.

8. Thine Eyes shall only this behold,
 And Sinners Portion see.

Second P A R T.

9. Because my Refuge, God, Most-high,
Thy Dwelling thou hast made ;
10. Therefore, no Ill shall thee befall,
Nor Plague thy House invade.
11. He'll charge his Angels, thee to keep,
In all thy Ways, from Harms,
12. They, lest a Stone offend thy Feet,
Shall bear thee in their Arms.
13. On th' Asp, and Lyon, thou shalt tread,
Fearless, when e'er ye meet ;
The Lyon young, and Dragons fierce,
Shalt trample under Feet.
14. " Because his Love is fix'd on me,
" His Freedom I proclaim ;
" I'll set him high, from Dangers safe,
" For he hath known my Name.
15. " When e'er he calls, I'll answer him ;
" In Troubles I'll be nigh,
" To rescue him from ev'ry Ill ;
" And raise his Honour high.
16. " With Length of Days, as best shall be,
" I'll satisfy his Soul ;
" Then my Salvation to him shew,
" Where endless Pleasures rowl.

P S A L M XCII.

1. **T**IS good, and sweet, to thank the Lord ;
Praise to thy Name to sing, Most-high.
2. Each Morn, thy Kindness, to record ;
And ev'ry Night, thy Verity.
3. Upon a Ten-string'd Instrument,
With Psaltery, in sweet Compound ;
On sprightly Harp, in one Consent,
With sacred Songs, and solemn Sound.

4. Thou, thro' thy Work of Pow'r, and Grace,
O Lord, hast made my Heart rejoice ;
The Works thine Hand hath wro't, shall raise
My shout to Thee, with thankful Voice.
5. How wondrous great thy Works are, Lord !
And how profoundly deep thy Thought !
6. A brutish Man knows not thy Word ;
Nor Fools perceive what thou hast wrought.
7. When, like the Grass, the Wicked spring,
And flourishing, look fresh, and fair ;
It is, that thou may'st on them bring
An endless Ruin, and Despair.
8. But thou, Lord, ever art Most-high.
9. For lo, thy Foes shall quite decay ;
And all that work Iniquity,
In Wrath, shall be dispers'd away.
10. But thou, mine Horn, on high shalt raise,
Fix'd as the Unicorn's, secure ;
Thy fresh anointing Oyl conveys
New Joys to me, unmix'd, and pure.
11. Mine Eyes shall see th' expected Doom,
Mine Ears the dismal End shall hear,
That on my secret Foes shall come ;
And those me open Malice bear.
12. The Just, like fruitful Palms, shall thrive ;
Like *Lebanon's* tall Cedars grow.
13. They in the Lord's House planted, live,
And flourish, in his Courts below.
14. They still bear Fruit, when aged grown ;
With Vigour fill'd, and Verdure crown'd.
15. The Lord, my Rock, thus upright's known ;
In him there's no Injustice found.

1. **T**IS good to thank the Lord,
And sing thy Praise, Most-high :
2. Each Morn, thy Kindness to record,
Each Night, thy Verity.
3. On Ten-string'd Instrument,
With Psalt'ry's tuneful Wind ;
On sprightly Harps, in one Consent,
With solemn Voices joyn'd.
4. Thy Work of Pow'r, and Grace,
Lord, makes my Heart rejoice ;
I, in thy handy-Works, will raise,
With Shouts of Praise, my Voice.
5. How great thy Works are, Lord !
How very deep thy Thought !
6. A brutish Man knows not thy Word ;
Nor Fools what thou hast wrought.
7. When wicked Men do spring,
Like Grass, look fresh, and fair,
'Tis that to Ruin thou may'st them bring,
And cover with Despair.
8. Thou'rt ever, Lord, Most-high.
9. For lo, thy Foes shall fall ;
And they that work Iniquity,
Shall be dispersed all.
10. But thou mine Horn shalt raise,
As Unicorn's, on high ;
And with fresh Oyl, thro' all my Days,
Anointed be shall I.
11. Mine Eye shall see the Doom,
Mine Ear the End shall hear,
That on my Spies, and Foes, shall come ;
And such as Malice bear.

12. The Just, like Palms, shall thrive,
Like *Leb'non's* Cedars grow :
13. Those in the Lord's House planted, live,
In's Courts they glorious show.
14. In Age, their Fruit is bright,
With Strength, and Verdure, crown'd.
15. To shew the Lord, my Rock, 's upright ;
In him no Falshood's found.

P S A L M XCIII.

- J**ehovah reigns with Strength begirt,
And Majesty array'd,
The World immovably he fix'd,
On sure Foundations laid.
2. Thy Throne is founded thence, thou art
From all Eternity.
3. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice ;
They toss their Waves on high.
4. The Lord, who dwells above, transcends,
In Strength, the roaring Voice
Of many Waters, or the Seas
Most fiercely raging Noise.
5. *Jehovah's* Testimonies are
Most sure, they cannot lye ;
And everlasting Holiness
Thy House should beautify.

P S A L M XCIII. 2d Metre.

- J**ehovah ever reigns,
With Majesty array'd ;
And Strength begirts his Reins.
The World unmov'd is stay'd.
2. Thy Throne on high
Hath firmly stood,
For thou art God,
Eternally.

3. The Floods lift up their Voice,
The Sea in Tumult swells :

4. The Lord the fiercest Noise
Of raging Waves excells.

5. Most sure's thy Word :

Strict Holiness

Will ever grace

Thy House, O Lord.

P S A L M XCIV.

Jehovah, God of Vengeance, shine
Forth, in thy Justice, bright,

2. Arise, thou Judge of all the Earth ;
Thy haughty Foes requite.

3. How long, O Lord, shall wicked Men,
How long, triumph, shall they ?

4. How long throw out, and hard Things speak,
And glory in their Way ?

5. Thy People, Lord, they grind to Dust ;
Thy Heritage opprefs ;

6. The Widow, and the Stranger, slay ;
And murder, Fatherless.

7. " Yet say they, God doth not behold ;
" Nor *Jacob's* God discern.

8. Ye brutish People think ; ye Fools,
When will ye Wisdom learn.

9. Shall he, who plants the Ear, not hear ?
Nor see, who form'd Man's Eyes ?

10. He that whole Nations doth rebuke,
Fools shall not be chastise ?

Shall not he know, who teacheth Men
The Knowledge they attain ?

11. *Jehovah* knows the Tho'ts of Man,
That they are very vain.

Second PART.

12. Blest is the Man ! the Lord corrects,
And in his Law has taught.
13. In evil Days he rests ; till Pits
Are for the Wicked wrought.
14. The Lord will not cast off his Flock ;
Nor Heritage quite leave.
15. Judgment to Justice shall return ;
To it the Good shall cleave.
16. Against the Wicked and Unjust,
Who'll on my Side appear ?
17. My Soul had soon, in Silence, dwelt,
Had not the Lord, been near.
18. When e'er I cry'd, my Foot slips ; Lord,
Thy Mercy held me right.
19. Amidst my many troubled Thoughts,
Thy Comforts me delight.
20. Shall unjust Thrones have Part with Thee,
Which Mischief frame by Law ?
21. They meet, and join, the guiltless Blood
Of righteous Men to draw.
22. But thou, *Jehovah*, still hast been,
To me, a Refuge high ;
My God, who art my only Rock,
Where I for Shelter fly.
23. He shall, their own Iniquity,
Upon their Heads, repay ;
The Lord, our God, in their own Guilt,
Them utterly shall slay.

P S A L M XCV.

O Come, let us, in Consort, join
In Songs to great *Jehovah's* Name.
The Praise of our Salvation's Rock,
With joyfull Hearts, aloud proclaim.

2. Let us, with Thanks, approach his Face ;
And our loud Anthems to him sing.
3. Because *Jehovah's* a great God ;
Above all Gods he's a great King.
4. the Earth's deep Caverns, with the Strength
Of lofty Hills, are in his Hand.
5. His is the Ocean, which he made ;
His Hands have form'd the firmer Land.
6. Come, let us worship, and bow down ;
Our Knees to our Creator bend.
7. For he's our God, and we the Flock,
His Pastures feed, and Hands defend.
8. To Day, if ye will hear his Voice,
Then harden not your Hearts ; as they
In Time of Provocation, did,
On *Meribah*, and *Massa's*, Day.
9. Your Fathers did me tempt, and prove,
While my great Works shone in their Face.
10. For Forty Years, I patient bore,
'Tho' weary'd, with that stubborn Race.
11. " This People err in Heart, I said,
" My Ways they know not, tho' the best ;
" Therefore I sware to them, in Wrath,
" They ne'er should come into my Rest.

P S A L M XCV. 2d Meetre.

- O** Come, let us unite, and sing
Unto *Jehovah's* Name ;
The Praise of our Salvation's Rock,
With Joy, aloud proclaim.
2. With grateful Thanks, before him come ;
And joyful Hymns loud sing.
 3. Because *Jehovah's* a great God ;
O'er all Gods a great King.

4. The Earth's deep Caverns, lofty Hills,
Are in his sov'reign Hand.
5. His is the Sea, which he hath made,
His Hands form'd the dry Land.
6. Come, let us worship, and bow down,
Before our Maker kneel.
7. For he's our God, and we his Sheep,
He doth us feed, and heal.
8. To Day, if ye will hear his Voice,
O grow not hard, as they
In Desert did, on *Meribah's*,
And *Massa's* woful Day.
9. Your Fathers did me tempt, and prove ;
My Works shone in their Face.
10. I, forty Years, was grieved with
That stubborn, faithless Race.
11. I said, this People err in Heart,
My Ways they will not know ;
To them I swear, in Wrath, if they
Into my Rest should go.

P S A L M XCVI.

- S**ING to *Jehovah* a new Song ;
In this agree let ev'ry Tongue.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name ;
Daily his saving Health proclaim.
 3. His Glory to the Heathen show ;
Make all their Tribes his Wonders know.
 4. God's great, and greatly to be prais'd ;
In Fear, above all Gods, he's rais'd.
 5. For Heathen Gods are but a Name ;
But Heav'n's wide Arch the Lord did frame.
 6. Majestick Honours on him wait :
Beauty, and Strength, adorn his Seat.

7. O all ye Kingdoms, ev'ry Tribe,
Glory, and Pow'r, to God ascribe.

8. Give him the Glory, to him due ;
With Off'rings to his Courts come you.

9. To worship, in his House, repair,
Let all the Earth him rev'rence there.

10. To all the Nations this rehearse,
Jehovah reigns thro' th' Universe ;
The World unmov'd shall stablish'd be,
The People justly judge shall he.

11. Let Heav'n, and Earth, thereat rejoice,
Seas, and their Stores, with roaring Voice.

12. Let fertile Fields, and all Things there,
Their Joy, in chearful Shouts declare ;
Then all the Trees shall leap and sing,
And Joy, thro' all the Woods, shall ring.

13. Before the Lord, who comes to bless
The World, with Truth, and Righteousness ;
With Truth, and Justice, he shall come,
To pass on all their final Doom.

P S A L M XCVII.

J*Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth,
Triumphantly rejoice ;

And let the Multitude of Isles
Unite their chearful Voice.

2. Thick Clouds and Darknes him surround,
His Counsels are unknown ;
But Righteousness, and Judgment, are
The Basis of his Throne.

3. Fire march'd before ; his Foes around
Sink in the burning Flood.

4. His Light'nings blaz'd thro'out the World ;
Earth saw, and trembling stood.

5. The

5. The solid Mountains melt, like Wax,
Before *Jehovah's* Face ;
Before that Lord, whose sov'reign Rule,
O'er all the Earth, takes Place.
6. Th' extended Heav'ns, his Righteousness,
Have publish'd all abroad ;
And all the World have clearly seen,
The Glories of our God.
7. May all that graven Idols serve,
And boast in earthly Clods,
Of all their Folly be asham'd ;
Him worship all ye Gods.
8. *Sion*, and *Judah's* Daughters, heard,
With Joy, thy Judgments, own'd.
9. For o'er the Earth, thou, Lord, art high,
Above all Gods enthron'd.
10. O ye that love, and fear, the Lord,
All Evil disesteem ;
The holy Souls he'll guard, and them
From wicked Hands redeem.
11. For just, and upright Men, are sown,
Immortal Light, and Bliss.
12. Rejoice, ye Just, in God ; with Thanks,
Record, his Holiness.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- S**ing, to *Jehovah*, a new Song,
For Wonders he hath wrought ;
His Right-hand, and his holy Arm,
The Victory have got.
2. His great Salvation, to the World,
Jehovah hath made known ;
He, all the Nations, openly,
His Righteousness, hath shown.

3. His Grace, and Truth, to *Isr'el's* House,
Fully perform'd have been ;
The utmost Bounds of all the Earth,
Have God's Salvation seen.
4. Let all the Earth, their Voice, to God,
In Songs of Triumph, raise ;
Make the Air ring, with their loud Shouts,
And jointly sing his Praise.
5. Sweet Harps, and tuneful Voices join ;
In Psalms, the Lord's Praise sing.
6. Trumpet, and Cornet, take, and shout
Before the Lord, the King.
7. Let Seas loud roar, the Earth and all
In them, in Shouts combine,
8. Let Floods clap Hands, and all the Hills
In joyful Consort joyn.
9. Before the Lord ; to judge the Earth,
He comes, in Majesty ;
The World with Justice, and it's Tribes,
To judge, with Equity.

P S A L M XCIX.

- J**ehovah sov'reign King doth reign,
Let guilty Sinners quake ;
He sits between the Cherubims,
The Earth let reel, and shake.
2. The Lord, in *Sion*, great appears,
High o'er all People rais'd.
 3. By them, thy great, and dreadful Name,
Which holy is, be prais'd.
 4. The King, in all his Strength, delights
In Judgment ; he ordains
What's right ; in *Jacob*, Justice he,
And Equity, maintains.

5. *Jehovah,*

5. *Jehovah*, our great God, exalt,
And worshiping bow down ;
Prostrate, before his Foot stool, fall,
For he's the holy One.
6. *Moses*, and *A'ron*, with his Priests,
Sam'el, with those addrest
His sacred Name, call'd on the Lord ;
Who answer'd their Request.
7. God, from the Pillar of a Cloud,
Declar'd to them his Will ;
Then they his Testimonies kept,
And Statutes did fullfill.
8. Thou answer'dst them, O Lord, our God ;
Thy People for their Sake,
Forgavest oft, yet on their Works,
Did'st just Revenges take.
9. Therefore exalt the Lord, our God,
And in his Courts adore ;
Because *Jehovah*, our great God
Is Holy evermore.

P S A L M C.

- S**Hout to *Jehovah* all the Earth ;
2. Serve him with chearful, Heart and Voice ;
Approach his House with sacred Mirth,
Before him triumph, and rejoice.
3. Know that *Jehovah's* God alone,
Who us and all did Being give ;
We are his People, not our own,
The Sheep that on his Pastures live.
4. Enter his Gates with thankful Joy,
And, in his Courts, his Praise proclaim ;
Your grateful Songs, in Thanks employ,
And ever bless his holy Name.

5. Because

178 P S A L M 100, 101.

5. Because *Jehovah* he is good,
His Mercy is forever sure ;
His Truth, thro' Ages past, has stood,
And shall, thro' ev'ry Age, endure.

P S A L M C. 2d Meetre. as the old 122.

TO God, let all the Earth
Agree, with sacred Mirth,
In Shouts, to raise their chearful Voice.

2. With Gladness serve the Lord,
And come, with one Accord,
Before his Presence, and rejoice.

3. For this you can't but own,
Jehovah's God alone ;
He Life and Breath, to all did give ;
His People us he chose,
The Flock his Folds enclose,
And we on his fat Pastures live.

4. Enter his Gates with Joy,
In Thanks your Hearts employ,
And make his Courts resound his Fame ;
Strike up a grateful Song,
From ev'ry Heart, and Tongue,
To bless his great, and holy Name.

5. Because the Lord is kind,
His Mercy, you shall find,
Is everlastingly secure ;
His Truth, thro' Ages past,
Has stood unshaken fast,
And shall, thro' ev'ry Age, endure.

P S A L M CI.

Mercy, and Judgment, claim my Song,
From Thee alone they spring :
Therefore, O Lord, my thankfull Heart
Thy Praise shall ever sing.

2. I'll

2. I'll wisely act, by perfect Rules,
When I the Crown receive ;
The Pattern of an honest Heart,
To all my Court, I'll give.
3. No perverse Thing will I intend ;
I hate their ill Design,
Who turn aside from sacred Laws ;
Their Works shall not be mine.
4. The froward, refractory Heart,
Shall from my Presence go ;
With bad Men I'll no Friendship make,
Nor Favour to them show.
5. The private Sland'rer, I'll cut off,
Who seeks his Neighbour's Hurt ;
The haughty Look, and proud in Heart,
I'll banish from my Court.
6. I'll search the Land for faithful Men,
That they may dwell with me ;
And he that walks in perfect Ways,
My Favourite shall be.
7. But artful Men of Fraud, and Guile,
In my House shall not dwell ;
Those that addict themselves to Lies,
I'll from my Sight repel.
8. My early Care shall be, to root
The Wicked from the Land ;
That from thy City, Lord, I may
Cut off that impious Band.

P S A L M CII.

- J**ehovah to my Pray'r attend ;
Before Thee let my Cry ascend.
2. Hide not thy Face from me, while I,
Daily oppress'd, in Trouble ly :

Encline thine Ear to me, with Speed,
And Answer give, in Time of Need.

3. My Days, like Smoke, consume away ;
Like the burnt Hearth my Bones decay.

4. My Heart, like Grass, that's smit with Heat,
Withers ; that I forget to eat.

5. By Reason of my constant Groans,
I am reduc'd to Skin, and Bones.

6. I'm like the Pelican, and Owl,
That lonely, in the Deserts, strole.

7. As mournful Sparrow, perch'd alone
On the House Top, I watch, and moan.

8. My Foes, me daily, treat with Scorn ;
Against me madly they have sworn.

9. I've eaten Ashes with my Bread ;
And mix'd my Drink with Tears I shed,

10. For thou hast thy hot Anger shown,
In Wrath thou do'st upon me frown ;
Thou first did'st lift me up on high,
Then down most low hast made me ly.

Second P A R T.

11. My Days decline, like th'Ev'ning Shade ;
Like wither'd Grass, my Strength's decay'd.

12. But thou, Lord, ever shalt endure ;
Thy Mem'ry thro' all Ages sure.

13. Rise, Lord, for Sion's Help appear ;
Th' appointed Time of Favour's near.

14. Thy Servants in her Stones delight ;
Her Dust is precious in their Sight.

15. The Gentiles, Lord, thy Name shall fear ;
Earth's Kings thy Glory shall revere.

16. When God shall Sion's State repair,
He'll shine most bright in Glory there.

17. The

17. The Poor's Request he'll then regard,
And their Petition shall be heard.

18. To future Ages this record ;
That th' unborn Race may praise the Lord.

19. For he look'd down, from's Throne on high ;
The Lord from Heav'n the Earth did spy ;

20. To hear the Pris'ners Groans; and give
Leave to the poor condemn'd to live :

21. In *Sion*, to declare his Name,
His Praise thro' *Salem* to proclaim ;

22. When *Ifr'el* there, with one Accord,
And Kingdoms meet, to serve the Lord.

Third P A R T.

23. My Strength he weaken'd in the Way ;
And of my Life cut short the Day.

24. I said, my God, let not my Sun.

In Darkness, set, while yet 'tis Noon ;

Thy Years, no run of Time can waste,
Which thro' all endless Ages last.

25. Thou first the Earth's Foundations laid ;
The Heav'ns are Works thine Hands have made.

26. They perish shall, but thou shalt last ;

They all, like Robes, decay, and waste ;

Thou as a Vest shalt change them all ;

And, at thy Word, be chang'd they shall.

27. But thou the same do'st still remain ;

No Bounds thy endless Years restrain.

28. Thy Servants Race shall yet reside ;

Their Seed, before Thee, fix'd abide.

P S A L M CIII.

Join all thy Powers, O my Soul,

God's holy Name to bless.

2. The Lord bless, O my Soul ; forget

None of his Acts of Grace.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis he doth all thy Sins forgive ;
And Sicknesſes remove.
4. He from the Grave redeems thy Life ;
And crowns thee with his Love.
5. He fills thy Mouth with Good ; thy Youth,
As th' Eagle's, he renews.
6. Judgment, and Juſtice, for th' Oppreſs'd,
The Lord himſelf purſues.
7. His Ways, to *Mofes*, he made known ;
His Acts to *Iſr'el's* Race.
8. The Lord is good, and kind ; he's ſlow
To Wrath, but full of Grace.
9. He will not always chide ; nor mark
Forever, when we ſwerve.
10. He chaſtens not for ev'ry Crime ;
For none as we deſerve.
11. The Height of Heav'n's extended Arch,
Above this earthly Frame,
Is far exceeded by his Grace,
To them that fear his Name.
12. Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt ;
So far, his pard'ning Love
Doth, our Tranſgreſſions manifold,
Distant, from us, remove.

Second P A R T.

13. A Father pities his young Son ;
So doth the Lord the Juſt.
14. He knows how feeble is our Frame,
Remembers we are Duſt.
15. Man's Days like Graſs ; he flouriſheth,
As a Field-Flow'r new blown.
16. The Wind ſweeps o'er, it diſappears ;
It's Place no more is known.

17. But

17. But, Lord, thy Mercy ever was,
And ever will endure,
To them that fear Thee ; and thy Truth
To Children's Children's sure :
18. To such as keep his Covenant,
And his Commands obey.
19. The Lord, in Heav'n prepar'd his Throne ;
O'er all extends his Sway.
20. Ye holy Angels, mighty Pow'rs,
Bless ye *Jehovah* still :
Who hear his Voice attentively,
And constant do his Will.
21. Bless God, his Hosts, and Ministers,
That do his Pleasure whole.
22. Thro' his wide Empire, bless the Lord ;
The Lord bless, O my Soul.

P S A L M CIV.

MY Soul, *Jehovah* bless ; my God,
Thy Greatness knows no Bounds ;
Unrivall'd Honours compass Thee,
Thee Majesty surrounds.

2. Who hast array'd thyself, with Light,
As with a splendid Robe ;
The beauteous Heav'ns, thy royal Tent,
Hast stretch'd beyond the Globes.
3. His Palace Beams in fluid Air,
Who lays, and firmly binds ;
The Clouds his Chariot form'd ; and walks
On Wings of rapid Winds.
4. Spirits his Angels, Flames of Fire
His Ministers, he makes.
5. The Earth he founded on it's Base,
Which from it's Place ne'er shakes.

6. Thou,

6. Thou, as a Garment, o'er the Earth,
Did'st spread the mighty Flood ;
Above the Mountains loftiest Heads,
The rowling Waters stood.
7. At thy Rebuke, thy Thunder's Voice,
They hasted, and they fled ;
8. The Mountains rose, the Valleys sunk ;
To their appointed Bed.
9. Thou there, to Bounds unpassable,
Confin'st the wat'ry Main ;
That it should never more return,
To cover Earth again.

Second PART.

10. He sendeth Springs into the Vales ;
Which from the Mountains burst.
11. There ev'ry Field-Beast drinks his Fill,
Wild Asses quench their Thirst.
12. The Birds dwell there ; among the Sprigs,
They tune their chearful Voice.
13. The Hills he watereth from his Clouds ;
Thy Fruits the Earth rejoice.
14. He makes the Grass to grow for Beasts,
And Herbs for Humane Use ;
That he, abundant Food for all,
May from the Earth produce.
15. Thence springs the gen'rous Wine, rich Juice,
The Heart of Man, that cheers ;
The Oyl, which makes his Face to shine,
And Bread, which Strength repairs.
16. God's Trees abound with Sap ; he set
Thy Cedars, *Leb'non*, there :
17. Where Birds do build their Nests ; her House
The Stork makes in the Fir.

18. The

18. The wild Goats climb the craggy Hills,
 And these their Refuge make :
 While Rabbits, with the feeble Kind,
 The Rocks for Shelter take.

Third P A R T.

19. He made the Moon for stated Times,
 The Sun knows his fix'd Rout.

20. He Darkneſs makes, and it is Night ;
 Then Forest Beasts crawl out.

21. Young Lyons roar, and hunt their Prey ;
 From God they ſeek their Meat.

22. The Sun ariſeth, they unite,
 And cloſe in Dens retreat.

23. Man to his Work, and Culture, goes,
 Till th' Ev'ning gives him Reſt.

24. How various, Lord ! how wiſe thy Work !
 Th' Earth's with thy Riches bleſt.

25. The Sea too, whoſe wide Arms contain
 Numberleſs creeping Things ;
 With Animals, both ſmall and great,
 That ſwim by unknown Springs.

26. There paſs the gallant Ships, which cut,
 Thro' trackleſs Paths, their Way ;
 There huge Leviathan, thou mad'ſt ;
 Diverts himſelf with Play.

27. All wait on Thee, thou in due Time,
 Doſt give to each their Food :

28. They gather from thine open'd Hand,
 And all are fill'd with Good.

29. If thy enliv'ning Face thou hid'ſt,
 In deep Diſtreſs they mourn ;
 Thou tak'ſt away their Breath, they die,
 And to their Earth return.

30. Thy quick'ning Spirit thou send'it forth,
 And a new Life takes Place ;
 The Earth renew'd, with Vigour blooms,
 And Beauty in her Face.

Fourth P A R T.

31. *Jehovah's* Glory shall endure,
 Forevermore most bright.

When God reviews his various Works,
 He's pleas'd with the Sight.

32. If he, upon this solid Earth,
 But cast an angry Look,

It trembles ; if he touch the Mounts,
 They vanish into Smoke.

33. Unto *Jehovah* I will sing,
 As long as I shall live ;

While I my Breath, and Being, have,
 Praise to my God I'll give.

34. This shall be grateful to the Lord,
 To hear my thankful Voice ;

While in *Jehovah*, and his Works,
 I greatly will rejoice.

35. Let Sinners fail from off the Earth,
 And th' Impious cease to be :

My Soul, bless thou the Lord, let all
 To praise the Lord agree.

P S A L M CV.

GIVE Thanks to God, call on his Name ;
 And make his Deeds to Nations known :

2. Sing ye, in sacred Hymns, his Praise ;
 Let all his wondrous Works be shown.

3. Praise in his holy Name ; and let
 Your Hearts rejoice, that seek the Lord.

4. Seek ye the Lord, his Strength, and Face ;
 Thus ever be the Lord ador'd.

5. Re-

5. Remember what great Works he wrought ;
 What Judgments from his Mouth proceed ;
 6. O ye his Servants, *Abr'am's* Race,
 And ye his chosen *Jacob's* Seed.
 7. He's 'specially the Lord, our God ;
 His Judgments thro' the Earth extend.
 8. His Cov'nant firm has ever stood ;
 Nor shall a Thousand Ages End.
 9. Which Cov'nant he with *Abr'am* made ;
 And with an Oath to *Isaac* swore :
 10. With *Jacob* fix'd it for a Law,
 And with his Heirs forevermore.
 11. “ *Canaan*, said he, to thee I'll give,
 “ The Lot your Children shall command :
 12. When they, in Number, were but few,
 Yea, few, and Strangers in the Land.
 13. When they among the Nations went,
 And still from Realm to Realm remov'd ;
 14. He suffer'd none to do them wrong ;
 Yea, Monarchs, for their Sakes, reprov'd.
 15. Touch not, said he, my Servants dear,
 Whom I've anointed by mine Arm ;
 And, at your Peril, see that ye,
 Not, in the least, my Prophets harm.

Second P A R T.

16. At length, a Famine thro' the Land,
 He sent ; which brake the Staff of Bread.
 17. He first a Man, ev'n *Joseph*, sent ;
 Who, sold a Slave, to *Ham* was led.
 18. His Feet they hurt with heavy Chains ;
 It pierc'd his Soul to wound his Name.
 19. Until the Time his Word took Place ;
 God's Word, which try'd, and clear'd his Fame.

20. The King his royal Edict gave,
To set him-free from all his Bands.
21. He made him Lord of all his House ;
And Ruler over all his Lands.
22. Princes at Pleasure to controul ;
Wisely his Senators to guide.
23. Then *Isr'el* down to *Egypt* came ;
Did there a Sojourner reside.
24. His People greatly he increas'd,
And blest'd with num'rous Families :
He made them soon in Strength exceed
Their proud oppressing Enemies :
25. For he had turn'd their Hearts to hate
His People, they in Love receiv'd ;
They fought his Servants to destroy,
Them oft by subtile Arts deceiv'd.
- Third P A R T.*
26. His Servant *Moses* then he sent,
With chosen *A'ron*, in his Name ;
27. Confirm'd their Word, with pow'rful Signs,
And Wonders, in the Land of *Ham*.
28. Darknefs he call'd, thick Darknefs came ;
Nature the sov'reign Orders knew.
29. He turn'd their Waters into Blood ;
Which the amazed Fishes flew.
30. Their Land abundant Frogs produc'd ;
Which climb'd the Chambers of their Kings.
31. He spake, came Swarms of diverse Flies ;
Dust, thro' their Land, to Lice up springs.
32. For Rain, he pour'd down Storms of Hail ;
And flaming Fire their Land annoy'd.
33. Their fruitful Vines, and Fig-Trees, smote ;
And, thro' their Coasts, their Trees destroy'd.

34. Lo-

34. Locusts, and various Reptiles came,
At his Command ; their Swarms abound.
35. Each green Herb, thro' the Land, they eat ;
And naked left the fruitless Ground.
36. Then, by one fatal Mid-night Stroke,
Which, thro' each Town, and Village, flew,
He all their First-born sudden smote ;
The Flow'r of all their Strength he flew.

Fourth P A R T.

37. With Gold and Silver Spoils, he brought,
Them, forth from *Egypt's* hated Ground ;
None feeble, in their num'rous Tribes ;
No, not so much as one was found.
38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, when they with-drew ;
For on them seized *Isr'el's* Dread.
39. A cov'ring Cloud he spread, by Day ;
And Fire, by Night, their Marches led.
40. They ask'd ; he bro't sweet Quails ; & they,
With Bread from Heav'n, were satisfy'd.
41. He clave the Rock ; the Waters gush'd,
And Rivers in dry Land supply'd.
42. On's Promise, made to *Abraham*,
Bound by his Holiness, he thought.
43. With Joy his People, his Elect,
With Songs of Triumph, forth he brought.
44. To them he gave the Heathen's Soil,
Ev'n promis'd *Canaan's* fertile Lands ;
The People's Labours they enjoy'd,
All built, and planted, to their Hands.
45. That thus oblig'd, his Statutes they
Might carefully observe always ;
And ne'er forget to keep his Laws :
Therefore let all *Jehovah* praise.

PRaise ye the Lord, give Thanks to him ;
He's good ; his Mercy ne'er decays.

2. Who can his mighty Acts declare ?

Or who can shew forth all his Praise ?

3. Blessed are they that keep his Laws ;
And always do the Thing that's right.

4. Think on me Lord, and Favour me,
As one in whom thou dost delight.

5. With thy Salvation visit me,
To see thy Chosen's good Advance ;
That I thy Nations Joy may share,
Glory with thine Inheritance.

6. We, from our Fathers Days, have err'd,
And, like them, from thy Paths have gone ;
Our Deeds have been perversely wrong,
Against thee impiously we've done.

7. Thy Wonders, they in *Egypt* saw,
Our Fathers did not understand ;
Thy many Mercies they forgot,
Provok'd Thee, at the Red Sea's strand.

8. Yet them he sav'd, for his Name's sake ;
The Fame of's mighty Pow'r to spread.

9. He check'd the Sea, and up it dry'd ;
And them, thro' Deeps, as Plains, he led.

10. So, from the Malice of their Foes,
Who close pursu'd, he them did save ;
And from their En'mies' vengeful Arm,
'To them compleat Redemption gave.

11. But o'er their Foes the Waters rowl'd ;
Not one of them escap'd alive.

12. Then they, a while, believ'd his Word,
And Praise, in Songs, to him did give.

Second P A R T.

13. But soon they all his Works forgot ;
Nor would they for his Counfel wait.
14. They lusted in the Wilderuess ;
And tempted God, by asking Meat.
15. He granted their too rash Request ;
But Leanness in their Soul was thrown.
16. They envy'd *Moses* in the Camp,
And *A'ron* God's choice holy one.
17. The gaping Earth *Dathan* devour'd ;
Clos'd on *Abiram's* factious Crew.
18. The Fire on their Companions seiz'd ;
The Flame their bold Abettors slew.
19. Then they a Calf, in *Horeb* made ;
And did the Idol Homage pay :
20. Their Glory, to the Likeness, chang'd ;
Of a dull Ox, that eateth Hay.
21. Their God, and Saviour, they forgot ;
Who had, in *Egypt* great Things done :
22. Wrought Wonders, in the Land of *Ham* ;
His Terrors, by the Red Sea, shown.
23. He said, he would destroy them quite ;
But *Moses*, then, before him stood,
And fill'd the Breach, to turn his Wrath ;
Lest he his Threat'ning should make good.
24. Yea ; they the pleasant Land despis'd ;
And gave no Credit to his Word :
25. But murmur'd in their Tents ; nor heard
The Voice of their most gracious Lord.
26. Then sware he, there, they ne'er should come ;
But perish in the Desert Sands :
27. Nations should prey upon their Seed,
And scatter them in distant Lands.

Third P A R T.

28. Yea, they to *Baal-Peor* joyn'd ;
And eat the Off'rings of the dead.
29. These Works did so provoke his Wrath,
The dreadful Plague among them spread.
30. Then *Phineas* rose, and Judgment wro't ;
The Plague was stay'd, the guilty slain.
31. This Justice was in him esteem'd ;
His Race the high Rewards did gain.
32. They anger'd him, at *Meribah* ;
That *Moses* suffer'd for their Sake.
33. For they his Spirit so provok'd,
With unadvised Lips he spake.
34. The Nations they did not destroy ;
As God had given them Command.
35. But mingled with the Heathen were,
And learnt the Manners of their Land.
36. Yea, their vain Idol Gods they serv'd ;
Which them, in woful Mischief, snar'd.
37. In Sacrifice to Dæmons, they,
Their Offspring, cruelly prepar'd.
38. And guiltless Blood they shed ; the Blood
Of their own Sons, and Daughters, slain
In Sacrifice to *Canaan's* Gods ;
The Gore did the whole Land distain.
39. Thus greatly were their Souls defil'd,
While they on their own Works were bent ;
After their own Inventions, they,
With lustful Hearts, a whoring went.

Fourth P A R T.

40. For this, against his People, flam'd,
The Indignation of the Lord ;
That those who, his Inheritance,
Before had been, he now abhor'd.
41. He

41. He gave them up to heathen Pow'rs ;
 Their Haters rul'd with Rods of Steel.
42. Their Foes then greatly them oppress'd ;
 And made them subject to their Will.
43. He sav'd them oft, but they as oft,
 Thro' their bad Counsels, did rebell,
 And mov'd his Wrath ; until, beneath
 The Weight of their own Crimes, they fell.
44. Yet, in the Time of their Distress,
 His kind Regards to them were shown ;
 His Bowels with Compassion mov'd,
 When e'er he heard their piteous Moan.
45. His Cov'nant he recall'd to Mind ;
 In his great Goodness did relent.
46. He made them pitied be of all,
 Where they, as Captives had been sent.
47. Now save thou us, O Lord, our God,
 And from among the Heathen bring ;
 That we may thank thine holy Name,
 And Songs of Praises to Thee sing.
48. Bless'd be *Jehovah*, *Isr'el's* God,
 Eternally ; with one Accord,
 Let all the People hearty join,
 And say, Amen. Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII. FIFTH BOOK.

To Travellers.

GIVE Thanks to God, for he is good.
 His Mercy ever flows.

2. So let the Lord's Redeemed say,
 Whom he releast from Foes ;
3. And gather'd them from foreign Lands,
 From North, South, East, and West.
4. They stol'd thro' Desert's untrod Ways ;
 And found no Place of Rest.

5. Hunger, and Thirst, their fainting Souls
Did grievously oppress.
6. To God, in Trouble, then they cry'd,
Who freed them from Distress.
7. He led them forth in a right Way,
And was their faithful Guide ;
Till they arriv'd at Cities, where
Their Wants were all supply'd.
8. Let all with Thanks, *Jehovah* praise,
And make his Goodness known ;
For he among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.
9. The strong Desire of longing Souls
He kindly satisfies ;
With Fruits of his Benignity,
The hungry Soul supplies.

Second P A R T. To Prisoners.

10. Who sit in Darknes, and Death's Shade,
With Grief, and Chains, bow'd down :
11. Because God's Word, and Council they
Dispis'd, and would not own :
12. He humbled their proud Hearts with Toil,
They fell, and none could save.
13. To God, in Trouble, then they cry'd,
And he Deliv'rance gave.
14. Their Darknes, & Death's Shade, he chang'd
To Light, by his kind Word ;
He broke their gauling Bands in Twain,
And Liberty restor'd.
15. Let all, with Thanks *Jehovah* praise
And make his Goodness known ;
For he, among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.

16. For by his Strength, the Gates of Brass
Are into Pieces broke ;
The massy Bars of Iron are cut,
Asunder by his Stroke.

Third P A R T. To the Sick.

17. Fools rashly break thro' sacred Laws,
To gratify their Sense ;
Till with Diseases they're chastis'd,
To punish their Offence.

18. Their Soul a painful Loathing feels
To ev'ry Kind of Meat ;
And they, their near Approaches make
To Death's unfriendly Gate.

19. To God, in Trouble, then they cry ;
Who their Distress relieves.

20. His sov'reign Word their Sicknefs heals,
And them from Death reprieves.

21. Let all, with Thanks, *Jehovah* praise,
And make his Goodness known ;
For he among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.

22. To him, let all their Sacrifice,
With thankful Hearts, be brought ;
Declare with Joy, to all the World,
What God, for them, hath wrought.

Fourth P A R T. To Mariners.

23. Who sail in Ships o'er mighty Seas,
And hope great Gain to reap :

24. These do behold *Jehovah's* Works ;
His Wonders in the Deep.

25. He speaks ; and stormy Winds arise ;
Like Mounts, the Billows rear.

26. To Heav'n they climb, then sink in Gulphs ;
Their Soul dissolves with Fear.

27. They reel, and stagger, Drunkard like,
Terrors their Minds oppress.
28. To God in Trouble, then they cry,
Who frees them from Distress.
29. He stills the Winds, and calms the Seas,
And quells their rougher Sport.
30. They're glad of Rest; he brings them safe,
To their desired Port.
31. Let all, with Thanks, *Jehovah* praise,
And make his Goodness known;
For he, among the Sons of Men,
Works wonderful hath done.
32. Let them, in private Companies,
His Honour highly raise;
And where th' assembled Elders meet,
Unite to spread his Praise.

Fifth P A R T. To Planters.

33. Rivers he turns to Desert Sands;
And dries the Fountains Heads.
34. Provok'd by daring Crimes, with Salt,
The fruitful Soil he spreads.
35. He turns the Desert into Pools;
Dry Ground, a springing Well.
36. The Hungry there he seats, who build
A City where they dwell,
37. They sow their Fields, and Vineyards plant,
Which bring encreased Stocks.
38. His Blessing multiplies their Race;
Nor lessens he their Flocks.
39. But when they sin, they're greatly thinn'd,
And soon brought low again;
By foreign, and domestick Ills,
Oppress'd, and fill'd with Pain.

40. On Princes, who provoke his Wrath,
He pours Contempt, and Scorn ;
He makes them traverse trackless Wastes,
Unpity'd, and forlorn.

41. The humble Poor he seats on high,
And doth from Trouble keep ;
He makes his Families encrease,
Like fruitful Flocks of Sheep.

42. The Just shall see, and shall rejoice ;
But th' Impious silent grow.

43. The Wise will these Events observe ;
And God's great Goodness know.

P S A L M CVIII.

O GOD, my Heart is fix'd ;
My Tongue shall sing thy Praise.

2. Awake both Psaltery, and Harp ;
Myself I'll early raise.

3. Among the People, Lord,
I'll praise thy glorious Name ;
And to the Nations round about,
I'll sing, and spread thy Fame.

4. Thy Mercy, Lord, the Heav'ns,
Thy Truth, the Clouds, transcend.

5. O let thy Glory, Heav'ns above,
And o'er the Earth, extend.

6. That thy Beloved, still,
Deliverance may have ;

○ hear the fervent Pray'rs I make,
And let thy Right-Hand save.

7. God spake in's Holiness,
My Joy's it cannot fail ;
Fair *Shechem's* Soil, I will divide,
And meet out *Succoth's* Vale.

8. *Gilead* is on my Side,
Manassah owns my Cause ;
Epbr'im's large Tribe's my chiefest Strength,
 And *Judab* gives forth Laws.

9. *Moab* shall wash my Feet,
 O'er *Edom* I will tread ;
 The proud *Philistian* Lords shall stoop,
 And to my Triumphs add.

10. Who to the City strong,
 And *Edom's* Tow'rs shall lead ?
 11. Lord, wilt not thou, who cast us off,
 Our Armies now succeed ?

12. From Trouble give us Help,
 Man's Help is vain we own.
 13. Thro' God, we shall do valiant Acts ;
 'Tis he, our Foes treads down.

P S A L M CIX.

GOD of my Praise, hold not thy Peace.

2. For open'd, to my Wrong,
 Are wicked, and deceitful, Mouths ;
 Which speak with lying Tongue.

3. Words full of Hatred they throw round ;
 Causeless my Life ensnare.

4. They, for my Love, my Foes, become ;
 But I resort to Pray'r.

5. They have rewarded me with Ill,
 For all the Good I've done ;
 And for my undisguised Love,
 Have cruel Hatred shown.

6. Some wicked one shall o'er him rule ;
 And close at his Right-hand,
 To undermine his dang'rous Plots,
 The Adversary stand.

- 7. When

7. When judg'd, he shall be guilty found,
His very Pray'r displease.
8. His Days be few, and on his Charge,
Shall then another seize.
9. His Children Orphans, and his Wife
A Widow shall be made.
10. His Offspring shall from Ruins creep,
And strole, and beg their Bread.

Second P A R T.

11. Gripers shall seize on all was his ;
Strangers his Labours rend.
12. None shall their Pity to him show,
Nor to his Seed extend.
13. His Race shall cease, and the next Age,
Their Names be quite forgot.
14. The Lord shall mind his Father's Crimes ;
Nor out his Mother's blot.
15. They shall continually appear
Before *Jehovah's* Face ;
'Till he, from off the burden'd Earth,
Their Memory erace.
16. Because it ne'er came in his Mind,
Compassion to impart ;
The Poor, and Needy, he pursu'd,
To slay the broken Heart.
17. As he lov'd Cursing, it shall come,
And fall on his own Head ;
The Blessing, he despis'd, shall far
Away from him be fled.
18. Since Cursing, as a Robe, he wore,
It shall, like Water, flow
Thro' all his Bowels ; and in his Bones,
Like piercing Oil, shall go.

19. As Garments; it shall cover him ;
As Girdles him controul.
20. Thus will the Lord reward my Foes ;
Who speak against my Soul.

Third P A R T.

21. But thou, O God, the Lord, deal well,
For thy Name's Sake, with me ;
Because thy Mercy's very great,
Appear, and set me free.
22. For I am poor, and destitute ;
My Heart, with Grief, doth swoon.
23. I pass, like Ev'ning-Shades ; I'm tost,
Like Locusts, up and down.
24. My Knees, with Fasting, weak are grown ;
Fat from my Flesh is fled.
25. I'm their Reproach ; and when they look
On me, they shake the Head.
26. Help me, O Lord, my God, save me ;
And make thy Mercy known.
27. That all may see, this is thy Hand ;
Thou, Lord, this Thing hast done.
28. Let them curse on ; but, Lord, bless thou ;
And when they raise their Voice
With Insult, let them be asham'd ;
Thy Servant let rejoice.
29. May all my Foes be cloath'd with Shame,
To see their Measures broke ;
And, in their own Confusion, wrapt
Around, as with a Cloak.
30. So will I greatly praise the Lord,
And with my Mouth aloud ;
My grateful Thanks I'll to him sing,
Among the Multitude.

31. Because

31. Because the Lord, at their Right-hand,
Will stand, to help the Poor ;
To save him from th' unrighteous Judge,
Who would his Soul devour.

P S A L M CX.

Jehovah said unto my Lord,
“ Sit thou enthron'd at my Right-hand ;
“ Till I thy Foes thy Foot-stool make,
“ And them subject to thy Command.
2. The Lord, from sacred *Sion's* Seat,
The Scepter of thy Strength, shall send ;
Thence, in the Midst of all thy Foes,
Thy conquering Pow'r shall wide extend.
3. Thy People, that victorious Day,
To glorious Liberties are led ;
Adorn'd with Holiness thy Seed,
As Dew from Morning's Womb, shall spread.
4. *Jehovah*, by himself, hath sworn,
An Oath which he will never break ;
“ Thou art an everlasting Priest,
“ Of th' Order of *Melchisedeck*.
5. The Lord, who is at thy Right-hand,
Shall, in the Day of Vengeance smite,
The greatest Monarchs on the Earth,
Who dare his Government to slight.
6. He shall among the Heathen judge,
And with dead Bodies fill their Plains ;
He'll forely wound the potent Head,
Who over many Nations reigns.
7. The Torrent he shall stoop to drink,
While he the glorious Way shall tread ;
Then, as Reward of all his Pains,
To endless Glories raise his Head.

P S A L M CXI.

PRaise ye the Lord, with my whole Heart,
I will *Jehovah* praise;

With private Friends, and the whole Choir,
Who tread his righteous Ways.

2. God's Works are great ; sought out by all
Who Pleasure in them taste.

3. They glorious shine ; his Righteousness
Forever more shall last.

4. His Wonder's fix'd Memorial shows
The Lord is Good, and kind.

5. To them that fear him, he gave Food ;
His Cov'nant keeps in Mind.

6. He shew'd his People, by his Works,
The Pow'r of his Right-hand ;

To give them, for an Heritage,
The Heathen's promis'd Land.

7. His Works are all most true, and just,
All his Commands shall last.

8. They're done in Truth, and Righteousness,
And stand forever fast.

9. His People he Redemption sent ;
His Cov'nant with the same,

He fix'd forever ; reverend,
And holy is his Name.

10. *Jehovah*'s Fear true Wisdom is ;
They heav'nly Skill procure,

Who his Commands observe ; his Praise
Forever shall endure.

P S A L M CXII. *Hallelujah.*

THAT Man is bless'd, who fears the Lord,
And in his Law takes great delight.

2. His Seed, on Earth, shall mighty be ;
Bless'd shall the Race be of th' Upright. 3. His

3. His House, with Plenty, shall abound ;
His Justice no Decays shall find.

4. His Light, in Darkneſs, ſhall ariſe ;
He's juſt, compaſſionate, and kind.

5. A good Man Favour ſhows, and lends ;
And his Affairs, with Prudence, guides.

6. Surely, he never ſhall be mov'd ;
Forever ſweet his Name abides.

7. Fearleſs, he evil Tidings hears ;
His Heart is fix'd, on God relies.

8. Secur'd from Fear, he waits to ſee,
Juſt Vengeance, on his Enemies.

9. His lib'ral Hand diſpers'd his Alms,
And gave the Poor a meet Supply ;
His Juſtice ever ſhall be prais'd,
His Horn, in Glory, rais'd on high.

10. The Wicked this ſhall ſee, and grieve,
Gnaſh with his Teeth, and melt away ;
While their Unjuſt, and baſe Deſigns,
Blaſted, ſhall utterly decay.

P S A L M CXII. 2d Meetre.

Come, let us praiſe the Lord :
He's bleſs'd the Lord that fears ;
Whoſe Heart the greateſt Love,
To his Commandments bears.

2. His Seed renown'd,
On Earth, ſhall be ;
His Progeny
With Bleſſings crown'd.

3. His Houſe with Wealth ſhall flow ;
His Juſtice never fails.

4. The Light ſhall on him ſhine,
When Darkneſs moſt prevails.

His

His gentle Mind
The Poor's Grief feels,
He justly deals
With all Mankind.

5. A good Man Favour shows,
And lends, nor hopes for Gain ;
His Business wisely guides ;

6. He shall unmov'd remain :
The just Man's Name,
With Fragrance, shall,
Thro' Ages all,
Still live in Fame.

7. No evil Tidings shall,
His Mind, with Fear, surprize,
His Heart is firmly fix'd,
And on the Lord relies :

8. With sweet Repose,
Fearless, to see
The high Decree,
Seize on his Foes.

9. He wide dispers'd his Alms,
And gave the Poor Supplies ;
His Righteousness shall last,
His Horn, in Glory, rise.

10. Sinners shall see,
Grieve, gnash, and pine,
But their Design
Shall blasted be.

P S A L M CXIII.

YE Servants of th' Almighty King,
Your joyful *Hallelujah's* sing,
With Praise his glorious Name confess.
2. Now

2. Now raise your Hearts, as heretofore,
Till Time itself shall be no more,

Jehovah's sacred Name to bless.

3. From the first Rising of the Sun,
Unto it's latest going down,

Jehovah's Name is to be prais'd.

4. For o'er all Nations is his Sway;
Above the Realms of endless Day,

Jehovah's Glory's highly rais'd.

5. Who, like the Lord, our God, excells ?
He in the highest Heav'n dwells :

6. Who condescends, when he surveys
The Heav'n, and Earth, with all their Host ;

7. He lifts the Poor out of the Dust.

From Dunghills doth the Needy raise.

8. That him, with Princes, he might seat ;
With his own People's Princes great.

To equal Dignity might bring.

9. The Barren he confines at Home,
A joyful Mother to become.

O therefore *Hallelujah* sing.

P S A L M CXIII. 2d Meetre.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; his Servants, praise,
His sacred Name adore.

2. Oh ! blessed be *Jehovah's* Name,
Both now, and evermore.

3. From the Sun's Rising, to it's Fall,
The Lord's Name's to be prais'd.

4. The Lord all Nations rules, above
The Heav'ns his Glory's rais'd.

5. Who's like the Lord, our God, who sits
Enthron'd above the Sky ?

6. He condescends, on Things in Heav'n,
And Earth, to cast his Eye.

7. The

7. The Poor he raiseth from the Dust.
From Dunghills Needy brings :
8. Ranks them with Princes, o'er his Tribes,
Seats them on Thrones of Kings.
9. The Barren he confines at Home,
Her Offspring to afford
A joyful Mother's tender Care.
Sing Praises to the Lord.

P S A L M CXIV.

- W**HEN *Isr'el* was from *Egypt* freed,
And from strange Language *Jacob's* Seed;
2. Then *Judab* bore his sacred Name,
And King in *Isr'el* he became.
3. The Sea saw this ; amazed fled ;
Jordan drove backward to it's Head.
4. The Mountains skipt about, like Rams ;
The little Hills, like frightened Lambs.
5. What ail'd thee, O thou roaring Sea,
That thou, in such a Fright, did'st flee ?
Wherefore old *Jordan*, did thy Tide,
Rowl back, and to it's Fountain glide ?
6. What Terrors, ye fixt Mountains, struck ;
That ye, like Rams, so skip't and shook ?
Why leap't ye little Hills, like Lambs,
That fly for Shelter to their Dams ?
7. Well may the Mounts, and ev'ry Flood,
Bow, and retire, before their God.
Tremble, O all the Earth, with Fear ;
Jehovab, *Jacob's* God, is here.
8. Who, by his Pow'r, the Rocks can brake,
And turn them to a watry Lake ;
From flinty dry Rocks, by a Word,
Fountains of Waters can afford.

- N**OT unto us, Lord ; not to us,
But Glory to thy Name
We render ; for thy matchless Grace,
And Truth, this Homage claim.
2. Why should the Heathen scornful say,
“ Where is their God now gone ?
 3. Our God, in Heaven, sits enthron’d,
And what he pleas’d, hath done.
 4. Their Idols Silver are, and Gold ;
By humane Hands design’d.
 5. They’re form’d with Shapes of Mouth and
But speechless are, and blind. [Eyes ;
 6. Their Ears, and Nose, hear not, nor smell :
Nor feel they with their Hands.
 7. Tho’ they have Feet, they cannot walk ;
Nor Speech their Throat commands.
 8. Those Men that make such Idol Gods,
And trusting to them pray ;
Like them are blind, and senseless grown.
And stupid too as they.

Second P A R T.

9. O *Isr’el*, trust thou in the Lord ;
He is their Help, and Shield.
10. O *A’ron’s* House, in God confide ;
Who only Help can yield.
11. All ye, who do *Jehovah* fear,
Upon the Lord depend ;
’Tis he, that will your Keeper be,
And as a Shield defend.
12. The Lord hath former Kindness shown,
And still will do no less ;
He *Isr’el’s* Tribes, and *A’ron’s* House,
Assuredly will bless.

13. To

13. To all that fear him, small, and great,
He'll manifest his Grace.
14. The Lord will more and more encrease
You, and your happy Race.
15. Ye are the blessed of the Lord ;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.
16. The Lord doth Heav'n of Heav'ns possess,
But th' Earth to Men convey'd.
17. The dead, and who to Silence go,
No Praise to God afford.
18. But we will bless the Lord, both now,
And ever. Praise the Lord.

P S A L M CXVI.

I Love the Lord, who heard the Voice
Of my Requests for Grace.

2. Because he bow'd to me his Ear,
I'll pray, thro' all my Days.
3. Sorrows intense, like Bands of Death,
Encompass'd me around ;
The Grave's strong Terrors seiz'd on me,
Distress, and Grief, I found.
4. Then on *Jehovah's* Name I call'd,
In this most fervent Speech ;
" Deliver thou my Soul, O Lord,
" I humbly Thee beseech.
5. The Lord is kind, and just from him,
Our God, all Mercies flow.
6. He keeps the harmless ; he me help'd,
When I was very low.
7. Return, my Soul, unto thy Rest,
The Lord dealt well with thee.
8. For thou hast from the Snares of Death,
My trembling Soul set free ;

My Feet from Falls, thou hast preserv'd,
And wip'd mine Eyes from Tears.

9. I'll walk before *Jehovah's* Face,
Thro' all my coming Years.

10. I did believe, and therefore spake ;
Tho' I was greatly griev'd.

11. And, in my Consternation, said,
I am by all deceiv'd.

: *Second PART.*

12. What shall I render to the Lord,
Whence all my Mercies came ?

13. Salvation's Cup I'll take, and call
Upon *Jehovah's* Name.

14. My Vows to God, before his Saints,
I'll pay with great Delight.

15. The Death of all his holy ones,
Is precious in his Sight.

16. I am thy Servant, Lord, I'm thine,
Devoted to thy Use ;

Thine humble Hand-maids Son, my Bonds
Thou kindly did'st unloose.

17. Off'rings of Praise I'll bring to Thee,
And on the Lord's Name call.

18. My Vows I'll pay *Jehovah*, now,
Before his People all.

19. Within his sacred Courts, where they
Their grateful Voices raise ;

In Midst of Thee, *Jerusalem*,
Let all *Jehovah* praise.

P S A L M CXVII.

LET all the Nations, thro' the Earth,
To praise the Lord combine ;
Let ev'ry Tribe, and ev'ry Tongue,
In Hymns of Praises, join.

2. Because his Grace to us abounds,
And runs forever free ;

Jehovah's Truth shall ne'er decay :
Therefore the Lord praise ye.

P S A L M CXVII. 2d Meetre.

YE Nations ev'ry where,
Of *Jew*, or *Gentile*, Line;

To praise *Jehovah's* Name,

With Hearts, and Voices join :

With sacred Mirth,

His Praise be sung,

By ev'ry Tongue,

Thro'out the Earth.

2. Because his matchless Grace,

In Pity to us, flows ;

The inexhausted Store

No narrow Limits knows ;

Jehovah's Word

Shall still endure

Forever sure.

Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXVIII.

GIVE Thanks to God, for he is good ;
His Mercy's ever sure.

2. Let *Israel's* Tribes now say, his Grace
Forever shall endure.

3. His Clemency forever lasts,
Let *A'ron's* House now say.

4. Let them that fear the Lord declare
His Mercy 'll ne'er decay.

5. In my Distress I call'd on God,
Whose Answer set me free.

6. The Lord's with me, and I'll not fear,
What Man can do to me.

7. The

7. The Lord himself doth take my Part,
 With those my Cause espouse ;
 And I shall see a just Reward
 O'ertake my envious Foes.

Second P A R T.

8. 'Tis better far to trust in God,
 Than upon Man rely.
 9. 'Tis safer trusting in the Lord,
 Than Princes, e'er so high.
 10. All Nations compass me about :
 11. Yea oft beset me round ;
 But in *Jehovah's* Name, and Help,
 I smote them to the Ground.
 12. Like Swarms of Bees, they buz'd about,
 And rag'd, like crackling Fire
 Of Thorns ; but aided by my God,
 They're quench'd, and soon expire.
 13. They press'd me hard, to cause my Fall ;
 But God did Succour bring.
 14. From God, my Strength, & Safety, flows ;
 And I'll his Praises sing.
 15. The just Man's Tent is fill'd with Joy,
 And safe in God's Right-hand.
 16. The Lord's Right-hand on high is rais'd,
 And Vict'ry doth command.
 17. I shall not die, but live to praise
 God's Wonders, with my Breath.
 18. The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
 But gave me not to Death.

Third P A R T.

19. Open the Gates of Righteousness,
 And I will enter in ;
 That I may sing *Jehovah's* Praise,
 Who hath my Saviour been.

20. This Gate's the Lord's ; whither the Just
Shall enter, on set Days.
21. Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
I'll give to thee the Praise.
22. That Stone which Builders did reject,
Chief Corner-Stone now lyes.
23. This Work is from the Lord alone ;
'Tis wondrous in our Eyes.
24. This is the Day the Lord hath made ;
We'll it with Joy attend.
25. Save now, O Lord, I Thee beseech
Prosperity now send.
26. Hosannah ! bless'd is he that comes,
In great *Jekovah's* Name ;
A Blessing, from God's holy House,
To you, we loud proclaim.
27. God is *Jekovah* ; who to us,
Light graciously affords ;
Bind to the sacred Altar's Horns,
The Sacrifice with Cords.
28. Thou art my God, and I'll thee praise ;
My God, I'll spread thy Fame.
29. O bless the Lord, for he is good ;
His Mercy's still the same.

P S A L M CXIX. ALEPH.

- T**Hrice bless'd are th' undefil'd in Way ;
Who walk as God's Commands require.
2. Blessed are they that keep his Laws ;
Who seek him with their whole Desire.
3. For they work no Iniquity ;
Who in his Ways close Walkers are.
4. Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy Precepts, with our utmost Care.

5. Oh !

5. Oh ! that to keep thy Statutes, Lord,
Thou all my Ways would'st well direct !
6. Then shall I have no Cause of Shame ;
When I all thy Commands respect.
7. With Heart's Uprightness, I'll thee praise ;
When I shall learn thy Judgments right,
8. I'll keep thy Statutes with great Care :
Oh ! do not thou forsake me quite !

Second P A R T.

BETH.

9. How shall a young Man cleanse his Way ?
Let him, thy Word, with Care, observe.
10. With my whole Heart, I Thee have sought ;
From thy Commands let me not swerve.
11. I've hid thy Word within my Heart ;
Lest I should give Offence to Thee.
12. For ever bless'd art thou, O Lord,
Thy righteous Statutes teach thou me.
13. I all the Judgments of thy Mouth
Have, with my Lips, declar'd aright.
14. I, in thy Testimonies Way,
More than all Riches, take Delight.
15. Thy Precepts I will bear in Mind ;
And have Respect unto thy Ways.
16. Thy Statutes, my Delight, shall be ;
I'll not forget what thy Word says.

Third P A R T.

GIMEL.

17. In Kindness, with thy Servant deal ;
That I may live, and keep thy Word.
18. Open mine Eyes ; that I may see,
The Wonders which thy Laws afford.
19. I'm but a Stranger, on the Earth ;
Hide not thy wise Commands from me.
20. My Soul doth faint, with strong Desire,
Still with thy Judgments to agree.

21. The Proud thou hast rebuk'd ; they're
Who from thy Precepts boldly swerv'd. [curs'd,
22. Shame, and Contempt, remove from me ;
Thy Testimonies I observ'd.
23. Tho' Princes met, and me defam'd ;
Thy Statutes I my Study make.
24. Thy Records are my chief Delight :
Them for my Counsellors I take.

Fourth P A R T. DALETH.

25. My Soul cleaves fast unto the Dust ;
Raife me, according to thy Word.
26. I shew'd my Ways, thou answer'dst me ;
Thy righteous Statutes teach me, Lord.
27. Make me to know thy Precept's Way ;
Thy Wonders then I will declare.
28. My Soul with melting Grief dissolves ;
O let thy Word my Strength repair.
29. Remove from me each lying Way ;
Grant me thy Laws diviner Aid.
30. For I have chose the Way of Truth ;
Thy Judgments I've before me laid.
31. I to thy Testimonies cleave ;
Me from all Shame, O Lord, discharge.
32. I'll run the Way of thy Commands ;
When thou my Heart shalt free enlarge.

Fifth P A R T. HE.

33. Teach me, O Lord, thy Statutes Way ;
And I shall from it ne'er depart.
34. Instruct me, and I'll keep thy Law ;
I'll it observe with all my Heart.
35. Me in the Path of thy Commands ;
Conduct, for I delight therein.
36. My Heart unto thy just Records ;
And not to Avarice encline.

37. From all vain Objects turn mine Eyes ;
Me in thy Way revive, and chear.

38. Confirm thy Word thy Servant to ;
Who is devoted to thy Fear.

39. The fear'd Reproach from me remove ;
Good are the Judgments thou do'st give ;

40. Lo ! how I long for thy Commands !
Me in thy Righteousness revive.

Sixth P A R T.

V A W.

41. Let Mercies and Salvation, come
To me ; as thou hast spoken, Lord.

42. So shall I answer his Reproach ;
For I rely upon thy Word.

43. Take not thy Word quite from my Mouth ;
For on thy Judgments I depend.

44. So I will ever keep thy Law ;
With Constancy, unto the End.

45. Freed from Restraints, I'll walk at large ;
For thy Commands I closely seek.

46. Boldly, before the greatest Kings,
I'll of thy Testimonies speak.

47. In thy Commands, which I have lov'd ;
Myself, with Joy, I'll recreate.

48. To thy lov'd Laws I'll stretch my Hands ;
And on thy Statutes meditate.

Seventh P A R T.

Z A I N.

49. The Word, unto thy Servant ; mind ;
On which thou'st kept my Hope alive.

50. This is my Comfort in Distress ;
Because thy Word doth me revive.

51. The Proud did greatly me deride ;
Yet from thy Law I've not declin'd.

52. Thy ancient Judgments I recall ;
O Lord ; and solid Comfort find.

53. I'm struck with Horror, to behold,
How impious Men thy Law forsake.

54. I, in my House of Pilgrimage,
My chearfull Songs thy Statutes make.

55. I've kept thy Law ; for I recall'd,
Thy Name, O Lord, to Mind by Night.

56. This, by Experience taught, I had ;
Because I kept thy Precepts right.

Eighth P A R T.

CHETH.

57. My Portion thou, *Jehovah*, art ;
I said, that I will keep thy Word.

58. With all my Heart I sought thy Face ;
Thy promis'd Mercy me afford.

59. I view'd my Ways ; and turn'd my Feet
Unto thy Testimonies Way.

60. I hasted, and deferred not,
All thy Commandments to obey.

61. By wicked Troops I have been rob'd ;
Thy Laws I think on with Delight.

62. I'll rise at Mid-night Thee to praise ;
Because thy Judgments all are right.

63. Companion to them all am I,
That fear Thee, and thy Precepts keep.

64. Earth, Lord, is with thy Goodness fill'd ;
Teach me thy Statutes, wondrous deep.

Ninth P A R T.

TETH.

65. Thou well with me, O Lord, hast dealt :
As thy Word promis'd, I've receiv'd.

66. Good Judgment give, and Knowledge teach ;
For thy Commands I have believ'd.

67. Before I was chastis'd I err'd ;
But now to keep thy Word I learn.

68. Thou, Lord, art good, and good thou do'st ;
Thy Statutes make me to discern.

69. The

69. The Proud have Lies against me forg'd ;
 Thy Law I've kept with my Heart's might,
 70. Their Heart, with Fat, is stupid grown ;
 But in thy Law I take Delight.

71. It's good for me I've felt thy Rod ;
 That right thy Statutes I might hold.

72. Laws of thy Mouth I more have priz'd,
 Than Silver Heaps, and Mines of Gold.

Tenth PART.

JOD.

73. Thy Hands have made, and strengthen'd me ;
 Skill, thy Commands to learn, afford.

74. Who fear Thee me shall see with Joy ;
 Because I've hoped in thy Word.

75. Thy Judgments, Lord, I know are just :
 In Faithfulness thou chasten'st me.

76. I pray thy promis'd Kindness may,
 Thy Servant's future Comfort, be.

77. Shew me thy Grace, that I may live :
 For in thy Law, Delight I find.

78. Shame proud ones who me causeless harm ;
 Thy Precepts I will bear in mind.

79. Let them, that fear Thee, turn to me :
 And those thy Testimonies know.

80. Sound in thy Statutes make my Heart ;
 That Shame may not me overthrow.

Eleventh PART.

CAPH.

81. My Soul, for thy Salvation, faints ;
 Thy Word fullfill'd, I hope to see.

82. My longing Eyes for thy Word fail ;
 Saying, when wilt thou comfort me ?

83. I'm like a Bottle in the Smoke ;
 Yet do not I thy Laws forget.

84. What are my Days ? when wilt thou judge,
 Those that in Malice me beset.

85. The Proud for me have digged Pits ;
Who with thy Law do not agree.

86. Faithful are all of thy Commands ;
They rage unjustly, help thou me.

87. On Earth they almost me consum'd :
But thy Commands I ne'er forfook.

88. In Mercy me revive ; that I
May keep the Laws thy Mouth has spoke.

Twelfth P A R T. LAMED.

89. Thy Word, O Lord, in Heav'n is fix'd,
Unchang'd forever to endure.

90. Thy Truth thro'out all Ages lasts ;
Thou found'st the Earth, and it stands sure.

91. They still remain as thou ordain'st ;
For all thy ready Servants are.

92. Had not thy Law been my Delight ;
I'd long since perish'd in Dispair.

93. Thy Precepts I will ne'er forget ;
Thou me new Life, by them, hast brought.

94. I am entirely thine, save me ;
For I've thy Precepts daily fought.

95. The Wicked watch me to destroy ;
But I'll thy Testimonies mind.

96. Of all Perfection th' End I see ;
Exceeding broad thy Law I find.

Thirteenth P A R T. MEM.

97. Oh ! how I love thy sacred Law !
It daily my sweet Study grows.

98. By thy Word, ever with me, thou
Hast made me wiser than my Foes.

99. More than my Teachers all I know ;
For I thy Statutes closely weigh'd.

100. Than ancient Sages more I see ;
Because thy Precepts I obey'd.

101. From all ill Paths I have refrain'd
My Feet ; that I might keep thy Word.
102. I have not from thy Judgments stray'd ;
Because 'tis thou hast taught me Lord.
103. How sweet thy Words are to my Taste!
Than Honey sweeter to my Mouth !
104. I, by thy Precepts, Wisdom gain ;
And hate the Ways that swerve from Truth.

Fourteenth P A R T. NUN.

105. Thy Word's a Lamp unto my Feet ;
And shining Light unto my Way.
106. I've sworn, and will the Oath perform ;
Thy righteous Judgments I'll obey.
107. I am exceedingly distress'd ;
Revive me, Lord, after thy Word:
108. My Mouth's free Off'rings pray accept ;
Skill in thy Judgments me afford.
109. My Life is always in my Hand ;
Yet I thy Law do not forget.
110. Nor have I from thy Precepts err'd ;
Tho' Snares, for me, the Wicked set.
111. Thy Laws, my lasting Heritage,
I've chose ; for my Heart's Joy they are.
112. My Heart stands bent to thy Commands ;
As long as thou my Life shalt spare.

Fifteenth P A R T. SAMECH.

113. Vain fluctuating Thoughts I hate ;
But fix my Love upon thy Law.
114. Thou art my hiding Place, and Shield ;
My Hopes, from thy pure Word, I draw.
115. Depart from me ye wicked Men ;
To keep my God's Commands I aim.
116. As thou hast said, support my Life ;
Let not my Hope be turn'd to Shame.

117. Uphold me, then I shall be safe ;
I'll to thy Laws still turn mine Eyes.

118. Transgressors thou hast trodden down ;
For they deceiv'd themselves with Lies.

119. Thou dost ill Men, like Dross, reject ;
To love thy Laws, I'm therefore led.

120. For Fear of Thee myFlesh doth quake ;
And I thy awful Judgments dread.

Sixteenth P A R T.

Ain.

121. Judgment, and Justice, I have done ;
Let no Oppressors me distress.

122. Thy Servant's Surety be for good ;
Lest haughty Foes should me oppress.

123. MyEyes have fail'd, with longingLooks,
To see thy Help, and promis'd Word.

124. In Mercy with thy Servant deal ;
Thy righteous Statutes teach me, Lord.

125. Give me, thy Servant Skill ; and then
I shall thy Testimonies know.

126. 'Tis Time, O Lord, for Thee to work ;
For Men thy Law do over throw.

127. Therefore I love thy Statutes more
Than Gold ; the finest, and the best.

128. I all thy Precepts highly prize :
As right ; but all false Ways detest.

Seventeenth P A R T.

Pe.

129. Thy Testimonies wondrous are ;
Therefore my Soul doth keep thy Ways.

130. The Entrance of thyWord gives Light ;
And Wisdom to the weak conveys.

131. I gape, and pant, for thy Commands ;
For after them my Heart's in Flame.

132. Behold, and pity me, as thou
Art wont to them that love thy Name.

133. Direct my Walk in thy pure Word ;
And let no Sin, in me, bear Sway.

134. From Man's Oppression set me free ;
So I thy Precepts will obey.

135. O make thy Face, on me, to shine ;
And me to know thy Statutes cause.

136. The Tears, like Floods, stream from mine
To see Men violate thy Laws. [Eyes ;

Eighteenth P A R T. T S A D D I.

137. Righteous art thou, O Lord ; and all
Thy Judgments upright are we find.

138. Thy Testimonies righteous are,
And faithful which thou hast enjoin'd.

139. Thy Zeal consumed me ; because
Mine Enemies thy Law forget.

140. Thy Word is thoroughly refin'd ;
Therefore my Heart on it is set.

141. Tho' I am little, and despis'd,
My Mind thy Precepts yet retains.

142. Thy Righteousness forever lasts ;
Thy Law eternal Truth remains.

143. Trouble, and Anguish, on me seiz'd ;
Yet great Delight thy Precepts give.

144. Thy Laws are just forevermore ;
Oh ! teach me them, and I shall live.

Nineteenth P A R T. K O P H.

145. With my whole Heart I cry'd, hear me ;
O Lord ; thy Statutes I'll obey.

146. To Thee I cry'd, save me ; that I
May keep thy Testimony's Way.

147. Before the dawning Light I cry'd ;
Thy Promise did me Hope afford.

148. Mine Eyes prevent the Watch that I,
May meditate upon thy Word.

149. My

149. My Voice, in Loving-kindness, hear ;
Lord, in thy Word revive my Heart.

150. Who follow Mischief near approach ;
They from thy Laws far off depart.

151. But, O *Jehovah*, thou art near ;
All thy Commands, as Truth, endure.

152. As for thy Word, I know of old,
Thou hast it fix'd forever sure.

Twentieth PART. RESCH.

153. View my Distress, and rescue me ;
For I thy Law still bear in Mind.

154. Plead thou my Cause, and me redeem ;
May I, thy Word, me quick'ning, find.

155. Salvation's far from wicked Men ;
For they to keep thy Law ne'er strive.

156. Great are thy tender Mercies, Lord ;
Oh ! in thy Judgments me revive.

157. Many conspire to seek my Hurt ;
But from thy Truth I've not declin'd.

158. With Grief Transgressors I beheld ;
For they've not kept thy Word in Mind.

159. Behold, how thy Commands I love !
Lord, in thy Mercy quicken me.

160. Thy Word, from th' early'st Time is true ;
And lasts 'till Time no more shall be.

Twenty-first PART. SCHIN.

161. Princes me, causeless, persecute ;
My Heart, in Awe of thy Word, stands.

162. I in thy Word rejoice ; as one
That mighty Spoils of War commands.

163. All Falshood hate I, and detest ;
But thy just Law, sincerely love.

164. Sev'n Times a Day I Thee will praise ;
Because thy Judgments righteous prove.

165. Great

165. Great Peace have they that love thy Law ;
No stumbling Stone shall them offend.

166. For thy Salvation, Lord, I hope ;
And thy Commands with Care attend.

167. My Soul thy Testimonies kept ;
And them I love with great Delight.

168. Thy Law, and Word, I have observ'd ;
For all my Ways are in thy Sight.

Twenty-second P A R T. T A U.

169. Lord, let my Cry approach my Face ;
As thou hast spoke, me prudent make.

170. Let my Request, before Thee, come ;
Deliver me, for thy Word's Sake.

171. Then shall my Lips pour forth thy Praise ;
When me, thy Statutes, thou shalt teach.

172. All thy Commands are Righteousness ;
Therefore my Tongue thy Word shall preach.

173. Let thine almighty Hand me help ;
For I, thy Precepts, made my Choice.

174. Lord, I for thy Salvation long ;
And greatly in thy Law rejoice.

175. Prolong my Life, and I'll Thee praise ;
Let me thy promis'd Succour find.

176. Thy Servant seek, like lost Sheep stray'd ;
For I thy Precepts bear in Mind.

P S A L M CXX.

IN my Distress, to God, I cry'd,
And he redress'd my Wrongs.

2. Save, Lord, my Soul from lying Lips,
And from deceitful Tongues.

3. What shall a false Tongue give to Thee ?
What Benefits confer ?

4. What ? but sharp Arrows of the strong,
And Coals of *Juniper*.

5. Wo's me ! I am a Sojourner,
In *Meshech's* barren Plain ;
And yet, among the lawless Tents
Of *Kedar*, I remain.
6. Long Time, my Soul has dwelt with them,
That Charms of Peace abhor.
7. I am for Peace ; but when, I speak,
They all declare for War.

P S A L M CXXI.

- I**F to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
From whence should come mine Aid ?
2. My Help doth from *Jehovah* come ;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.
 3. He'll keep thy Feet from dang'rous Falls ;
Thy Guardian never sleeps.
 4. Nor Sleep, nor Slumber, touch the Eyes,
Of him that *Isr'el* keeps.
 5. The Lord's thy Keeper, he, thy Shade,
Stands by thee on thy Right ;
 6. Left scorching Sun offend by Day ;
Or Moon's cold Damps by Night.
 7. The Lord shall keep thee from all Harms ;
Preserve thy Soul from Ill.
 8. Thy going out ; and coming in,
Keeps now, and ever will.

P S A L M CXXII.

- W**ITH Joy, I heard the People say,
Let's to the Lord's House go and pray.
2. Our Feet, henceforth, with Pleasure wait,
Jerusalem, within thy Gate.
 3. *Jerusalem's* a City fair,
Compact, with beauteous Order there.
 4. Thither the Tribes devoutly throng ;
The Tribes which to the Lord belong.

To *Isr'el's* Witness we repair,
 To honour God, with Praise, and Pray'r.
 5. The Seats of Justice there have Place;
 And Thrones of *David's* royal Race.
 6. Pray *Salem's* Peace may lasting be;
 For they shall prosper that love thee.
 7. May Peace within thy Walls abound;
 Thy Palaces with Joy be crown'd.
 8. For Friends, and Brethren's Sake, I pray
 May happy Peace, within thee stay.
 9. Because *Jehovah's* House is there,
 Thy Good shall be my constant Care.

P S A L M CXXII. 2d Meetre.

MY Heart rejoic'd to hear
 The People this declare,
 We'll to *Jehovah's* House ascend.
 2. Our Feet shall henceforth wait
 Within fair *Salem's* Gate,
 And sacred Worship there attend.
 3. *Jerusalem* is built
 A City, richly gilt,
 Compact, and great shall be in Fame.
 4. God's Cov'nant Ark is there,
 Thither his Tribes repair,
 To thank, and Praise, *Jehovah's* Name.
 5. Justice has there it's Place,
 With Thrones of *David's* Race.
 6. O pray for *Salem's* happy Peace;
 They prosper that love thee.
 7. Within thy Walls Peace be.
 Thy Palaces, with Joy increase.
 8. For Friends, and Brethren's Sake,
 Whose Good my own I make,

Thy

Thy Peace shall be my constant Pray'r.

9. Because the Lord, our God,
His House makes his Abode,
Thy Weal shall ever be my Care.

P S A L M CXXIII.

TO Thee, for Succour, in Distress,
I lift my longing Eyes ;

Oh ! thou Omnipotent, Supream !

Who dwell'st above the Skies.

2. As Servants, eye their Master's Hand,
Their Mistresses, the Maids ;

So to the Lord, our God, we look,
For his reviving Aids.

3. Have Mercy upon us, O Lord,
Oh ! Pity to us show ;

For loaded with most base Contempt,
We feel the Depth of Woe.

4. From those that live at Ease, our Soul
Is greatly fill'd with Scorn ;

And the vile Insult of the Proud,
We heavily have borne.

P S A L M CXXIV.

HAD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,
Appeared on our Side ;

2. Had not the Lord us help'd, when Men
Rose, like the swelling Tide :

3. They soon had swallow'd us alive ;
So fierce their Wrath did rowl ;

4. The Waters had o'erwhelmed us,
The Stream gone o'er our Soul.

5. Proud Waters then had o'er us beat,
And swept us quite away.

6. Bless'd be the Lord ; who gave us not,
To their sharp Teeth, a Prey.

7. Our

7. Our Soul's escap'd the broken Snare,
As Birds, from Fowler's, fled.
8. Our Help is in *Jehovah's* Name;
Who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made.

P S A L M CXXV.

They, like to *Sion's* sacred Mount,
Who in the Lord confide,
Shall stand unmov'd, in midst of Storms,
And ever safe abide.

2. Lo! how the Mountains, compassing
Jerusalem, ascend;
The Lord, his People, so surrounds,
And ever will defend.

3. The Rod of Wickedness shall not
On just Men's Lot remain;
Lest righteous Men put forth their Hands,
And them with Evil stain.

4. To all that are sincerely good,
Thy Goodness, Lord, impart;
O may it freely flow to all
That are upright in Heart.

5. They that to crooked Ways decline,
The Lord shall force them down,
Where wicked Men are doom'd to go;
But Peace shall *Isr'el* crown.

P S A L M CXXVI.

When *Sion's* Captives God return'd,
Such an illustrious Theme,
Struck us with Wonder and Surprise;
We were like them that dream.

2. Then was our Mouth with Laughter fill'd,
Our Tongue for Joy did shout;
The Heathen said, the Lord, for them,
Great Things hath brought about.

3. With

3. With Joy, we own, great Things, for us,
Are wrought, Lord, by thy Hand.
4. Return the Remnant ; and 'twill be
Like Streams to South parch'd Land.
5. Who sow in Tears, in Joy shall reap.
6. They that go forth, and mourn,
Bearing choice Seed, shall sure with Joy,
Laden with Sheaves, return.

P S A L M CXXVII.

EXcept the Lord do build the House,
The Builders labour all in vain :
Unless the Lord the City keep,
In vain the Guards their Watch maintain.

2. To rise betimes, and sit up late,
And eat thy Bread with Grief oppress'd,
Is vain ; without such carking Cares,
The Lord gives his Beloved Rest.

3. Lo ; Children are God's Heritage ;
The fruitful Womb is his Reward.
4. As Arrows in a strong Man's Hand,
So Sons of Youth are Parents Guard.
5. Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd
With Shafts, that on him ready wait ;
He shall not be ashamed to speak
With th' Adversary in the Gate.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

THrice bless'd are all that fear the Lord ;
And walk in his pure Ways.

2. Thy Labour shall supply thy Wants ;
And prosper all thy Days.
3. Thy Wife, a lovely fruitful Vine,
By thy House Sides, shall grow ;
Thy Children, round thy Table set,
Like Olive Plants shall show.

4. Behold ;

4. Behold ; thus shall the Man be blest,
That doth *Jehovah* fear.
5. The Lord, who dwells on *Sion* Hill,
Shall bless thee ev'ry where ;
Thou, all thy Days, with joy, shall see
Jerusalem's happy State :
6. Behold thy Children's Children rise,
And Peace on *Israel* wait.

P S A L M CXXIX.

- F**ROM my Youth up, may *Isr'el* say,
They oft have me assail'd ;
2. They oft, from Youth, my Ruin sought,
But have not quite prevail'd.
 3. The Plowers long their Furrows plow'd ;
And put my Back to Pain.
 4. The Lord is righteous he hath cut.
The Wicked's Cords in Twain.
 5. Let all that *Sion* hate, with Shame,
And in Confusion, fly.
 6. May they, as Grain, on Houses Tops,
But just spring up and die.
 7. With which no Reaper fills his Hand,
Nor Arms that binds the Sheave,
 8. No Passenger, God bless you, says ;
We, you our Blessing, leave.

P S A L M CXXX.

- L**ORD from the Heart, and Depth of Woe,
My Cry, to Thee, I send.
2. Hear, Lord, my Voice, and to my Pray'r,
O let thine Ear attend.
 3. Should'st thou, O Lord, observe our Crimes,
Who could the Tryal bear ?
 4. But there Forgiveness is with Thee,
That thou may'st be our Fear.
 5. My

5. My Soul doth for *Jehovah* wait ;
And I hope in his Word.
6. No Watch-men long for dawning Light,
As my Soul for the Lord.
7. Let *Isr'el* trust in God, the Source
Of all redeeming Grace ;
8. Who will compleat Redemption grant,
And all their Sins efface.

P S A L M CXXXI.

O Lord, my Heart's not haughty grown,
Nor lofty are my Eyes ;
In Things too great, and high, for me,
Is not mine Exercise.

2. Surely, I have compos'd my Mind,
And carry'd it as mild,
As Children weaned from the Breast ;
My Soul's a weaned Child.

3. Let *Isr'el* learn, in God alone,
The God whom they adore,
To place their steadfast Hope, and Trust,
Both now, and evermore.

P S A L M CXXXII.

THY Promise, Lord, to *David*, mind,
And all the Chast'ning of thy Rod.

2. How to *Jehovah* he hath sworn,
And vow'd to *Jacob's* mighty God.

3. I will not go into my House,
Nor on my Bed my Limbs, repose ;

4. No Sleep I'll to mine Eyes afford,
Nor Slumber shall mine Eye-lids close ;

5. 'Till, for the Lord, I have found out,
And for his Ark, a resting Place ;
Which shall the future Dwelling be,
Of the great God of *Jacob's* Race.

6. Be-

6. Behold, we heard it's spreading Fame,
At *Ephrata* ; but now have found
The chosen Spot, for it's Abode,
Where Hills of mighty Woods surround.

7. We'll go into his sacred Tents,
Our Worship, at his Foot-stool, pay.

8. Arise, O Lord, into thy Rest ;
And with thine Ark of Strength there stay.

9. Array thy Priests with Righteousness ;
Let all thy Saints aloud rejoice.

10. And for thy Servant *David's* Sake,
Despise not thine Anointed's Voice.

Second P. A R T.

11. The Lord, to *David*, sware in Truth,
The Oath he never will disown ;

“ That, one, descended from thy Loins,
“ Shall surely sit upon thy Throne.

12. “ And if thy Sons my Cov'nant keep,
“ And to my sacred Laws submit ;

“ Their Children also, evermore,

“ Upon thy royal Throne shall sit.

13. Because the Lord hath *Sion* chose ;
And there desir'd to have his Seat.

14. This is my Rest forever ; here
I'll dwell ; for I've desired it.

15. I'll surely bless her growing Stores ;
And satisfy her Poor with Food.

16. Her Priests, with my Salvation, cloath ;
Her Saints, with Joy, shall shout aloud.

17. There *David's* Horn I'll make to bud ;
There mine Anointed's Lamp ordain.

18. With Shame I'll cloath his Foes ; on him
His Crown shall flourishing remain.

BEhold ; how charming is the Sight !
 How good too doth it prove !
 When Brethren in their Hearts unite,
 And live in Peace, and Love.

2. It's like the precious Ointment, pour'd
 On *A'ron's* sacred Head ;
 Which down his Locks the Perfume shower'd,
 And o'er his Garments spread.

3. So *Hermon's*, and Mount *Sion's* Dews
 Descend, and bless the Plains ;
 For there the Lord his Blessing shews,
 And endless Life ordains.

P S A L M CXXXIII. 2d Metre.

BEhold ! how good it proves
 How charming is the Sight !
 When Brethren, dwell in Love
 In firmest Bonds, unite ;
 When all agree
 To act their Part,
 As with one Heart,
 In Charity.

2. It's like the precious Oyl,
 That casts a fragrant Smell,
 Which pour'd on *A'ron's* Head,
 A down his Locks it fell ;
 From thence it shed
 It's trickling Globes,
 On's priestly Robes,
 And Odours spread.

3. So the refreshing Dews,
 From *Hermon's* Top, that flow,
 Or rowl down *Sion's* Mount,
 Revive the Plains below :

Jehovah there
His Bliss ordains,
With Life that reigns
For ever fair.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

LO ; all ye Servants of the Lord,
Who nightly stand, and wait,
Attending in his sacred House,
Jehovah celebrate.

2. Bless ye the Lord, lift up your Hands
Within his holy Place ;
The Lord, who Heav'n, and Earth, hath made,
Thee out of *Sion* bless.

P S A L M CXXXV.

LET's join, and *Hallelujah* sing ;
Praise ye *Jehovah's* Name ;

- O all ye Servants of the Lord,
His glorious Praise proclaim.
2. Who, in the House of God attend,
Or in his Court Yards meet ;
 3. Praise ye the Lord, for it is good,
To praise his Name is sweet.
 4. Because *Jehovah Jacob* chose,
His own by special Grace ;
For his peculiar Treasure took,
Isr'el, and all his Race.
 5. The Lord is great ; our God is high
Above all Gods we own.
 6. Who, what he pleas'd in Heav'n, and Earth,
In Seas, and Depths, hath done.
 7. He makes the Vapours to ascend,
From Earth, in Clouds combin'd ;
He bringeth Light'ning, with the Rain,
From unknown Stores the Wind.

Second P A R T.

8. *Egypt's* First-born, of Man, and Beast,
He smote, thro' all their Coast.

9. His dreadful Signs and Wonders, sent
On *Pharaoh*, and his Host.

10. He many Nations, mighty Kings,
Did, by his Pow'r, subdue.

11. He, *Sibon*, King of th' *Amorites*,
And *Og*, of *Basban*, slew :

He *Canaan's* num'rous Kingdoms smote,
And freed from Tyrants Hands.

12. An Heritage, to *Isr'el's* Tribes,
He gave their fertile Lands.

13. Thy Name, O Lord, by thy great Acts,
Shall be forever known ;

And we'll transmit thy Name, and Praise,
To future Ages down.

14. The Lord, his People's Cause, will judge,
Who now oppressed mourn ;

Will, for his Servants Sake, repent,
And from his Anger turn.

Third P A R T.

15. The many Idol Gods ador'd,
By all the Heathen Bands,
Are Gold, and Silver, shining Dust ;
The Labour of Men's Hands.

16. Their Mouths no Pow'r of Speech retain,
And sightless are their Eyes.

17. Their Ears are deaf ; no vital Breath
Their Mouth, or Breast, supplies.

18. All those that make such Idols vain,
And Homage to them pay ;

Who put their Trust in them for Help,
As senseless are as they.

19. O

19. O House of *Isr'el*, bless the Lord ;
 O *A'ron's*, praise his Name.
20. The Lord, O House of *Levi*, bless ;
 Ye Just, his Praise proclaim.
21. O let *Jehovah* blessed be,
 From *Sion*, with Accord,
 Who dwelleth in *Jerusalem*,
 Sing Praises to the Lord.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

YOUR Thanks, to God, most good repeat ;
 His Mercy still prevails.

2. Praise him, the God of Gods, most great ;
 His Mercy never fails.
3. Give Thanks unto the King of Kings ;
 His Mercy lasts always.
4. Who only doth most wondrous Things ;
 His Mercy ne'er decays.
5. Whose Wisdom gave the Heav'ns their Birth ;
 His Mercy shall endure.
6. Above the Waters rais'd the Earth ;
 His Mercy's ever sure.
7. To him, who did great Lights display ;
 His Mercy still prevails.
8. He form'd the Sun to rule the Day ;
 His Mercy never fails.
9. The Moon, and Stars, to rule the Night ;
 His Mercy lasts always.
10. Did *Egypt*, in their First-born, smite ;
 His Mercy ne'er decays.
11. Who *Isr'el* led from slavish Land ;
 His Mercy shall endure.
12. With stretch'd out Arm, and mighty Hand ;
 His Mercy's ever sure.

13. The Red Sea he afunder clave ;
His Mercy ftill prevails.
14. And *Iſr'el* Paſſage thro' it gave ;
His Mercy never fails.
15. But *Pharaoh's* Hoſt, with Seas, o'er ſpread ;
His Mercy laſts always.
16. His People, thro' the Deſert, led ;
His Mercy ne'er decays.
17. To him who did great Monarchs ſmite ;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
18. And ſlew Kings, famous for their Might ;
His Mercy's ever ſure.
19. *Sibon*, who th' *Am'rites* Sceptre ſway'd ;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
20. And *Og*, whom *Baſhan's* Towns obey'd ;
His Mercy never fails.
21. For Heritage, he gave their Lands ;
His Mercy laſts always.
22. Into his Servants *Iſr'el's* Hands ;
His Mercy ne'er decays.
23. Who thought on us, when we were low ;
His Mercy ſhall endure.
24. And us redeemed from the Foe.
His Mercy's ever ſure.
25. Who to all Fleſh their Food conveys ;
His Mercy ſtill prevails.
26. The God of Heav'n, O therefore, praiſe ;
His Mercy never fails.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

THere we ſat down, and wept, by Streams,
Which glide by *Babel's* Walls ;
While *Sion's* melancholly Themes,
Our mournful Mind recalls.

2. Our Harps, which us'd their Part to bear,
When *Sion's* Songs we fung,
On Willow-Trees, that flourish'd there,
As useless now we hung.
3. Stern Lords who did us Captive bring,
Insulted thus our Wrongs ;
" Come, take your Harps, and chearful sing
" Us, one of *Sion's* Songs.
4. How can we, Lord, thy Songs repeat,
To Aliens, in strange Land ?
5. If thee, *Jerus'lem*, I forget ;
Her Skill may my Right-hand.
6. My Tongue cleave to my Roof ; if I,
Of thee, forgetful prove ;
Or ever entertain a Joy,
Jerusalem above.
7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* Sons,
In *Salem's* woful Day,
Cry'd, " Rase it, rase the lowest Stones,
" And with the Ground it lay.
8. O Daughter of proud *Babylon* !
Whom we are doom'd to see ;
Happy's the Man, the Wrongs thou'lt done
To us, returns on thee.
9. Bless'd Man ! who, at the high Command,
Shall take thy little ones,
As thou did'st ours, in cruel Hands,
And dash against the Stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

WITH my whole Heart, my Sacrifice
Of Praise, to Thee, I'll bring ;
And openly, before the Gods,
Thy Praise, my God, I'll sing.

2. Towards thy holy House I'll bow,
Thy Grace, and Truth, proclaim ;
For over all, thou by thy Word,
Hast magnify'd thy Name.

3. God, in the Day I made my Cry,
A speedy Answer gave ;
Did Strength encrease thro' all my Soul,
And from my Tears me save.

4. Lord, Thee, all Kings on Earth, shall praise ;
When they shall hear thy Word.

5. They, in *Jehovah's* Ways, shall sing ;
For great's thy Glory, Lord.

6. For tho' the Lord's enthron'd on high,
The Humble he respects ;
But he far off beholds the Proud,
And with Disdain rejects.

7. Tho' circled with Distress, I walk,
Thee quick'ning me I have ;
Thou'lt stretch thy Hand on my Foe's Wrath
Thy Right-hand will me save.

8. What Mercy has for me begun,
The Lord will perfect make ;
Thy Mercy fails not, Lord ; the Work
Of thy Hands ne'er forsake.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou do'st me search, and know,
Whether I sit, or rise.

2. My Thoughts, far distant from my Breast,
Thy piercing Sight descries.

3. My Path, and Bed, thou do'st surround,
And knowest all my Ways.

4. There's not a Word couch'd in my Tongue,
But, Lord, thine Eye surveys.

5. Behind,

5. Behind, before, thou hast beset,
And on me laid thine Hand.
6. Such Knowledge is too wondrous high,
For me to understand.
7. Where shall I from thy Spirit go ?
Or from thy Presence fly ?
8. If Heav'n I climb, thou'rt there ; lo there,
If deep in Earth I ly.
9. If on the Morning Wings, I flee
To utmost Bounds of Seas :
10. Thy Hand must first conduct me there,
There would thy Right-hand seize.
11. Or should I think to hide, behind
The Curtains of the Night ;
Ev'n Night itself would round me shine,
As Noon Days strongest Light.
12. No Darknes can obscure thy Sight ;
Thus Day, and Night, agree ;
The darkest Night, and brightest Day,
Are both alike to Thee.

Second P A R T.

13. My inmost Reins, which thou didst form,
Are still possess'd by Thee ;
Thou, in the Womb, with tender Care,
Did'st wrap, and cover me.
14. Thy Wonders, in my curious Frame,
My Admiration raise ;
My Soul, thy marv'lous Works, knows well,
And gives to Thee the Praise.
15. My Substance was not hid from Thee,
Who me in Secret wrought ;
And, in the Depth of Earth, the Parts
To closest Union brought.

16. Thine Eyes beheld my unform'd Mass,
The daily Growth it took ;
And all my Members yet unshap'd,
Were entred in thy Book.

17. How precious are thy Thoughts to me !
O God, how wondrous kind !
From first, to last, how great's their Sum !
No Power of mine can find.

18. Should I attempt to number them,
They far surpass the Sand ;
Whene'er I wake, I'm still with Thee,
Supported by thine Hand.

Third P A R T.

19. Surely the Men that wicked are,
Thou wilt destroy, O God ;
Therefore, from my Society,
Depart, ye Men of Blood.

20. For their vile Tongues against Thee speak,
And impiously proclaim ;
Thine Enemies, perfidious take
In vain thy sacred Name.

21. Are not those Men, that hate Thee, Lord,
Most hateful in mine Eyes ?
Is not mine Heart ey'n broke to see,
Against Thee, how they rise ?

22. Such Men, I utterly abhor,
And number with my Foes.

23. Search me, and know my Heart ; and all,
My secret Thoughts disclose.

24. Discover ev'ry harbour'd Crime,
That lurketh in my Breast ;
And lead me, all my future Days,
The Way to endless Rest.

P S A L M CXL.

LORD, save me from the evil Man,
And such as violent are.

2. Who Mischief in their Hearts contrive,
And daily meet for War.
3. Like Serpents, they make sharp their Tongues,
To hiss out Calumnies ;
Conceal'd, beneath their guileful Lips,
The Adder's Poison lies.
4. Keep me, O Lord, from wicked Hands,
From violent Men me free ;
Who would precipitate my Steps,
And think to ruin me.
5. The Proud have laid their Snares, & Cords,
And secret spread their Net
Across my Path ; and artfully
Around me Toils have set.
6. The Lord, I then address'd, and said,
“ Thou art my God alone ;
“ Lord, hear my Supplication's Voice,
“ O hear my piteous Moan.
7. O Lord, my God, my Safety's Strength !
Thy Shield o'er me was spread,
When I in Battle was expos'd,
And covered my Head.
8. Grant not, O Lord, the Heart's Desire
Of those that wicked be ;
Nor further thou their ill Designs ;
Lest they triumph o'er me.
9. Upon their Head, who compass me
With Falsehood, and Deceit,
Shall all the Malice of their Lips,
Come down, with all it's Weight.

10. Hot burning Coals on them shall fall ;
 They shall be burnt with Fire ;
 In Pits, from whence they ne'er shall rise,
 Deep plung'd shall they expire.

11. Let not an evil Speaker find,
 On Earth, a resting Place :
 Evil shall hunt th' injurious Man,
 And him to Ruin chase.

12. The Lord, I know, for the Oppress'd,
 And Poor, will Judgment give.

13. Surely, the Just shall praise thy Name ;
 And in thy Presence live.

P S A L M CXLI.

TO Thee, O Lord, I cry,
 Make haste, for me appear ;
 And when I call on Thee for Aid,
 My Voice, in Mercy, hear.

2. Before Thee, let my Pray'r,
 As Morning Incense, rise ;
 The lifting up my Hands accept,
 As Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3. Let, Lord, thy constant Guard,
 Before my Mouth, attend ;
 And keep the Door of my vain Lips,
 Lest rashly I offend.

4. Bow not my Heart to Ill ;
 Nor let me ever share,
 With wicked Men, in their bad Deeds,
 Nor on their Dainties fare.

5. Let just Men's kind Reproof
 Smite me, it shall not break
 My Head, but heal like Balm ; my Pray'r,
 In their Distress, I'll make.

6. When:

6. When cast into the Rock,
Their Chiefs lay at my Feet,
Within my Pow'r ; they heard my Words,
But, Oh, how soft ! how sweet !

7. Our Bones about the Graves,
Ly scatter'd all around ;
As when one ploweth up the Earth,
And teareth up the Ground.

8. But, Lord, my God, to Thee,
Directed are mine Eyes ;
Let not my Soul be naked left ;
My Trust on Thee relies.

9. O keep me from the Snares,
Which they have laid for me ;
And from the Nets which they have spread,
Who work Iniquity.

10. But let the Wicked fall,
Together, in their Net ;
While I, o'er all, in Safety pass,
And out of Danger get.

P S A L M CXLII.

I Cry'd aloud, unto the Lord,
And fervently I pray'd.

2. To him I pour'd out my Complaint ;
My Griefs before him laid.

3. When Sorrows overwhelm'd my Soul,
Then thou my Path didst know :
They laid their private Snares for me,
Wherever I should go.

4. On my Right-hand I look'd, and saw,
That not one Friend was there ;
All Refuge fail'd, ev'n Flight was fled,
None for my Soul did care.

5. To Thee, O Lord, I cry'd, and said,
 " Thou art my Hope alone ;
 " My Portion, while on Earth I live,
 " And when from hence I'm gone.

6. I, to the last Extreame, am brought,
 O hear my earnest Cry ;
 Me from my Persecutors save,
 Who stronger are than I.

7. From this dark Prison bring my Soul,
 That I thy Name may praise ;
 The Just shall me surround, for thou
 Shalt me reward with Grace.

P S A L M CXLIII.

HEAR, Lord, my Pray'r, to my Request,
 Let thy kind Ear attend ;
 And in thy Truth, and Righteousness,
 A gracious Answer send.

2. Let not thy Servant, by strict Rules,
 Of Justice, Lord, be try'd ;
 For in thy Sight, no Man alive,
 Could so be justify'd.

3. The Foe pursu'd my Soul, my Life
 Down to the Ground did tread ,
 In Darkness made to dwell, as those
 That Ages have been dead.

4. Therefore my Spirit sinks in me ;
 My Heart is desolate.

5. Past Times I call to Mind, and on
 Thy Works I meditate.

6. With out stretch'd Hands, thine Aid I crave ;
 For Thee my Soul doth pant,
 As thirsty Lands, in Summer's Heat,
 That cooling Showers want.

Second P A R T.

7. Hear me with Speed, hide not thy Face,
My sinking Spirit save ;
Lest I should soon become like them,
That lye down in the Grave.
8. Let me thy Kindness early hear,
For I in Thee confide ;
Shew me the Way where I should go :
I look to Thee, my Guide.
9. From all my threat'ning Enemies,
O Lord deliver me ;
For Shelter, from their Rage, I fly,
To hide myself with Thee.
10. Thou art my God, teach me thy Will
Forever to obey ;
Let thy good Spirit me conduct,
In thy most righteous Way.
11. Revive me, Lord, and spare my Life,
That all thy Name may sing ;
For th' Honour of thy faithful Word,
My Soul from Trouble bring.
12. In Mercy to me, rout my Foes,
Thy gracious Aids afford,
Destroy all that afflict my Soul ;
For I'm thy Servant Lord.

P S A L M CXLIV.

Forever blessed be the Lord,
My Rock ; who doth instruct me right,
To guide the War ; and Strength affords
My Hands, when I engage in Fight.

2. My Goodness he, Safe-guard, and Tow'r,
My great Deliv'rer, and my Shield,
In whom I trust ; who, to my Pow'r,
Makes Tribes submit, and Nations yield.

3. Lord P

3. Lord ! what is Man ! or his frail Race !
That thy Concern thou him hast made !

4. Man is but Vanity, his Days
Fly swiftly, as a passing Shade.

5. Lord bow thine Heav'ns, and come down,
But touch the Mountains, Smoke shall rise.

6. Cast Light'nings, rout, and them confound
With pointed Arrows from the Skies.

7. From Heav'n, send forth thy mighty Hand,
Rescue, and save me, from the Pow'r
Of Aliens ; who like Waters stand,
Wide gaping, ready to devour.

8. Whose Mouths, with their vain Boasts, abound,
And utter Speeches full of Lies ;
Their Right-hand's plighted Faith is found,
But broken Leagues, and Perjuries.

Second P A R T.

9. New Songs to Thee, O God, I'll sing ;
My Voice, and Psaltery, agree,
The Ten string'd Instrument I'll bring,
And join in Hymns of Praise to Thee.

10. God, with Salvation, Kings befriends,
And Vict'ry to their Arms affords ;
His Servant *David*, he defends,
From the keen Edge of hurtful Swords.

11. Still save from Sons of foreign Land,
Whose Mouths speak Vanity, and Lies ;
The plighted Faith of whose Right-hand,
Is nought but Fraud, and Perjuries.

12. Then shall the Fruits of Peace abound ;
Our Sons, like thriving Plants shall grow ;
As polish'd Pillars Courts surround,
Our blooming Daughters beauteous show.

13. Our

13. Our Magazines be fill'd with Store,
Of ev'ry Kind of pleasant Grains ;
Our num'rous Flocks encreasing more,
In Thousands spread the neighb'ring Plains.

14. Our Oxen fat, and strong, shall grow ;
And no invading Foe be fear'd,
No Marchings out we sadly know,
Nor Murm'ring in our Streets be heard.

15. O happy are that People, who
Flourish in such a State as this ;
Thrice happy People, that can shew,
Their God, the great *Jehovah* is.

P S A L M CXLV.

I'LL Thee extol, my God, and King,
And ever blest thy Name.

2. I'll blest Thee ev'ry Day, and sing,
With endless Songs, thy Fame.

3. The Lord is great, all Praise his due,
His Greatness Thought exceeds.

4. One Age the next, thy Works, shall shew ;
And sing thy mighty Deeds.

5. I'll speak the Glories of thy State,
And Wonders thou hast done.

6. While Men thy Terrors shall relate ;
Thy Greatness I'll make known.

7. Thy matchless Goodness, they shall praise
With chearful Heart, and Tongue ;
Thy Righteousness, in all thy Ways,
Shall be their constant Song.

8. God's good, and kind, and rich in Grace ;
But unto Anger flow.

9. He's good to all ; in ev'ry Place,
His tender Mercies flow.

10. Thee, all thy Works, O Lord, shall praise;
And Thee thy Saints shall bless :

11. Abroad thy Kingdom's Glory blaze ;
Thy mighty Pow'r confess.

12. To make all Nations know his Pow'r ;
And Kingdom's glorious State.

13. Thy Kingdom ever shall endure ;
Thy Reign's of endless Date.

Second P A R T.

14. The Lord preserveth all that fall ;
And raiseth up the low.

15. All look to Thee ; Thou Food to all,
In Season, dost bestow.

16. Thine open Hand to all conveys,
According to their Needs.

17. Thou, Lord, art just in all thy Ways,
And bountiful in Deeds.

18. The Lord is nigh, to help them all
That his kind Aid implore ;
He'll none reject that on him call,
And him in Truth adore.

19. But he'll their just Desires fulfill,
That his great Name revere ;
To their Request attend he will,
And save them from their Fear.

20. All, who the Lord sincerely love,
Protection shall enjoy ;
But who perversely wicked prove,
He'll utterly destroy.

21. Raptures divine my Tongue inspire,
To sing *Jehovah's* Fame ;
Let all Flesh join the sacred Quire,
And ever bless his Name.

- P**Raise God ; my Soul praise thou the Lord,
 2. I'll praise my God, and King,
 Thro' all my Life ; whilst that I am,
 Praise to my God I'll sing.
3. On Princes, who no Help can give,
 Nor on Man's Son, rely.
4. His Breath departs, he turns to Earth,
 His Thoughts then with him die.
5. O happy Man ; who hath the God
 Of *Jacob* for his Aid ;
 Whose Hope upon the Lord, his God,
 Alone, is firmly stay'd.
6. Who made the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Sea,
 With all that they contain ;
 Who keeps the Truth forever sure
 His Promises remain.
7. Who righteous Judgment executes,
 For those oppress'd that be ;
 He gives the Hungry Food, the Lord
 Doth set the Pris'ner free.
8. The Lord illuminates the blind ;
 From burden'd Souls removes
 Their heavy Loads, and lifts them up ;
 The Lord the righteous loves.
9. The Lord saves Strangers, he supports
 Widows, and Fatherless ;
 But up-side down he turns their Ways,
 Who wickedly transgress.
10. *Jehovah* shall forever reign ;
 Thy God, O *Sion*, sways.
 The Scepter, while all Ages last
 O give *Jehovah* praise.

PRaise ye the Lord ; 'tis good to sing
The Praises of our God, and King ;
Praise is the most delightful Theme,
And nothing more becomes our Frame.

2. The Lord *Jerusalem* doth repair ;
And bring his scatter'd Exiles there.

3. He kindly heals the broken Heart ;
Binds up their Wounds, allays their Smart.

4. He numbers all the starry Flames ;
And calls them by their various Names.

5. Great is our Lord, of boundless Might ;
His Understanding's infinite.

6. The Lord the Meek hath rais'd, and crown'd ;
But cast the Wicked to the Ground.

7. To God your thankful Praises sing ;
And join the Harps melodious String.

8. Who clouds the Sky, prepares the Rains ;
Makes Grass to grow on Mounts, and Plains,

9. His Treasures, Beasts with Food, supply ;
And the young Ravens, when they cry.

10. He, in the Strength, or nimble Flight,
Of Horse, or Man, takes no Delight.

11. The Lord takes Pleasure in the Just ;
And those that in his Mercy trust.

Second P A R T.

12. *Jerusalem, Jehovah*, praise ;
Sion, thy God, with sacred Lays.

13. He, thy Gates Bars with Strength possess't ;
In thee thy Children he hath blest.

14. He gives thy Borders Peace most sweet ;
And fills thee with the finest Wheat.

15. On Earth he sends forth his Decrees ;
His Word, like Light'ning, swiftly flees. 16.

16. Like Wool, he cloaths the Ground, with
His hoary Frost, as Ashes, throws : [Snows ;
17. Fragments of Ice casts from his Hand ;
And who before his Cold can stand ?
18. He sendeth forth his high Commands,
The Glebe is loosen'd from it's Bands ;
He bids the warmer Breezes blow ;
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow.
19. His Word, and Will, by Act of Grace,
He hath reveal'd to *Jacob's* Race ;
To *Isr'el*, whom he chose his own,
His Laws, and Judgments, are made known.
20. There's none of all the Nations round,
With him, such Favour, e'er have found ;
To them, he never did afford,
His Judgments. Therefore praise the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

L OUD *Hallelujah's* sing :
From Heav'n's *Jehovah* praise ;
His Fame th' Empyrial ring,
In the sublimest Lays.

2. Angels begin
The lofty Song ;
His Hosts great Throng,
To praise strike in.

3. Praise him, ye Sun, and Moon,
Which rule the Day, and Night ;
His Praise be all your Tune,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light.

4. Heav'n's Heav'ns vast Frame,
Waters that rise
Above the Skies,
His Praise proclaim.

5. Let

5. Let them in this Accord,
To praise *Jehovah's* Name ;
For he but spake the Word,
And they from Nothing came.

6. He fix'd them fast,
From Changes free,
By his Decree ;
Which firm shall last.

7. Praise God from Earth below ;
Ye Dragons, and each Deep ;

8. Fire, Hail, and Mist, and Snow,
And Storms, his Word which keep.

9. Hills, Mountains high,
Trees bearing Fruit ;
Cedars that shoot
So near the Sky.

10. Beasts wild, and tame, and Things
That creep, or wing the Air ;

11. All Subjects, and all Kings,
Princes, and Judges here :

12. His Praise be sung,
By hoary Heads,
Young Men, and Maids,
And th' Infant's Tongue.

13. Let all address his Throne,
In Praise, with one Consent ;

Jehovah's Name alone,
Is wondrous excellent :

His Glories far
Above Earth rise,
Transcend the Skies,
And ev'ry Star.

14. His People's Horn he rais'd,
And high advanc'd their Fame;
By all his Saints is prais'd
His ever glorious Name :

By *Isr'el's* Race,
A People near,
And to him dear.
Jehovah praise.

P S A L M CXLIX.

PRAISE ye the Lord ; sing unto God,
A new melodious Song ;
Shew forth the Honour of his Name,
Asssembled Saints among.

2. Let *Isr'el's* Heart, with holy Joy,
In him that made him, spring ;
And *Sion's* Sons their Triumph make,
In their illustrious King.

3. Let them the sounding Pipe employ,
To praise his holy Name ;
The Harp, and Timbrel, join, and sing,
And loud his Praise proclaim.

4. The Lord takes Pleasure in his Saints,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn ;
With his Salvation, humble Souls,
He'll gloriously adorn.

5. Because such Glory he bestows,
Let all his Saints rejoice ;
And thus secur'd, upon their Beds,
In Singing, raise their Voice.

6. Their Mouth be fill'd with the high Praise
Of their almighty Lord ;
While their Right-hand does grasp, and wield,
The 'vengefull Two-edg'd Sword,

7. On

7. On Heathen just Revenge to take,
And punish those design'd ;
8. To chain their Kings, and noble Peers
In Iron Fetters bind.
9. Judgment on them to execute,
Which sacred Rolls record ;
This Honour all his Saints shall have.
Sing Praises to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLIX. 2d Metre.

Messrs Tate and Brady's Version.

O Praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad Voice.

His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing.

2. In our great Creator,
Let *Isr'el* rejoice ;
And Children of *Sion*
Be glad in their King.

3. Let them his great Name
Extol in the Dance ;
With Timbrel, and Harp,
His Praises express :

4. Who always takes Pleasure
His Saints to advance :
And with his Salvation
The humble to bless.

5. With Glory adorn'd,
His People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
With Safety does shield.

6. Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
Of him their great King ;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
Their Right-hand does wield.

7. Just

7. Just Vengeance to take
For Injuries past ;
And punish those Lands
For Ruin design'd.
8. With Chains, as their Captives,
To tie their Kings fast ;
With Fetters of Iron
Their Nobles to bind.
9. Thus shall they make good.
When them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
Which God does proclaim ;
Such Honour, and Triumph,
His Saints shall enjoy.
O therefore forever
Exalt his great Name.

P S A L M CL.

- P**Raise God : praise him in's House below :
Praise him ye Heav'ns, his Pow'r which show.
2. Praise him for all his mighty Deeds ;
Praise him whose Majesty exceeds.
3. Praise him with Trumpet's piercing Noise ;
Praise him with Psalt'ries, Harps soft Voice.
4. Praise him with Timbrel shrill, and Flute ;
Praise him with Organ, and sweet Lute.
5. Praise him with Cymbals ringing Veins ;
Praise him in Cymbals lofty'st Strains.
6. Praise him let ev'ry breathing Thing ;
Praises eternal to him sing.

THE END OF THE P S A L M S.

The SONG of *M O S E S*.

E X O D U S XV.

- I**'LL sing the Triumphs of the Lord,
 Who's glorious in Renown ;
 The Horse, and him that rode thereon,
 He in the Sea hath thrown.
2. The Lord's my Strength, my Song, Defence,
 My God ; for him I'll raise
 A Mansion ; he my Father's God,
 I'll celebrate his Praise.
3. The Lord is the great God of War ;
Jehovah is his Name.
4. Proud *Pharoah*'s glit'ring Cars, and Host,
 That to the Ravage came,
 In the Red Sea he cast ; there were
 His chosen Captains drown'd.
5. The Depths o'erwhelm'd them ; like a Stone,
 They sank in the Profound.
6. The mighty Pow'r of thy Right-hand,
 O Lord, most glorious shows ;
 Thy Right-hand, Lord, in Pieces dash'd
 The proud insulting Foes.
7. Excelling Greatness those o'erthrow
 Against Thee who presum'd ;
 Thou sendest forth thy flaming Wrath,
 Which them, as Chaff, consum'd.
8. Thy Nostril's Blast the Waters drove
 Together in an Heap ;
 They stood upright, in the Mid-sea
 Congealed was the Deep.

9. The En'my cry'd, Pursue, o'ertake,
I will the Spoil divide ;
I'll draw my Sword, and them destroy,
Till Lust is satisfy'd.
10. But thou, with thy strong Wind, didst blow,
The deep Sea o'er them spread ;
In mighty Waters down they sank,
As if they had been Lead.
11. Who, Lord, 's like Thee, among the Gods ?
Thy Holiness exceeds
In Glory ; fearful is thy Praise,
And wonderful thy Deeds.
12. Thou stretched'st out thy strong Right-hand,
The Earth them swallow'd quite.
13. In Mercy thou led'st forth thy Flock,
Which thou redeem'dst with Might :
And thou did'st guide them, in thy Strength,
Unto thine holy Hill.
14. Nations shall hear, and fear, and Dread
Seize *Palestina* will.
15. Then *Edom's* Dukes shall be amaz'd,
Moab's mighty Men be struck
With Terror : *Canaan's* Hearts shall melt,
As the dissolved Brook.
16. Thro' Fear, and Dread, of thy great Pow'r,
Still, as a Stone, they'll ly :
Until thy People, Lord, which thou
Hast purchas'd, shall pass by.
17. Thou shalt conduct, and plant them, where
Thy Mountain rears it's Head ;
The Place, for thy fix'd Residence,
Which thou, O Lord, hast made :

258 EXOD. 15. DEUT. 32.

The chosen holy Place thine Hand,
O Lord, hath settled fast.

18. Thy Reign, O thou eternal King!
Forevermore shall last.

19. For *Pharaoh's* Chariots, Horse, and Men,
Thro' Seas audacious went;
And the returning Waves in Rage,
The Lord upon them sent:

But *Isr'el's* Race, a num'rous Host,
Under divine Command,
Walk'd thro' the Midst of dang'rous Seas,
Securely on dry Land.

M I R I A M's A N S W E R.

21. SING ye the Triumphs of the Lord,
Who's glorious in Renown;
The Horse, and him that rode thereon,
He in the Sea hath thrown.

M O S E S's P r o p h e t i c k S O N G.

D E U T. XXXII.

L E T Heav'n's wide Arch, while I shall speak,
Give an attentive Ear:

And hear, O Earth! th' important Truths
My Mouth shall now declare.

2. As Rain from Heav'n, my Doctrine drops,
My Speech, as Dew, distills;

As gentle Rains on tender Herbs,
And Show'rs on grassy Hills.

3. While I, *Jehovah's* glorious Name,
Shall publish all abroad;

With awful Reverence, ascribe
Ye Greatness to our God.

4. A Rock, whose Work Perfection claims,
His Ways all Judgment are;

- A God of Truth, unspotted pure,
And just beyond compare.
5. But they themselves corrupted have,
Their Spot's, they're not his Sons ;
They're a perverse, and crooked Race,
A Race of wicked Ones.
6. Oh ! foolish People, and unwise !
Do'ye thus the Lord requite ?
Thy Father is he not, who bought,
Thee made, and girt with Might ?
7. Remember ancient Times, review
The Ages past and gone ;
Thy Father ask, and Elders, they
Will tell what God hath done.
8. When God the Nation's Lots assign'd,
To *Adam's* Sons their Place ;
He set their Bounds with special Eye
To *Isr'el's* num'rous Race.
9. *Jehovah*, for his Portion, doth
His People high advance ;
Jacob he chose the special Lot
Of his Inheritance.
10. In *Sinai's* Desert howling Waste,
There found him the Most-High ;
He led, and taught, and kept him safe,
As th' Apple of his Eye.
11. As th' Eagle flutters o'er her Young,
And cheers the feeble Things ;
Her Pinions spreads, and takes them up,
And bears them on her Wings.
12. So did the Lord alone sustain,
And lead them in his Care ;

And to assist him there wss none,
No foreign God was there.

12. On Earth's high Places made him ride
Rich Fields supply his Want ;
To suck sweet Honey from the Rock,
And Oyl from th' Adamant :

14. Butter of Kine, and Milk of Sheep,
Fat Lambs of *Basban's* Brood,
With Goats, and finest Wheat, to eat ;
And drink the Grapes pure Blood.

15. But *Jesh'un* waxed fat and kick'd ;
High pamper'd, and adorn'd,
His Maker he forsook ; the Rock
Of his Salvation scorn'd.

16. His Jealousy provok'd they with
Strange Gods, their fond Delights ;
And kindled up his burning Wrath,
With their detested Rites.

17. To Idols, Devils, not to God,
They Altars madly rear'd ;
To unknown, new and upstart Gods,
Their Fathers never fear'd.

18. The Rock of Ages thee begat,
Sure thou remember'st not ;
The God that form'd, and nourish'd thee,
Thou vilely hast forgot.

19. When this *Jehovah* saw, their Deeds
His just Abhorrence mov'd ;
Because a Provocation great

His Sons, and Daughters, prov'd.

20. Therefore he said, I'll mark their End,
From them I'll hide my Face ;

For they are froward Children grown,
A very faithless Race.

21. Since they, with that which is not God,
Have mov'd my Jealousy ;
My Anger greatly have provok'd
With lying Vanity ;
Their Rage I'll with a People move,
Who're only so in Name ;
And with a foolish Nation I
Their Anger will enflame.

22. A Fire is kindled in my Wrath,
Which down to Hell shall burn ;
The Earth's Encrease, and Mountains Base,
Shall into Ashes turn.

23. I'll Loads of Mischief on them heap ;
My pointed Arrows spend.

24. Hunger to burn, and Heat devour,
With bitter Deaths I'll send :

I'll order Teeth of savage Beasts
Their vital Blood to spill ;
The crawling Serpent of the Dust
Shall them with Poison kill.

25. The Sword without, Terror within,
Shall seize young Men, and Maids,
And slay them, with the sucking Child,
And Men of hoary Heads.

26. I said, that I would scatter them,
In ev'ry distant Coast ;
Make their Remembrance among Men
To be entirely lost.

27. But that I fear'd the Pride of Foes,
Lest insolently they

Behave ; and our high Hand, not God,
Hath done all this should say.

28. For they're a Nation void of Sense,
Nor Wisdom's Rules attend.

29. Oh ! were they wise, this understood,
And thought on their last End.

30. How should One chace aThousand ? Two
Ten Thousand put to Flight ?

Except their Rock had sold them Slaves,
The Lord restrain'd their Might ?

31. For their weak Rock can ne'er with our
Almighty Rock compare ;
Our Enemies themselves must own,
If they the Judges were.

32. Their Vine's of *Sodom's* vicious Stock,
And from *Gomorrab's* Fields ;
Which brings forth nought but Grapes of Gall,
And bitter Clusters yields.

33. There Wine's the Dragon's Poison, fell
Venom of Asps congeal'd.

34. Is not this kept in Store with me ;
And with my Treasures seal'd.

35. Vengeance, and Recompence, are mine,
They'll fall the Time decreed ;
Their woful Day is near at Hand,
Their Mis'ry comes with Speed.

36. Yet God his People's Cause will plead,
For's Servant Sake repent ;
When none shut up, and left, he sees,
And all their Strength is spent.

37. Then will he say, " Where are your Gods,
" You look'd to for Defence ?

" Where's

“ Where’s now your Rock of Strength, in whom
 “ Ye plac’d your Confidence ?

38. “ Which on fat Sacrifices fed,
 “ And crown’d with Wine the Board ?

“ Now let them rise, Protection give,
 “ And needed Help afford.

39. Know ye, that I, ev’n I am he,
 “ No God with me I have ;

“ I kill, revive, I wound, and heal,
 “ None from my Hands can save.

40. “ For I to Heav’n, my Throne above,
 “ Lift up my Hand on high ;

“ And solemnly I swear, as sure
 “ As ever live do I.

41. “ If I shall whet my glit’ring Sword,
 “ And hold on Judgment lay ;

“ I’ll render Veng’ance to my Foes,
 “ My Haters I’ll repay.

42. “ I’ll make my Sword devour their Flesh,
 “ Mine Arrows drunk with Blood

“ Of slain, and Captives ; on their Chiefs
 “ Revenges I’ll make good.

43. Ye Nations join his People’s Joy ;
 For he will on their Foe

Revenge their Blood ; but to his Land
 And People, Mercy show.

The Song of DEBORAH.

JUDGES V.

2. **P**Raise ye the Lord, who hath aveng’d
 His *Isr’el*, on their haughty Foes ;
 When the brave People freely did
 Their Lives, for Liberty, expose.

3. Hear, O ye Kings, Princes give Ear,
Whilst I to great *Jehovah* sing ;
In sacred Numbers shout the Praise
Of *Isr'el's* God, th' almighty King.

4. When God from Mount *Seir* march'd in State,
And turn'd from *Edom's* lofty Tow'rs,
Th' Earth shook, the Heav'ns in Thunders dropt,
The Clouds pour'd down their rapid Show'rs.

5. The Mountains flam'd, and melting flow'd,
Nor could *Jehovah's* Presence bear ;
So *Sinai* unknown Terrors felt,
When *Isr'el's* God was present there.

6. In *Shangar's Anath's* valiant Son,
And famous *Jael's* former Days,
The Roads, by Trav'lers were untrod ;
Who fearful, walk'd thro' secret Ways.
7. The Villages were broken up,
Their Lands uncultivate were lay'd ;
Untill I *Deborah* was rais'd
And Mother in God's *Isr'el* made.

8. New Gods their sickly Fancies chose,
Fierce Wars their Gates invaded then ;
Was Shield, or Spear, in *Isr'el's* Tents
Seen among Forty Thousand Men ?

9. My Heart is set on *Isr'el's* Chiefs,
Who offer'd of their own Accord,
Bravely to join, and head the Troops
In Battle : Blessed be the Lord.

10. Sing ye that on white Asses ride,
And now secure in Judgment sit.
Ye Trav'lers join the sacred Song,
Who safely go where ye think fit.

11. Ye that from th' Archer's Noise are freed,
Lurking at ev'ry wat'ring Place,
Jehovah's righteous Doings, now
May there rehearse, in Songs of Praise :

The truly gracious Actions he
To *Isr'el's* Villages hath shown ;
That now the People of the Lord,
Safe to their Borders, may go down.

12. Wake *Deb'rah*, wake, excite thy Pow'rs,
His Fame, in sacred Hymns, to spread ;
Rise, *Barak*, thou *Abinoam's* Son,
Thy captiv'd Foes, in Triumph, lead.

13. Thus *Cannan's* Nobles he reduc'd,
And put beneath his Remnant's Feet ;
The Lord, to my Dominion, forc'd
Their mighty Captains to submit.

14. From *Ephraim's* Mount there came a Root,
Which with fierce *Amalek* engag'd.
Benjamin follow'd close, and join'd
His Forces, where the Battle rag'd.

From *Machir's* Stock, renown'd of old,
There come great Captains, famous Men ;
And *Zebulun* sent such as knew
To wield the Sword, and use the Pen.

15. The noble Lords of *Issachar*
To *Deborah* their Forces led ;
On Foot they march'd down to the Vale,
With gallant *Barak* at their Head.

But *Reuben* separate remain'd,
Distant in Mind, much more than Parts ;
The Conduct of which potent Tribe
Made great Impressions on our Hearts.

16. Did'st fear the losing of thy Sheep,
That thou among the Sheepfolds stay'd?
Thee, has the Bleating of thy Flocks,
To base Neutrality betray'd?

Truly thy Conduct, *Reuben*, who
So wholly seperate remain'd;
And would not join so good a Cause,
Our Hearts has griev'd, thy Glory stain'd.

17. So beyond *Jordan*, *Gilead* stay'd:
And why did *Dan* in Ships abide?
While *Ashur* clung to his Sea Shore,
To hide in Creeks, or curb the Tide.

18. But *Zebulun*, and *Naphtali*,
Were ready, for the publick Good,
In the high Places of the Field,
To risk their Lives, and spend their Blood.

19. Confederate Kings of *Canaan* came,
With *Jabin* join'd, and for him fought,
In *Tannach*, by *Megiddo's* Stream;
But lost the Booty which they fought.

20. They fought from Heav'n, th' marshal'd
Each active in their stated Course, [Stars,
Exert their Influence, and fought;
Against proud *Sis'ra* bent their Force.

21. The River *Kishon* swept them off;
That ancient River, here well known
A Brook, now to a River swol'n:
Thou, O my Soul, hast Strength trod down!

22. The fierce Rencounters of their Horse,
In hasty Flight, each other wound;
Their Speed is stop'd, they tumbling cast
Their mighty Riders to the Ground.

23. Curse

23. Curse *Meroz*, said God's Angel, Curse
All bitterly to her belong ;
For they refus'd to help the Lord,
To aid his Arms against the strong.

24. Bless'd *Jael*, *Kenite Heber's* Wife,
Shall be above all Women-kind ;
Her Fame, beyond her Sex, shall spread,
In ev'ry Tent, to ev'ry Wind.

25. He Water ask'd ; to quench his Thirst,
She gave him Milk, beyond his Wish :
She brought forth Butter to regale,
And serv'd him in a lordly Dish.

26. She took the Tent Nail in her Hand,
Her Right-hand seiz'd the Hammer fast ;
Thro' *Sis'ra's* Temples drove the Spike,
And then cut off his Head at last.

27. He started, stagger'd, in a Maze,
He fell, down at her Feet lay spread ;
Close at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
There where he bow'd, he fell down dead.

28. His Mother thro' the Window look'd.
And cry'd, impatient for her Son,
Why does his Chariot stay so long ?
Why do the Wheels so slowly run ?

29. Her prudent Ladies answer'd her ;
Yea, eager, she herself reply'd,

30. Have they not sped ? and now a Prey,
To each a Maid or two, divide ?

Is n't *Sis'ra* choos'ing, from the Spoils,
Rich Robes, which beauteous Colours deck,
Of Needle Work, on either Side,
Fit to adorn the Conqu'rou's Neck ?

31. So, Lord, may all thine Enemies
In Ruin sink, and perish quite :
But those that love Thee, like the Sun
Be when he marcheth in his Might.

PROVERBS VIII. *Abridg'd.*

HARK, 'Tis the Voice of Wisdom cries,
In ev'ry publick Place ;
To you, O Sons of Men, I call,
Come, taste my heav'nly Grace.
Silver, and Gold, and precious Stones,
And all thou can'st desire,
Bear no Proportion to the Gifts
My Votaries acquire.
Ere Earth, and Seas, and Heav'ns wide Arch,
Their Being did receive,
I, with the Lord, his chief Delight,
From everlasting live.
The habitable Earth, with Joy,
Appeared in my Sight :
I then beheld the Sons of Men,
And in them took Delight.
Come then, ye Children, hear my Voice ;
Be wise, and keep my Ways :
He's bless'd that hears, and at my Gates,
There daily watching, stays.
Who finds me, wins immortal Life,
And with the Lord finds Grace ;
But he that sins, wrongs his own Soul ;
Who hate me, Death embrace.

I S A I A H II.

2. **T**HE Mountain of *Jehovah's* House
 Shall, in the latter Days,
 Above the Tops of Mounts, and Hills,
 It's Head, in Glory, raise :
 To it, as Rivers to the Sea,
 Shall all the Nations flow.

3. Thither they flock, and cry, come ye,
 Let's to the Lord's Mount go.

There, in the House of *Jacob's* God,
 He'll teach us his pure Ways ;
 And in his sacred Paths we'll walk,
 All our remaining Days :
 For out of *Zion* shall go forth

A Law, that's full of Grace ;
 And from *Jerusalem*, thro' the Earth,
 The Word of God take Place.

5. Come then, O House of *Isr'el*, come,
 Nor special Favour slight ;
 Submit to what the Lord reveals,
 Walk in his saving Light.

I S A I A H IX.

2. **N**ATIONS, that long in Darkness walk'd,
 Have now beheld a glorious Light ;
 On them, who dwelt in Shades of Death,
 The Light hath shined heav'nly bright.

6. For lo ! the Virgin's Child is born,
 To us the Son of God is giv'n ;
 Upon his Shoulders shall be lay'd
 The Government of Earth, and Heav'n ;

His

His Name is called Wonderfull,
 The Counsellour, the mighty God,
 Eternal Father, Prince of Peace :
 Peace dearly purchas'd with his Blood.

7. His Government shall know no Bounds,
 But far and wide, o'er all extend ;
 And happy Peace, the glorious Fruits
 Of his just Reign, shall know no End.

O'er *David's* Kingdom, on his Throne,
 To rule, and stablish it secure ;
 With Judgment clear, and Justice right,
 His Reign forever shall endure.

I S A I A H XLV.

21. **F**ROM ancient Times I have declar'd,
 I am the Lord alone ;
 A righteous Lord, thy Saviour God,
 Besides me there is none.

22. Then look to me, ye burden'd Souls,
 From ev'ry distant Land ;
 And cordially receive, with Joy,
 Salvation at my Hand.

23. I by my self have sworn, my Words
 Both true, and righteous are ;
 That ev'ry Knee to me shall bow,
 And ev'ry Tongue shall swear.

24. Sure, Men shall say, we, in the Lord,
 Have Strength and Righteousness ;
 And to him come ; but all his Foes
 Shall endless Shame oppress.

25. In Thee, *Jehovah*, *Isr'el's* Seed
 Shall all be justify'd ;
 In Thee, shall triumph, while on Earth,
 In Heav'n be glorify'd.

LORD, who hath our Report believ'd ?
Who thy *Messiah* hath receiv'd ?

2. Sprung, like a Shrub, from barren Ground ;
In him no Form, or Beauty's found.

3. Despis'd, disown'd, to Sorrows born ;
From him we turn'd our Face in Scorn.

4. Truly, our Pains, and Grievs, he bore ;
When God, we thought, had smit him sore.

5. But for our Sins he Wounds endur'd,
Our Trespases his Grievs procur'd ;
His Chastisement our Peace has bought,
His grievous Stripes our Healing wrought.

6. Like Sheep, we all have gone astray,
We turn'd, each one, to his own Way ;
And God, upon his guiltless Head,
Hath all our Crimes, in Mercy, laid.

7. Silent he bore the heavy Load,
Nor once complained of his God ;
No Lamb, when to the Slaughter come,
Nor Sheep, at shearing, are so dumb.

8. Snatch'd from Distress, from Judgment freed,
Who shall declare his Rise, or Seed ;
Yet was his Life cut off betimes,
He suffer'd for my People's Crimes.

9. With Sinners, to the Grave, consign'd,
And with the Rich, in Death, he's join'd ;
Because no Violence he had done,
Nor in his Mouth Deceit was known.

10. Him God it pleas'd to bruise and grieve ;
When's Soul a Sin-Off'ring he'll give ;
He'll see his Seed, prolong his Days,
And prosper in God's Works of Grace.

11. With joyful Satisfaction, he
 The Travel of his Soul shall see ;
 And by his Knowledge justify
 Many, for whom he'll bleed, and die,
 12. I'll therefore with the strong, and great,
 Him high, in lasting Honour, set ;
 Because he shed his precious Blood,
 And interceeds for Sinner's Good.

I S A I A H LV.

HO ! ev'ry one that thirsteth, come,
 Where living Waters flow ;
 Come, buy, eat, drink, my Wine, and Milk,
 Tho' ye no Worth can show.

2. Why do ye spend your Cost, and Pains,
 On empty earthly Toys ?

Hear me, and eat the Good ; delight
 Your Souls with heav'nly Joys.

3. Encline your Ear, and come to Me,
 Hear, and your Souls shall live ;

I'll, the sure Mercies of my Son,
 By endless Cov'nant, give.

4. Him, Witness to my Flock, I've giv'n,
 And set him on a Throne.

5. The *Gentile* Nations thou shalt call,
 And they to Thee shall run :

Because thy God, the holy One,
 Hath glorified Thee.

6. Seek ye the Lord, in finding Time ;
 And while he's near, call ye.

7. Let Wicked Men forsake their Ways,
 And turn unto the Lord ;

Our God, in his great Mercy, will,
 With Pardon, them reward.

LUKE I. *The Song of MARY.*

46. **M**Y Soul, to magnify the Lord,
Unites her Pow'rs, and Voice.

47. In God, my Saviour, whom I trust,
My Spirit shall rejoice.

48. For to his humble Hand-Maid, he
Hath graciously express'd
Himself : and lo, all Ages shall
From hence forth call me blest'd.

49. The Great, for me, great Things hath done,
And holy is his Name.

50. To them that fear him, Mercy flows,
From Race to Race, the same.

51. Almighty Strength He clearly shew'd,
By what his Arm hath wrought ;
The Proud he scatter'd, and their vain
Designs to nothing brought.

52. He drew the Mighty from their Seats ;
And raised up the Low .

53. With good the Hungry fill'd ; the Rich
In Want were forc'd to go :

54. His Servant *Isr'el* help'd, as he,
In Mercy, had decreed ;

55. And to our Fathers Promise made,
To *Abr'am*, and his Seed.

LUKE I. *The Song of ZACHARIAS.*

68. **B**less'd be the Lord, ev'n *Isr'el's* God,
Praise be our constant Theme ;
Who came to visit his poor Flock,
And them with Price redeem.

69. He our Salvation's Horn hath rais'd,
His Servant *David's* Heir :

70. As, by his holy Prophets Mouth,
He did from first declare.

71. That

71. That we should, from our Enemies,
Compleat Salvation gain ;
And from the Hand of all us hate
Deliverance obtain.
72. The Mercy promis'd to perform,
And's holy Cov'nant mind ;
73. The Oath, by which, Himself, he did,
To Father *Abr'am*, bind.
74. That us, from Foes Hands freed, he would,
Fearless, to serve him, give ;
75. In Holiness, and Righteousness,
Before him, whilst we live.
76. Thou Child, the Prophet of the Lord,
Shalt go before his Face,
The Herald of the Highest styl'd,
Sent to prepare his Ways.
77. By Pardon of his People's Sins,
To make Salvation known.
78. The rising Sun, thro' boundless Grace,
From high hath on us shone :
79. T' enlighten those in Darkness sit,
And in Death's Shade abide ;
The Way to Peace, and Happiness,
Our wand'ring Feet to guide.

LUKE II. The ANGEL's Message, and Song.

8. **W**Hilst Shepherds, in the open Field,
Watch'd o'er their Flocks, by Night ;
9. God's Angel shone in Glory round,
And all their Minds affright :
10. But the kind Angel to them said,
Let Nought disturb your Mind ;
Good News I bring you, which shall be
Great Joy to all Mankind.

11. For unto you, in *David's Town*,
 (As sacred Rolls record,)
 This very Day a Saviour's born,
 The promis'd CHRIST, the LORD.
 12. And this shall be your certain Sign ;
 You'll find (the Seraph said,)
 The Babe enwrap'd in swadling Cloths,
 And in a Manger laid.

13. Then strait, there with the Angel join'd,
 A num'rous shining Throng
 Of heav'nly Spirits, praising God ;
 And thus unite their Song.

14. Glory to God, who dwells on high,
 By Angels round his Throne ;
 Bless'd Peace hath visited the Earth,
 Good Will to Man is shown.

LUKE II. *The Song of SIMEON.*

29. **N**OW Lord, as thou hast said, dismiss,
 In Peace, thy Servant, to his Rest :
 30. Because my longing Eyes, with Sight
 Of thy Salvation, have been blest.
 31. Which thou hast wondrously prepar'd,
 Open, before all People's Face ;
 A Light to *Gentiles*, shining clear,
 And Glory to thine *Isr'el's Race*.

REVELATION I.

The Song of JOHN the Divine.

5. **N**OW unto him, whose Love was shown
 To us, in dying Strains ;
 Who, by his own most precious Blood,
 Hath wash'd away our Stains ;

6. And

6. And made us Kings, and Priests, to God,
His Father, we adore,
Be Glory, and Dominion, now,
And henceforth evermore.

R E V. IV.

The Song of the FOUR LIVING CREATURES.

8. **O** Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Almighty God's thy Name ;
Who was, and is, and art to come,
Eternally the same.

R E V. IV.

The Song of the ELDERS.

11. **T**HOU, Lord, the Glory, Honour, Pow'r,
Art worthy to receive ;
For thou mad'st all, thy sov'reign Will
To all does Being give.

R E V. V. *The Song of the CHURCH.*

9. **T**HOU worthy art to take the Book,
And open ev'ry Seal ;
For thou wast slain, and, by thy Blood,
Redeem'd us from all Ill,
To God ; from ev'ry Nation, Tongue,
And Tribe of humane Birth ;

10. And made us Kings, and Priests, to God,
And we shall reign on Earth.

R E V. V.

The Song of the ANGELS, and CHURCH.

12. **T**HE Lamb is worthy that was slain ;
Riches, and Pow'r, to him belong,
Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour high,
Glory, and Praise, from ev'ry Tongue.

R E V.

REV. V. *The Song of all the Creatures.*

13. **L**ET Heaven, and Earth, unite, to pay
All Blessing, Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
To him that sitteth on the Throne,
And to the Lamb, forevermore.

GLORIA PATRI.

Long Meetre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be Glory, as in Ages past
From the Beginning was, is now,
And shall thro' all Duration last.

Common Meetre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The ever blessed One,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And ever shall be done.

Short Meetre.

TO God the Father, Son
And Spirit, we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 50th. 2d. Meetre.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom all the heav'nly Host,
And humble Saints on Earth, adore,
Be Glory, as in Ages past,
Is now, and shall forever last,
When Time itself shall be no more.

As

As Psalm 148th.

TO God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, God of Love,
 Be Glory here below,
 And in the Heav'ns above,
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so,
 Forevermore.

As Psalm 45th. 2d Meetre, and 149th.

TO Father most high,
 And Son of his Love,
 With Spirit Divine,
 The God we adore,
 All Glory be given,
 As't ever did prove,
 Is now, and shall be so,
 When Time is no more.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

The Author's Distance from the Press has admitted the following Errata.

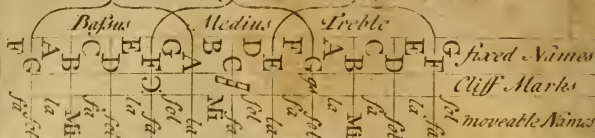
Pfal. V. L.		Pfal. V. L.	
2. 9. 3. 1 st Meet. r. <i>dash</i> .	68	4. 3. f. <i>the</i> , r. <i>his</i> .	
5. 7. 3. f. <i>and</i> , r. <i>Tho'</i>		23. 1. f, <i>you</i> , r. <i>ye</i> .	
6. 3. 4. r. <i>Ere</i>	74	13. 3. r. <i>crush</i> .	
7. 12. 3. r. <i>glitt'ring</i>	75	1. 3. r. <i>succour</i> .	
10. 4. 1. f. <i>daring</i> , r. <i>glaring</i>	76	6. 2. f. <i>Heap</i> , r. <i>Sleep</i> .	
14. 5. 1. f. <i>Then</i> , r. <i>Their</i>	92	3. 3. 1 st Mr. r. <i>Concent</i>	
31. 6. 3. r. <i>Straits</i> .		3. 3. 2 ^d Mr. r. <i>Concent</i>	
32. 9. 3. r. <i>Mouths</i> .	104	9. 4. r. <i>th' Earth</i>	
34. 4. 1. f. <i>me</i> , r. <i>be</i> .	105	6. 1. r. <i>Servant</i> and	
35. 15. 1. r. <i>Slip</i> .		dele <i>Comma</i> .	
37. 16. 2. f. <i>What</i> , r. <i>Which</i>	118	10. 1. r. <i>compass'd</i> .	
39. 13. 3. 1 st Meet. r. <i>Ere</i>		11. 1. r. <i>besatt</i> .	
9. 1. 2 ^d Mr. r. <i>correct'st</i>	119	139. 1. f. <i>Thy</i> , r. <i>My</i> .	
13. 3. r. <i>Ere</i>	136	22. 1. r. <i>Servant</i> .	
45. 8. 4. 2 ^d Meet. f. <i>they</i>	137	3. 4. r. <i>one</i> .	
are, r. <i>thou art</i>		8. 2. f. <i>Whom we</i> , r.	
46. 2. 4. 2 ^d Meet. f. <i>torn</i> ,		<i>Who Woe art</i> .	
r. <i>borne</i> .	138	3. 4. f. <i>Tears</i> , r. <i>Fears</i>	
46. 4. 1. 1 st Meet. r. <i>make</i> .	139	20. 2. f. <i>proclaim</i> , r.	
49. 2. 1. r. <i>Ye're</i> .		<i>declaim</i> .	
56. 1. 2. r. <i>Man</i> .	143	3. 3. f. <i>to</i> , r. <i>me</i> .	
58. 6. 3. r. <i>Lyons</i> .	147	13. 1. r. <i>possest</i> .	
60. 6. 2. r. <i>Foy's</i> .		19. 4. f. <i>are</i> , r. <i>be</i> .	

In various Places read *Desart*, and *Desarts*: Many Errors in Pointing have slip'd the Press, which an intelligent Reader will easily correct.



1) To learn to sing, observe these RULES.

1. Learn this Scale (called Gamut.)



Observe, each Line, and Space, is a distinct Key. B. is Mi's natural Place; which produces two natural Keys, one ending in C. which is sharp, the other in A. which is flatt: but to suit the various Tunes to the five Lines, in Treble, and Bass, the Tune ends in some other Key, and Mi. is then accommodated to its natural Place by Flatts (b) and Sharps (#) set at the Beginning of the Tune, which run thro' the whole Tune, unless where a contrary Flatt or Sharp is placed.

2. Find the Mi. Observe, the last Note of the Tune is the Key. A greater Third (two whole Notes) above the Key, is a sharp Key: a lesser Third (one Note and half) above the Key, is a flatt Key. In all sharp Keys, the half Note below is Mi. In all flatt Keys, the whole Note above the Key is Mi. or thus,

if $\begin{Bmatrix} B \\ B \& F \\ B \& F \& A \end{Bmatrix}$ be flatt, Mi is in $\begin{Bmatrix} E \\ A \\ D \end{Bmatrix}$ but if $\begin{Bmatrix} F \\ F \& C \\ F \& C \& G \end{Bmatrix}$ be sharp Mi is in $\begin{Bmatrix} F \\ C \\ G \end{Bmatrix}$

3. Name your Notes right. All Notes above Mi ascending are fa, sol, la. All below Mi descending are la, sol, fa. Every Eighth is the same. From Mi to fa, and la to fa, are half Notes. A (#) raises a Note half a Note higher; a (b) sinks it half a Note lower.

4. Keep Time. Common Time is thus marked, C, Triple Time thus 3, or slower $\frac{3}{2}$. The Proportion of Time is, thus, \diamond Semibreve One Semibreve is 4

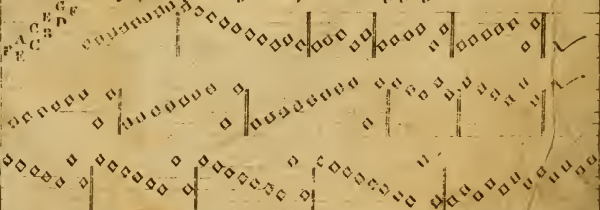
A Minim 2 Beats of a Pendulum.
A Crotchet 1
A Quaver $\frac{1}{2}$

\diamond Minim
 \blacktriangledown Crotchet
 \sqcup Quaver

A Prick on the right Side of a Note make it half as long again, as \diamond is \diamond , or \diamond is \diamond , or \diamond is \diamond , or \diamond is \diamond . &c.

5. Observe your Marks, as G sol re ut, b Medius, S. Bass Cliff. The Medius is usually now pricked on the G sol re ut Cliff. \vee directs to the next Note. Σ : repeat the Part. * Sharp. b Flatt. \sim Slurs.

6. Make yourself Master of this plain Song, first.



Anthem.

2

Cantus.



Medius.



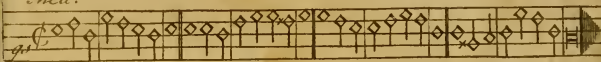
Bassus.



Cant. Consecration Hymn.



Med.

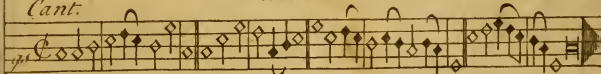


Bas.

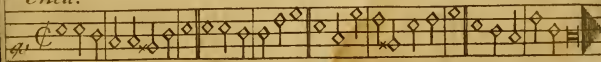


Dunhead.

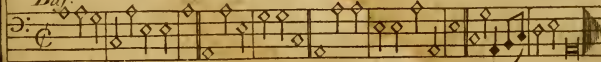
Cant.



Med.

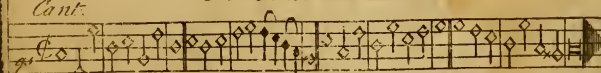


Bas.

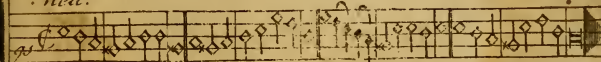


St Edmund's.

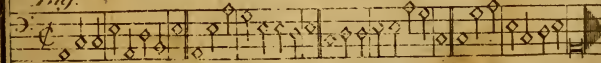
Cant.



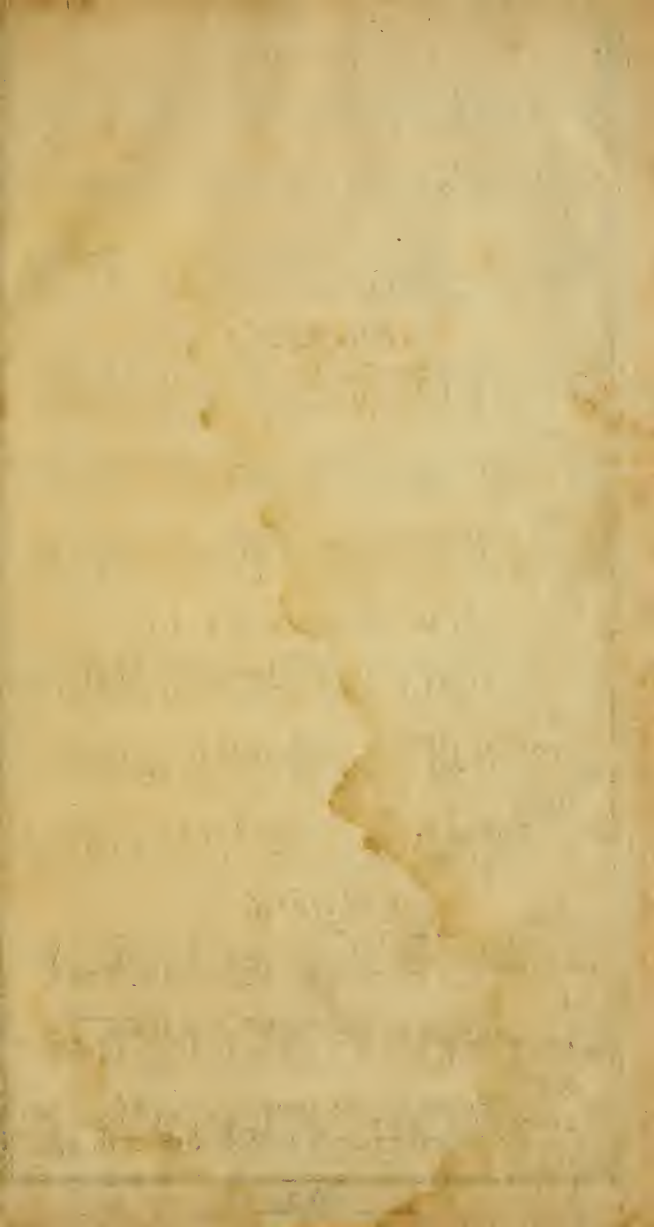
Med.



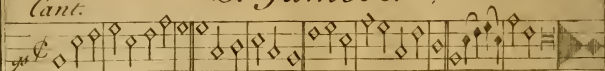
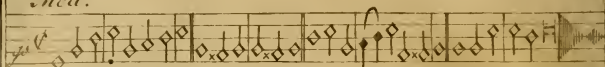
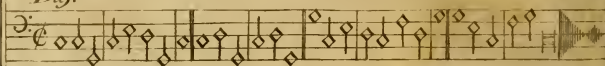
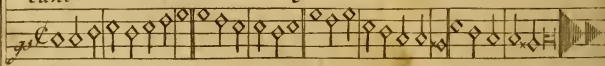
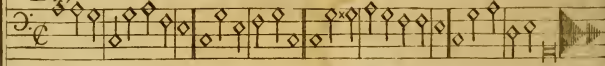
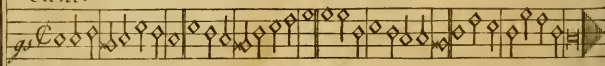
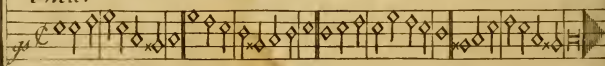
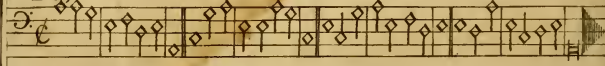
Bas.

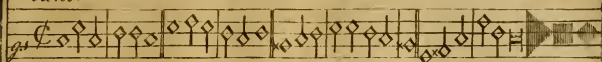
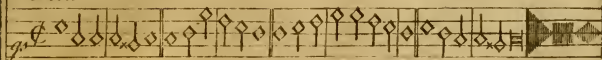
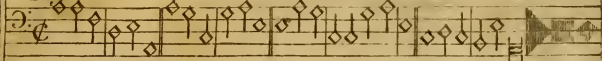
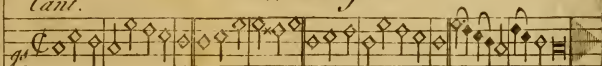
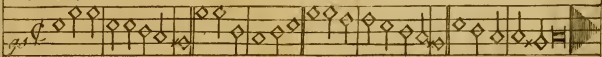
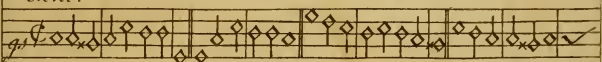
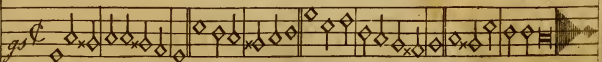
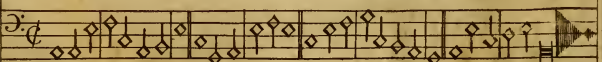
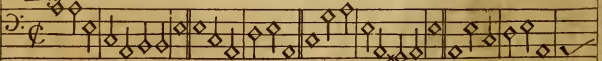


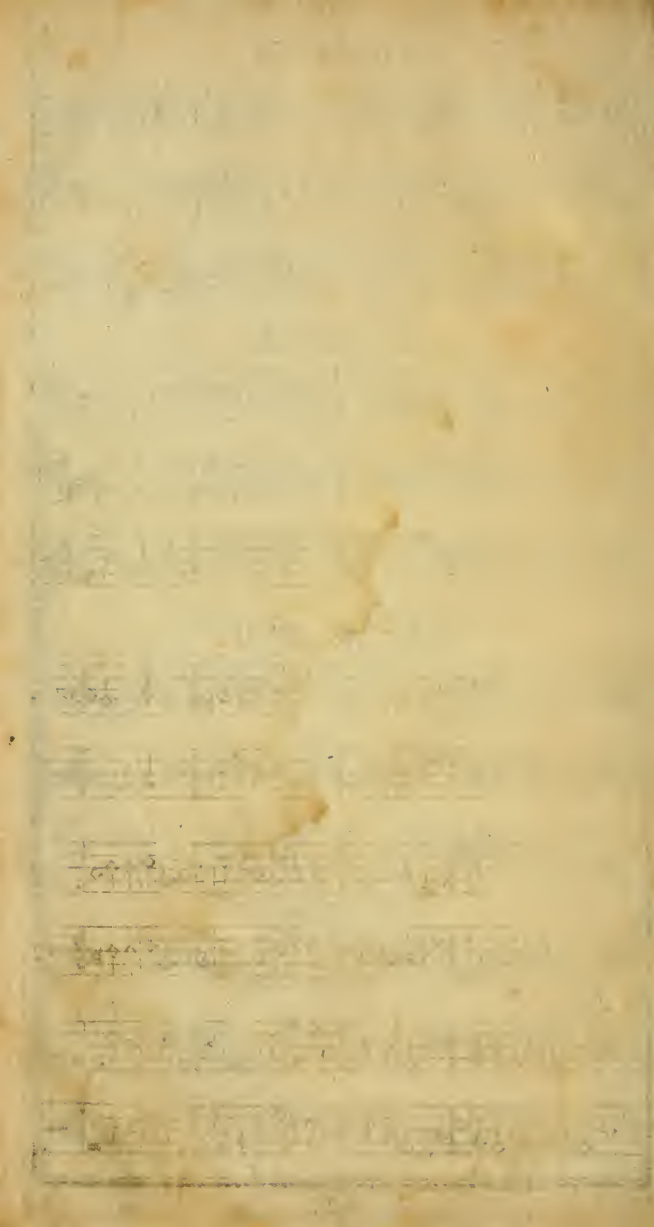




3

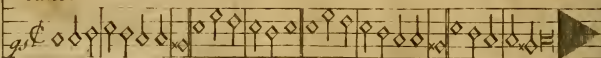
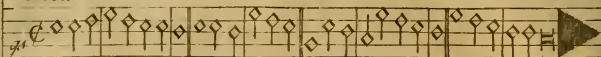
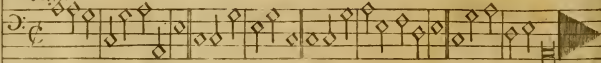
*S^t James's.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**Cant.**Litchfield.**Med.**Bas.**Cant.**New Tune to PS. LI.**Med.**Bas.**Cant.**Oxford.**Med.**Bas.*

*Cant.**Southwell.**Med.**Bas.**Cant.**Standish.**Med.**Bas.**Cant.**PSALM XVIII.**Med.**Bas.*

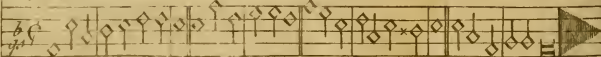
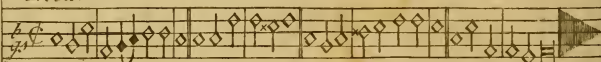
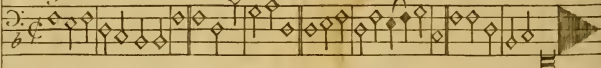




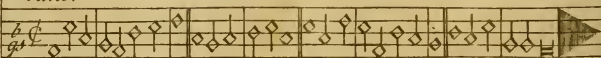
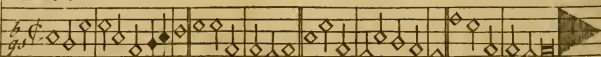
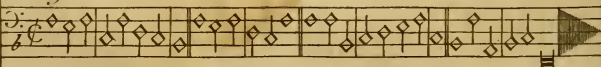
Windsor.

Cant.*Med.**Bas.*

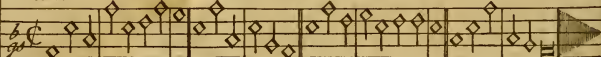
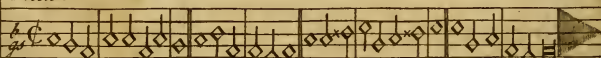
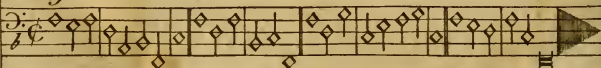
Exeter.

Cant.*Med.**Bas.*

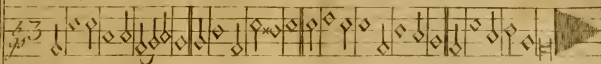
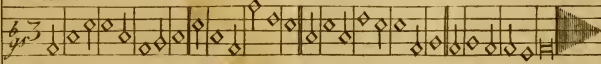
Glocester.

Cant.*Med.**Bas.*

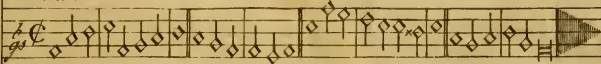
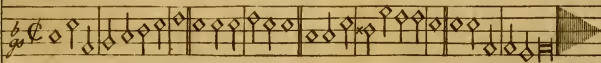
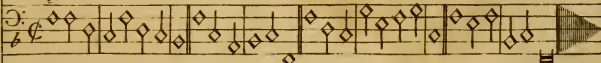
London new.

Cant.*Med.**Bas.*

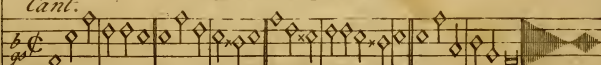
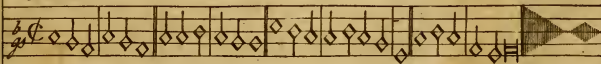
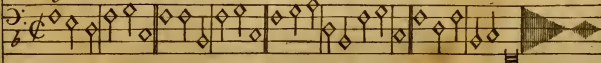
Mear.

Cant.*Med.**Bas.**Cant.* Namur or Portsmouth.*Med.**Bas.**Cant.*

Norwich.

*Med.**Bas.**Cant.*

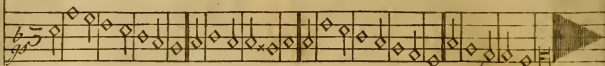
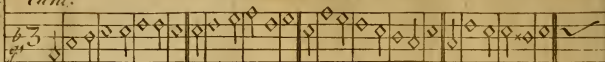
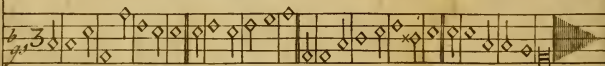
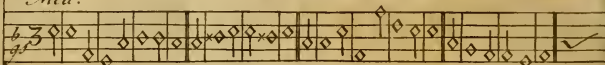
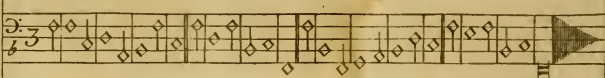
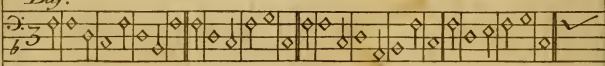
Southwell new.

*Med.**Bas.*

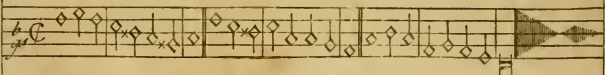
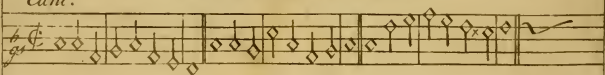
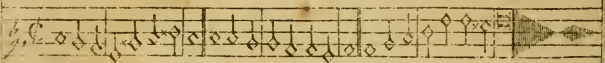
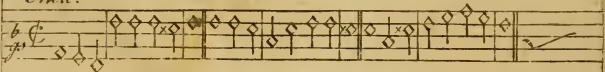
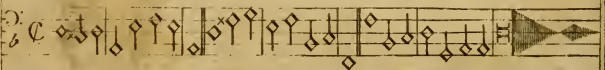
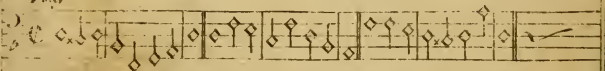




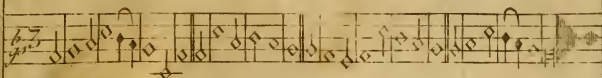
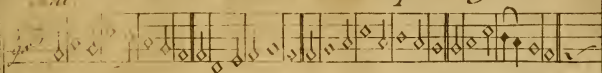
PSALM LXXXI.

Cant.*Med.**Baf.*

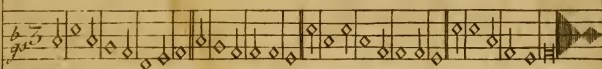
PSALM LXXXV.

Cant.*Med.**Baf.*

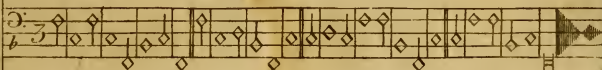
Ps. CVIII. or Humphrey's.



Med.

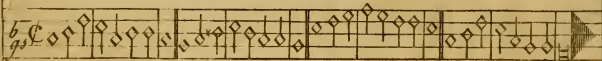
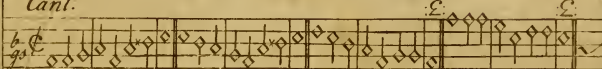


Baf.

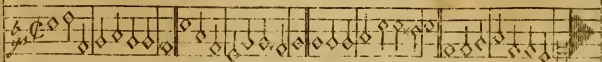
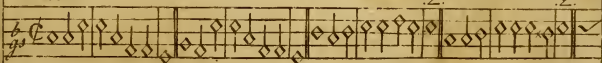


Cant.

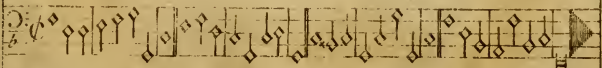
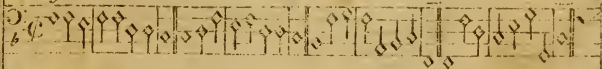
PSALM CXIII.

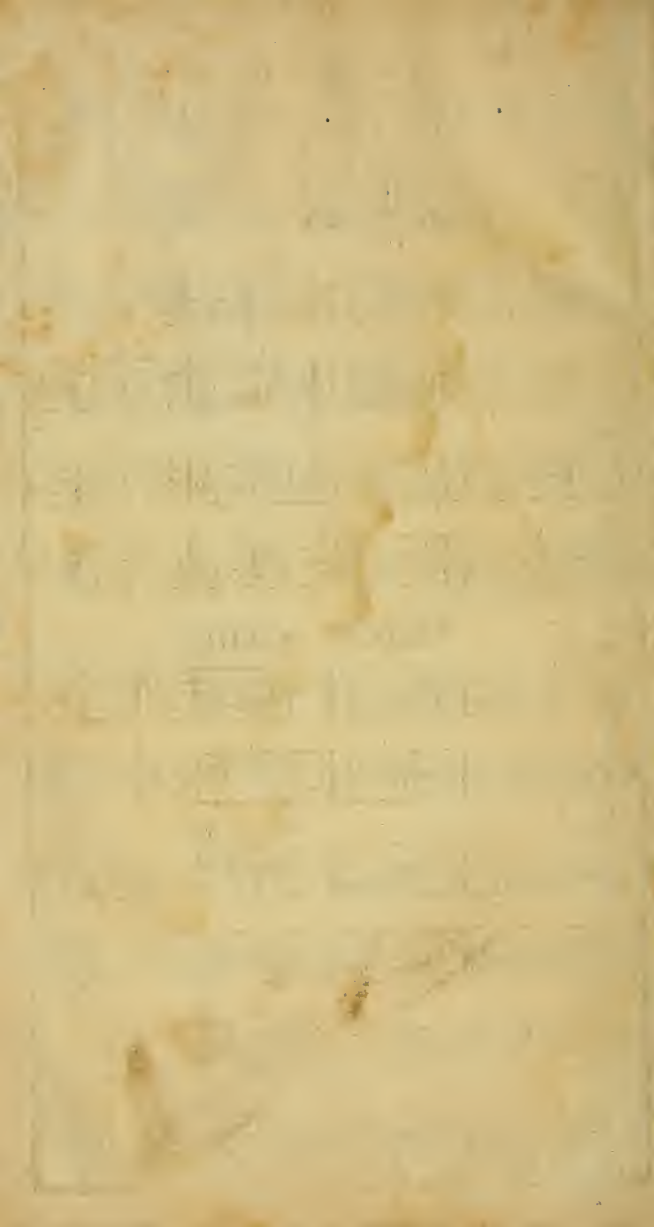


Med.



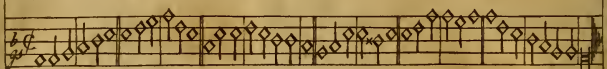
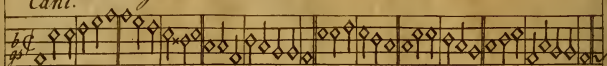
Baf.



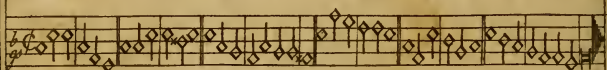
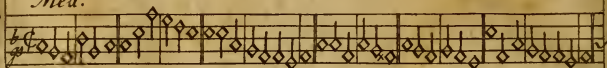




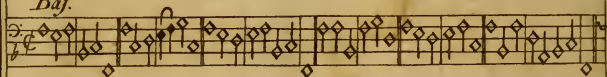
Cant.

Psalm 122. old Tune.

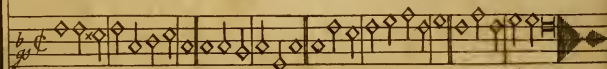
Med.



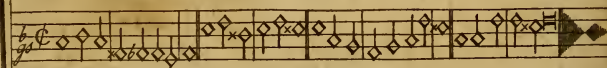
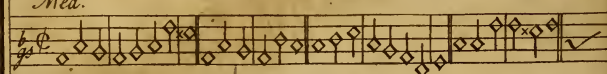
Baf.

*Veni Creator.*

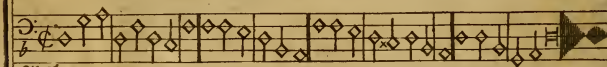
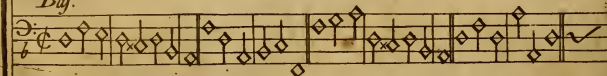
Cant.



Med.



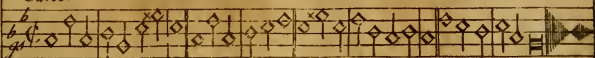
Baf.



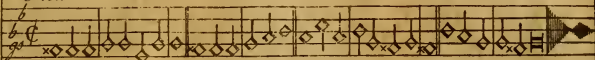
J. Turner sc.

London old.

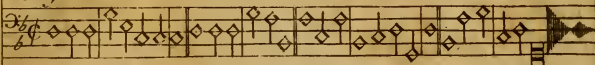
Cant.



Med.



Baf.



Manchester.

Cant.



Med.

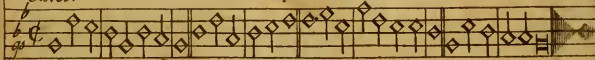


Baf.



Bristol.

Cant.



Med.



Baf.



Isle of Wight.

Cant.

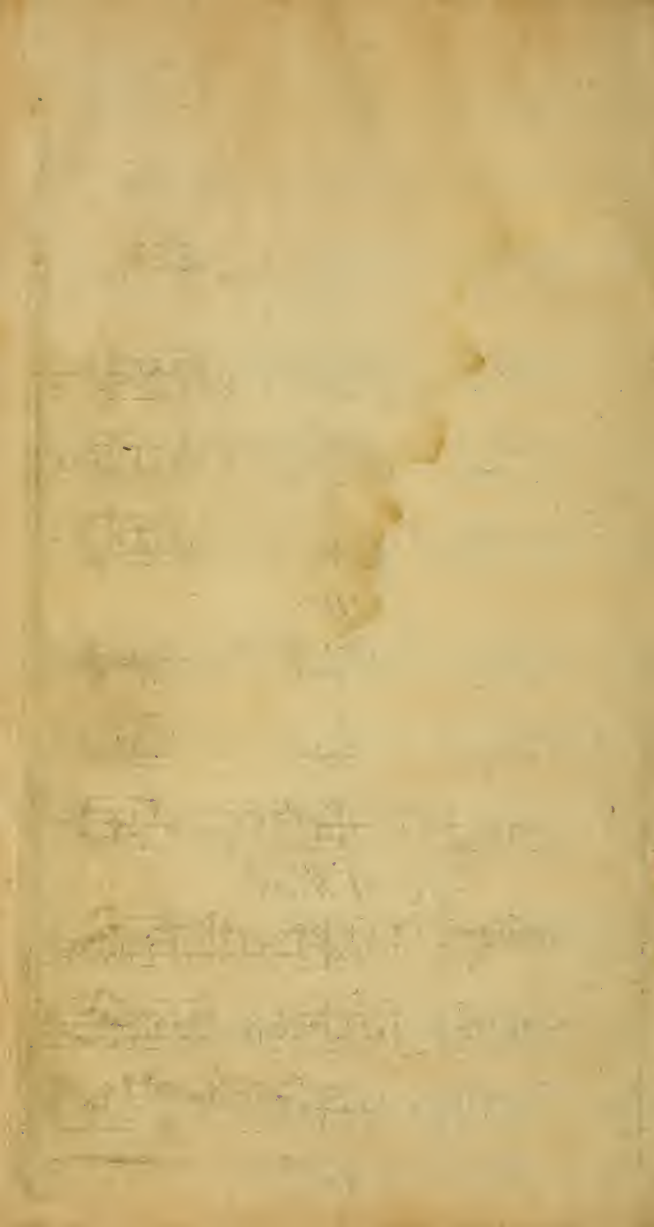


Med.



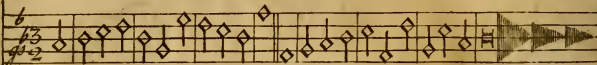
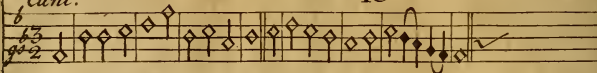
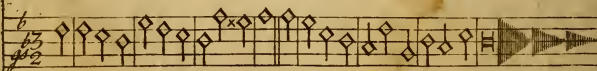
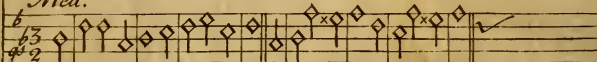
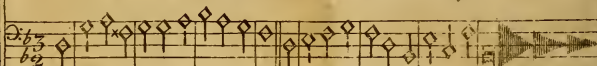
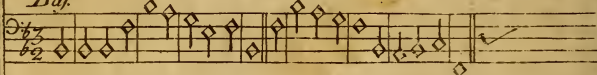
Baf.







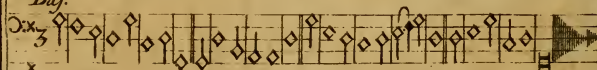
Psalm 149.

Cant.*Med.**Baf.*

Bella.

Cant.*Med.**Baf.*

Communion Hymn.

Cant.*Med.**Baf.*

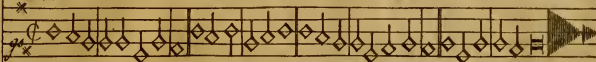
St David's.

12

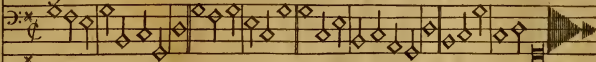
Cant.



Med.



Baf.

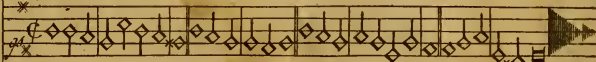


Hackney or St Mary's.

Cant.



Med.



Baf.

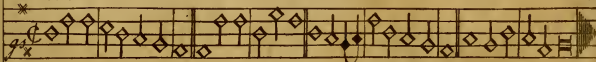


Humphrey's.

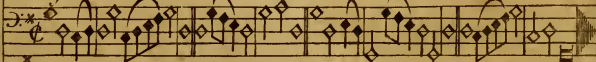
Cant.



Med.



Baf.

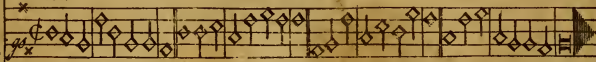


Marblehead.

Cant.



Med.

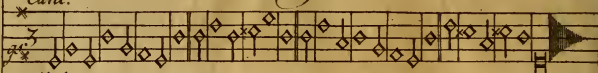
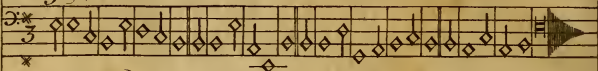
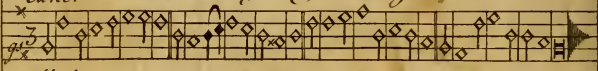
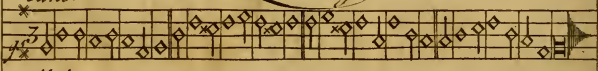
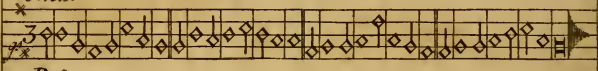
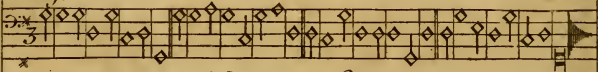
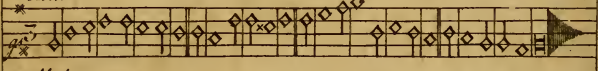
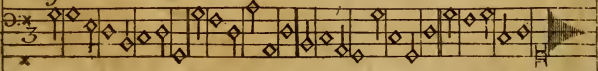


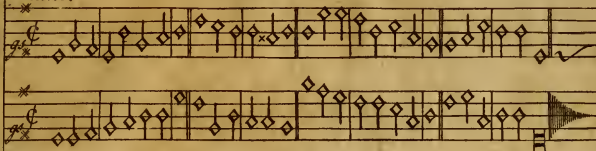
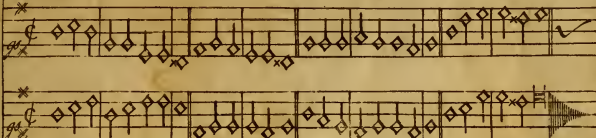
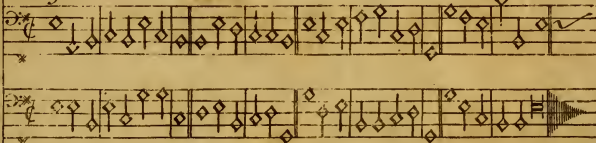
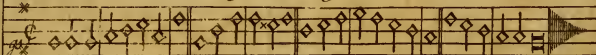
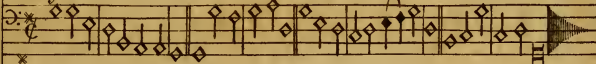
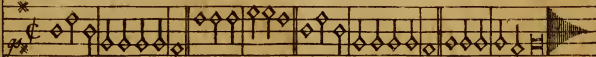
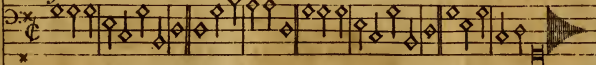
Baf.







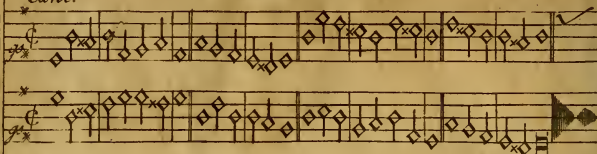
*Martyr's.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**Divine Use of Musick.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**Quercy.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**Sabbath Hymn.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.*

*Te Deum.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**Westminster.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.**York.**Cant.**Med.**Bas.*

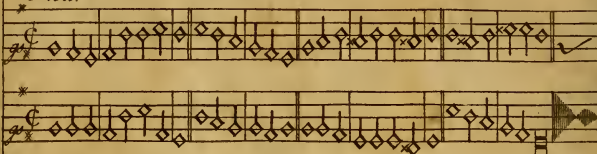


PSALM CXIX.

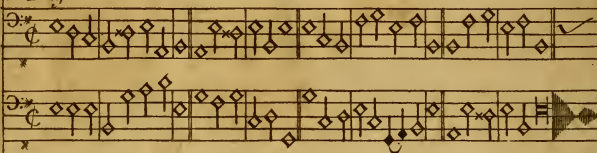
Cant.



Med.

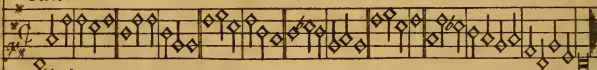


Baf.



PSALM CXLVIII.

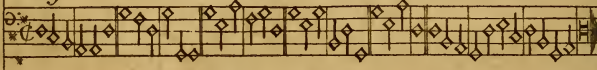
Cant.



Med.



Baf.

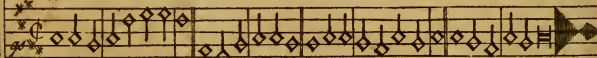


CANTERBURY.

Cant.



Med.

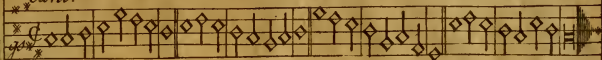


Baf.

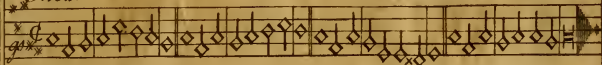


Ten Commandment.

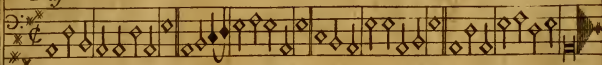
Cant.



Med.



Baf.



PSALM C.

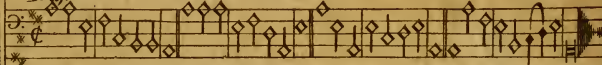
Cant.



Med.



Baf.

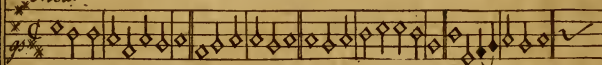


PSALM CXXXVII.

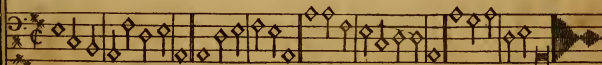
Cant.



Med.



Baf.





Services of the two for-
mer ministers are ac-
knowledged -

Proceedings Mass

Sturges Sec

2nd Sec X 1/2/73

The Manuscript Soc has the
MS volume of the Thesis -
It is substantially identical
with the printed Edⁿ. The
writing is in a clear hand, al-
most large for large & fine
for fine with the published
Copy. At the beginning, pasted
in front of the fly leaf
are 3 notes Commendatory
of the work, wh. were written
by Sam. Austin, Walter Byles
& Sam. Cooper, each dated
Nov 20 1757. Presumably this
was the Copy sent to them,
in advance of its publication,
for their critical notice, & on
the Preface to the printed volume

1742 A.D. [5395] BARNARD (*John*). A
Excited and Directed: in a Sermon at
Lecture, in Boston, March 25th, 1742.
Desire of the Hearers.

8vo, *half morocco, uncut.* Boston, printed; Gl

